This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

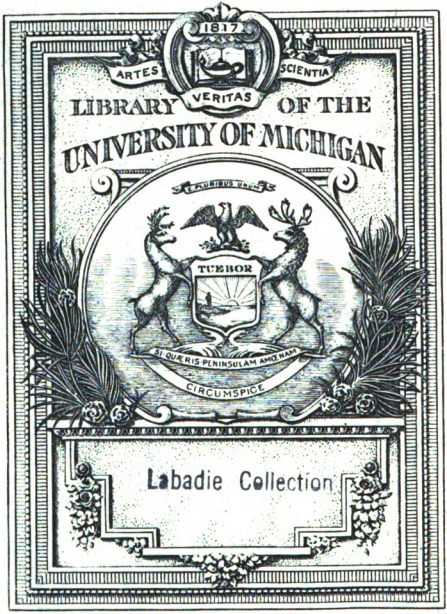
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE

TRUTH SEEKER COLLECTION

OF

FORMS, HYMNS, AND RECITATIONS.

Original and Selected.

FOR THE USE OF LIBERALS.

D. M. BENNETT,
LIBERAL AND SCIENTIFIC PUBLISHING HOUSE,
141 EIGHTH STREET, NEW YORK,
1877.

Digitized by Google

Laiadie
Coll.
BL
2777
.H8
T87

Digitized by Google

6-30-72
950757-291

CONTENTS.

		PAGE.
PREFACE,		5
FORMS FOR ORGANIZATION,		7
"	ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION,	11
"	BY-LAWS,	12
"	ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT,	14
"	DEMANDS OF LIBERALS,	18
"	THIRTEEN PRINCIPLES,	19
"	INVOCATIONS,	22
"	MARRIAGE SERVICES,	47
"	NAMING OF INFANTS,	61
"	FUNERAL SERVICES,	64
"	OBITUARY NOTICES,	100
"	EPITAPHS,	106
"	BENEDICTIONS,	108
"	WILLS,	109
"	SENTIMENTS AND TOASTS,	115
	LIBERAL HYMNS,	119
	do. do. *Spiritualistic*,	426
	DOXOLOGIES,	511
	RECITATIONS,	513
	INDEX FOR HYMNS,	579
	do. do. RECITATIONS.	585

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PREFACE.

A WORK of this kind has long been needed in the Liberal ranks, and it is hoped THE TRUTH SEEKER COLLECTION will meet the approbation of Liberalists of all classes and grades, or, at least, that all will find much in it that will prove of interest and use.

It is desirable that Liberals should effect organizations wherever they have numbers sufficient to justify it. It is hoped the instructions and forms under this head will be all that are necessary.

Services for funerals have occupied considerable attention, as they justly deserve. A great want has been felt on all hands for something in this direction. Liberalists and Spiritualists alike feel a desire to dispense with the services of the "black-coated gentry" known as priests and preachers, not only during the every-day affairs of life, but more especially at the hours of death and burial.

In the collection of HYMNS a wide range of subjects has been occupied. Many selections have been made from hymns before printed, and a large number also have been written expressly for this COLLECTION, or at least appear here for the first time. Many of them will be found to possess merit.

It is earnestly hoped that no class of Liberals, whether Materialists or Spiritualists, will take exception because hymns are introduced that do not fully

Digitized by Google

meet their views. There are enough for all grades of Liberals, and none ought to feel offended because others are pleased as well as themselves. Materialists and Spiritualists will of course differ upon the subject of a future existence, but it is not worth while to let unfriendly feelings be engendered in consequence. Liberals are the last class of people that should be *bigoted*. Let each accord to the other the same right to entertain honest views and convictions that he claims for himself. No sensible person should accept any creed or any system of belief for which he has no proof; but having found it to his satisfaction, he should be allowed the free exercise of his freedom of opinion. We assuredly can all agree upon the common ground of Human Progression and in opposition to priestcraft, bigotry and the myths and fables of the past ages of ignorance and superstition. Here we can fraternize and work in common.

It is desirable that Liberals of all kinds should hold frequent meetings, and that they should *sing* much more than has been the custom. Singing is a natural accomplishment, improved by art, and there are no reasons why our Christian opponents should monopolize the whole of it. Let us sing more. Let us be happy.

The RECITATIONS, it is hoped, are well chosen, and adapted to the tastes of the thoughtful and the cheerful. Many of them will be found suited to exhibitions, anniversaries, reunions and the like.

Taken as a whole, it is hoped this volume will receive a cordial reception from many friends.

D. M. B.

Digitized by Google

Organization.

A labored effort is hardly necessary to persuade intelligent people of the advantages of organization. Surely the benefits may be said to be self-evident. They may be seen in all the great results that men have accomplished—in military achievements, political operations, the prosecution of public works, as pyramids, canals, railroads, bridges, public edifices, etc.; but the greatest of all are, perhaps, the religious combinations of the world. What has been accomplished in all these directions has been by united effort, concert of action, coöperation, organization. A single individual cannot accomplish great physical deeds, but a body of men joined together with one purpose can perform wonders. The Romish branch of the Christian Church is probably the strongest religious and political power on the earth to-day. It is the result of a thorough and effective organization. Whether for good or for ill, the result is the same. IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH.

Liberals of all classes should now thoroughly realize the benefits of organization and take the necessary steps to make it effective. The good results are almost immediate. The social and educational advantages of Liberal organizations are very great, and far more than pay for all the efforts made to effect the combination. Societies of genial, kindred spirits

Digitized by Google

meeting together at regular periods, are capable of doing much towards fostering a friendly regard, increasing the spirit of brotherhood, enlarging mental culture and in giving direction and effectiveness to individual force and aim. The Radicals, Liberals and Spiritualists of America are sufficiently numerous to accomplish important results in the direction of reform, morals, the improvement of our laws and in opposing the power of priestcraft and sectarianism if they will only unite and work in concert.

Let the watchwords among the free, independent, progressive minds of the country be, UNION, FRATERNITY, ORGANIZATION.

Friends of truth and progress, let us effect organizations. Let us do this for our own social pleasure, our mental improvement, and to utilize our strength in the community in which we live. If we duly respect ourselves, if we step forward and take the position we ought to occupy, we shall be respected by our fellow men, and the rights and opinions which we hold dear will be strengthened and spread over our fair land. LET US ORGANIZE.

It matters but little under what name we effect this organization; it may be "Liberal Associations," "Liberal Leagues," "Free Religious Societies," "Free Congregational Societies," "Ethical Societies," "Progressive Societies," "Societies of Humanity," "Scientific Societies," "Moral and Philosophical Societies," or any other cognomen that suits best. It is not so much the *name* as the *purpose* and *spirit* that should attract our attention and enlist our efforts. Let us decide to unite our strength; let us resolve to help each other and our fellow-beings. When six

Digitized by Google

or more persons in one community feel united in this disposition, let an organization be effected.

This may be done in a simple and economical manner. It is not necessary to incur much expense. Regular meetings should be held once a week, or at least once a month. The first, as a general thing, is not too often. If the society feels able, a hall or room may be secured for this purpose, or the school-house may be used, or if no other way, meetings may be held at the residences of the members of the society.

At these meetings let our songs and hymns be sung; let lectures, addresses, exhortations, declamations and recitations be delivered by members and others; let speeches of ten minutes each in the form of discussion, be allowed after the lecture or address. If no member of the society wishes to give an address, let good selections be read from our favorite authors, such as Voltaire, Paine, D'Holbach, Volney, Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, Haeckel, Proctor, Holyoake, Bradlaugh, Draper, Frothingham, Ingersoll, Underwood, Davis, Denton, Tuttle and many others that might be mentioned. From the productions of these men ample selections may be made that will always be instructive and profitable to listen to, after which the short speeches and social conversations will be in order.

Above all things, let a spirit of liberality towards the opinions of others be duly exercised. Let a proper respect for the views of our fellows be generously maintained. It is neither possible nor desirable that all should arrive at the same conclusions—that all should think exactly alike on theological, scientific and philosophical subjects. Let us not de-

Digitized by Google

mand it. Let us lay our platform so broad that Theists, Atheists, Materialists, Spiritualists, Unitarians, Universalists, Scientists, Heretics, Radicals, Skeptics, Infidels, Free Religionists and Liberals of all grades and classes can easily stand upon it. Let us not quarrel with each other about our several convictions. Let us accord to others the same liberty of opinion that we claim as our own right and privilege. Above all things, let Liberals not become bigots, and demand that others shall think precisely as they do. A good rule to govern us is, "In all things not trenching on the rights of others, *Liberty;* in things proven, *Unity;* in what can be doubted, *Free diversity;* in all things, *charity.*"

Libraries of a Liberal and Scientific character should be inaugurated in every society as soon as the same is practicable. A small number of books—say two dozen—will answer as a nucleus for a library, and this number can be added to from time to time as funds can be procured. Let the books be for the free use of the members of the society (under proper regulations) and for those not of the society, as well, by paying a small sum per year for the privilege. It is most desirable that such works should have as wide a reading as possible.

A form or two of articles of association or constitution, by-laws, etc., will be given as a guide to those wishing to effect an organization. These forms can of course be modified by adding to, or taking from, as is desired. Simplicity and brevity are good ends to keep in view.

D. M. B.

Digitized by Google

Articles of Association.

FORM 1.

We, the undersigned, do hereby organize ourselves into a Society of———and adopt the following motto:

"Think for yourself, and express that thought!
Freethought will give us Truth!!"

ARTICLE I. *Name.* This Association shall be known as the———Society of———of———

ARTICLE II. *Objects of Organization.* The objects which the members of the Society have in view, in organizing, are, in general terms, the attainment and promulgation of knowledge as means for promoting the welfare and happiness of all mankind, now and forever.

ARTICLE III. *Membership.* This Society may receive members on such terms as its By-Laws may provide.

ARTICLE IV. *Officers.* The officers of this Society shall consist of a President or Moderator, Vice-President, Secretary or Clerk, Treasurer, three Trustees, and such other officers, committeemen, or agents as may be deemed necessary, and whose duties, in general terms shall be such as devolve upon like officers and agents in other similar organizations, when not specifically limited or provided for by the By-Laws of this Society.

ARTICLE V. *Amendments.* The articles of association of this Society may be amended by a two-thirds vote of all its members at a regular society meeting, provided the proposed amendment has been submitted in writing at a like regular meeting of the Society at least one week before the vote is taken.

ARTICLE VI. *By-Laws.* By-Laws not inconsistent with these articles may be adopted and amended at any regular meeting of the Society, by a two-thirds vote of all the members present.

ARTICLE VII. *Restrictions.* Any amendment of, or addition to, these articles of Association which shall provide for a creed, articles of faith, or platform of principles,

Digitized by Google

shall be utterly void and of no effect, any provision in these articles for the amendment of the same to the contrary notwithstanding.

ARTICLE VIII. *Officers, How Elected.* The first board of officers may be elected on the day of organizing the Society without formality. All subsequent elections shall be held in accordance with the By-Laws of the Society. Officers shall hold their respective offices until their successors are severally elected and enter upon the duties of their offices.

ARTICLE IX. *Vacancies, How Filled.* Any vacancy which may happen by death, resignation, or otherwise, of any officer, may be filled in such a manner as the By-Laws may provide.

ARTICLE X. *Powers of the Society.* The powers of the Society are unlimited, except by the provisions of these articles of association, the By-Laws of the Society, and the laws of the land.

BY-LAWS.

SECTION 1. *Meetings.* This Society shall meet regularly ——on——at——at——o'clock.

SECTION 2. *Election by Ballot.* The officers shall be elected by ballot, and the one receiving the highest number of ballots for any office shall be declared elected.

SECTION 3. *Term of Office.* Officers shall hold their offices one year, and until their successors are duly elected and enter upon the duties of their respective offices.

SECTION 4. *Vacancies, How Filled.* In case a vacancy shall occur by death, resignation, or in any other manner, of any officer of this Society, it may be filled *pro tem.* by appointment of the President.

SECTION 5. *Duties of Officers.* The duties of the officers shall be similar to the usual duties of the officers of other societies.

SECTION 6. In general terms the President shall be the presiding officer, and in his absence the Vice President shall perform his duties, and in the absence of both President and Vice-President, a President *pro tem.* may be elected to discharge the duties of President for the occasion.

Digitized by Google

SECTION 7. The Secretary shall keep a regular record book, in which he shall enter the proceedings of all meetings of the Society.

SECTION 8. The Treasurer shall keep a regular account book, wherein he shall make specific entries of all money received and disbursed by order of the Society, and make a full report of his doings at each regular meeting, and at such other times as required by resolution of the Society.

SECTION 9. The Trustees shall see to the incorporation of the Society in due and legal form, under the statute laws of the State of———, thereby securing the necessary *franchises* for the holding of estate, real, personal, and mixed; and shall discharge all other duties devolving upon similar officers in other societies, and in accordance with the laws of the State.

SECTION 10. All other officers and agents that may at any time be appointed or elected, shall perform their duties in accordance with the directions or resolutions of this Society.

SECTION 12. Special meetings may be called by posting a notice in some conspicuous place on the building where the Society usually meets, or by a verbal or written notice to a majority of the members.

SECTION 13. Members may be admitted into this Society at such times and on such terms as shall at the time be deemed expedient, provided the candidate for membership shall receive a majority vote of the members present. But a membership fee of $———shall be required to be first paid, unless specially remitted by a majority ballot vote of the Society.

SECTION 14. This Society may, on application of any member, grant a Letter of Fellowship to him or her, certifying that such applicant is a member of this Society, in regular standing, of good moral character, and worthy of fellowship in any other similar Society.

SECTION 15. *Form of Certificate.*—To whom it may concern:———Society of———hereby certifies that———is a member of this Society in good and regular standing, of

Digitized by Google

good moral character, and worthy of fellowship in any other similar Society.

——— Secretary.

In witness whereof we have hereunto subscribed our names, at———County of———and State of———this——— day of———18

(Signed)

FORM 2.

The following Articles of Agreement and By-Laws were adopted by The Free Congregational Society of Florence, Mass., which has been in successful operation over fifteen years.

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

We, the undersigned, inhabitants of Florence and its vicinity in the town of Northampton, wishing to avail ourselves of the advantages of associate effort for our advancement in truth and goodness, and for the promotion of general intelligence, good morals and liberal religious sentiments, do hereby agree to form ourselves into a body corporate under the name of the FREE CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY OF FLORENCE.

Respecting in each other and in all, the right of intellect and conscience to be free, and holding it to be the duty of every one to keep his mind and heart, at all times open to receive the truth and follow its guidance, we set up no theological condition of membership and neither demand nor expect uniformity of doctrinal belief; asking only unity of purpose to seek and accept the right and true, and an honest aim and effort to make these the rule of life. And recognizing the brotherhood of the human race and the equality of human rights, we make no distinction as to the conditions and rights of membership in this Society, on account of sex, or color or nationality.

The officers of this Society shall be a Moderator, Clerk, and Treasurer, who shall be first chosen at the first business meeting of the Society, and afterwards at each annual meeting thereof, and shall perform the customary duties of their respective offices.

Digitized by Google

The Society shall hold its annual meeting on the first Monday in April, at such hour and place as the Moderator of the preceding year shall appoint.

BY-LAWS.

1st. All subscribers to the articles of association shall be considered members of the Society wherever they reside, so long as they manifest by their lives, an honest purpose to promote its objects.

2d. The officers of the Society shall be chosen by ballot, unless at the meeting at which they are to be chosen some other method shall be proposed through the presiding officer and shall be adopted by unanimous vote or by silent assent of all the members present.

3d. A majority of all the votes given shall be necessary to the choice of any officer, unless three attempts to obtain such majority shall have failed; in which case, at the fourth trial, the person having a larger number of votes than any other person shall be considered chosen, though that number should not be a majority of the whole number given.

4th. Standing Committees shall be annually chosen, which shall be:

First. An Executive Committee of *three* members, to make arrangements for carrying into effect the votes and resolutions of the Society.

Second. A Library Committee of three members, to take measures for establishing a Library and Reading Room, to select books and periodicals for the same and have the charge of them when established.

Third. A Committee of five members on Music, to provide for singing in our public meetings, and promote as far as may be, improvement therein.

Fourth. A School Committee of three or more members, to take measures for opening and keeping up Sunday Schools under the auspices of the Society.

5th. In case of the Moderator's absence from any meeting of the Society, the meeting shall be called to order by the Clerk and a Moderator *pro tem.* shall be chosen by nomination and show of hands. Should the Moderator and

Digitized by Google

Clerk be both absent, both offices shall be filled *pro tem.* in like manner, on call of the Treasurer, or, in his absence, of any other member.

6th. The Moderator may call a special meeting of the Society whenever he thinks it desirable; and it shall be his duty to call one, whenever five members shall request him in writing to do so.

7th. It shall be the duty of the Clerk to give public information of the hour and place of each annual meeting, and the day, hour and place of each special meeting, by posting written notices of the same in two or more conspicuous places, at least seven days before the meeting notified is to be held.

FORM 3.

The following basis of organization was adopted by "The Society of Ethical Culture" of this city—to which Prof. Felix Adler is lecturer—on Feb. 15th, 1877—both sexes voting.

Whereas, The need of a more permanent and effective organization to support the cause of enlightenment has become apparent: and

Whereas, We whose names are hereunto subscribed do now propose to consolidate such an organization for the purpose aforesaid, therefore be it

Resolved, To enunciate the following as the sentiment by which we are guided in the formation of such union:

That the integrity and consistency of life in all its parts is the noblest good and its achievement the supreme duty of human existence.

That insincerity, while it is justly condemned in every circumstance, deserves the severest reprobation when permitted to enter the fundamental questions that give direction to the character and determine the moral welfare of man.

That the forms of dogmatic belief, as currently taught, have ceased to satisfy our highest needs; that they obstruct the free development of mind and heart, and that to emancipate ourselves from so grievous a thralldom is at once a stern obligation and a privilege.

Digitized by Google

That we recognize in the great truth of man's moral nature the essential safeguard of life, the source of nobleness in effort, of power in action, and of fortitude in affliction.

That to further the recognition of these truths in word and deed is a sacred duty which we owe both to ourselves and to our fellow-men, and whereby we shall best secure common happiness, prosperity and peace.

That to insure the moral elevation of the masses in particular, with all the great benefits which that includes, we hold to be a lofty aim and one well calculated to afford true satisfaction to all who behold in the work of progress the fitting accomplishment of human destiny.

That it is earnestly desirable to transmit to the incoming generation the best convictions of the present unimpaired, to acquaint them in such manner as befits their years and understanding with the principles, aspiration, and consolations of the modern view of life, and thus to train them in the enjoyment of the inestimable benefits of liberty from their youth upward.

That for all these purposes the necessity of united action is self-evident, in which alone lies the pledge of extended usefulness, permanency, and strength.

We, therefore, in view of these convictions, and in response to the solemn obligations which they impose, do hereby consolidate ourselves in an association to be known by the style and title of the Society of Ethical Culture. And we direct that the main channels of its influences shall be:

1. A system of weekly lectures on the Sunday, in which the principles of ethics shall be developed, propagated, and advanced among adults.

2. A school wherein a course of moral instruction shall be supplied for the young, the same to be erected and enlarged as time and circumstances may favor.

And with implicit confidence in the simplicity and the greatness of our cause, we do hereby invoke the coöperation of all who think and feel with us to our support, sincerely trusting that the new union which we now found may become an instrument of lasting good in the commu-

Digitized by Google

nity in which we live, and may at all times faithfully serve the best and truest interests of mankind.

The Demands of Liberalism.

As used by the Liberal Leagues of the United States.

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall no longer be exempt from just taxation.

2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in State Legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.

3. We demand that all public appropriations for educational and charitable institutions of a sectarian character shall cease.

4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.

5. We demand that the appointment, by the President of the United States or by the Governors of the various States, of all religious festivals and fasts shall wholly cease.

6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.

7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.

8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.

9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several States, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or ad-

Digitized by Google

vantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

THE THIRTEEN PRINCIPLES.

PLATFORM OF THE NATIONAL LIBERAL LEAGUE.

1. The Constitution of the United States is built on the principle that the State can be, and ought to be, totally independent of the Church; in other words, that the natural reason and conscience of mankind are a sufficient guarantee of a happy, well-ordered, and virtuous civil community, and that free popular government must prove a failure if the Church is suffered to control legislation.

2. The religious rights and liberties of all citizens without exception, under the Constitution, are absolutely equal.

3. These equal religious rights and liberties include the right of every citizen to enjoy, on the one hand, the unrestricted exercise of his own religious opinions, so long as they lead him to no infringement of the equal rights of others; and not to be compelled, on the other hand, by taxation or otherwise, to support any religious opinions which are not his own.

4. These equal religious rights and liberties do not depend in the slightest degree upon conformity to the opinions of the majority, but are possessed to their fullest extent by those who differ from the majority fundamentally and totally.

5. Christians possess under the Constitution no religious rights or liberties which are not equally shared by Jews, Buddhists, Confucians, Spiritualists, Materialists, Rationalists, Freethinkers, Skeptics, Infidels, Atheists, Pantheists, and all other classes of citizens who disbelieve in the Christian religion.

6. Public or national morality requires all laws and acts of the government to be in strict accordance with this ab-

Digitized by Google

solute equality of all citizens with respect to religious rights and liberties.

7. Any infringement by the government of this absolute equality of religious rights and liberties is an act of national immorality, a national crime committed against that natural "justice" which, as the Constitution declares, the government was founded to "establish."

8. Those who labor to make the laws protect more faithfully the equal religious rights and liberties of all the citizens are not the "enemies of morality," but moral reformers in the true sense of the word, and act in the evident interest of public righteousness and peace.

9. Those who labor to gain or to retain for one class of religious believers any legal privilege, advantage, or immunity which is not equally enjoyed by the community at large are really "enemies of morality," unite Church and State in proportion to their success, and, no matter how ignorantly or innocently, are doing their utmost to destroy the Constitution and undermine this free government.

10. Impartial protection of all citizens in their equal religious rights and liberties, by encouraging the free movement of mind, promotes the establishment of the truth respecting religion; while violation of these rights, by checking the free movement of mind, postpones the triumph of truth over error, and of right over wrong.

11. No religion can be true whose continued existence depends on continued State aid. If the Church has the truth, it does not need the unjust favoritism of the State; if it has not the truth, the iniquity of such favoritism is magnified tenfold.

12. No religion can be favorable to morality whose continued existence depends on continued injustice. If the Church teaches good morals, of which justice is a fundamental law, it will gain in public respect by practicing the morals it teaches, and voluntarily offering to forego its unjust legal advantages; if it does not teach good morals, then the claim to these unjust advantages on the score of its good moral influence becomes as wicked as it is weak.

13. Whether true or false, whether a fountain of good moral influences or of bad, no particular religion and no

particular church has the least claim in justice upon the State for any favor, any privilege, any immunity. The Constitution is no respecter of persons and no respecter of churches; its sole office is to establish civil society on the principles of right reason and impartial justice; and any State aid rendered to the Church, being a compulsion of the whole people to support the Church, wrongs every citizens who protests against such compulsion, violates impartial justice, sets at naught the first principles of morality, and subverts the Constitution by undermining the fundamental idea on which it is built.

CLEAR THE WAY.

Men of thought! be up and strring
Night and day;
Sow the seed, withdraw the curtain,
Clear the way!

Men of action, aid and cheer them
As ye may!
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;
There's a midnight blackness changing
Into grey!
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper, aid it typo,
Aid it, for the hour is ripe;
And our earnest must not slaken
Into play.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way.

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
From the day;
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay.
Lo! the Right's about to conquer,
Clear the way!
With the Right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant Wrong shall fall
Many others great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

Charles Mackay.

Digitized by Google

Invocations.

It is not to be supposed that invocations or prayers can possibly effect a change upon any mysterious, unknown being, above or outside of the Universe. Nor upon the Universe itself. But they may have a salutary influence upon the person who utters them sincerely and upon the audience who listens to them. They are calculated to produce a harmonious, reverential feeling and to induce a united, emotional spirit upon those in attendance. Many persons are in favor of them. For this reason a few forms are given. Of course they easily can be omitted when not desirable. D. M. B.

FORM 1.

O, thou mighty and mysterious Spirit of Nature, whose bright and benignant influence falls like a benediction upon our hearts through the ever-changing glories of thy genial seasons, thy setting suns and dawning days, thy jeweled nights, and winds and waves; we, thy children, have here gathered to worship and adore thee by singing our little hymns of praise and taking another step nearer to thee—another step farther away from our own blindness and prejudice and passion, and one nearer unto thy light and wisdom and benevolence. And as each day thou shalt bestow thy blessing upon us, may we learn

Digitized by Google

to understand and properly appreciate them. O thou Infinite Life of all Life, we are glad that we live; with all the darkness and disappointments that beset our way, still we are glad, for thou hast taught us to catch the sunbeams, to illume the secret chamber of our being with them, and make joyous the almost desolate places of mortal life. And we, thy children, trust thee for continued life, and that thou wilt vouchsafe unto us what we need, and wilt, at all times, continue to be an ever present blessing to our hearts. Be there those here who are sorrowing and sad; lift thou for them the drapery of darkness and let thy sunlight reach their souls. Be there here those who are sick and physically afflicted, impart to them of thy genial, health-giving influences, and cause them to rejoice in greater fullness of thy gladsome gifts. Even as the sweet sunshine of to-day has followed like a blessing the shadows of yesterday, so let the cheering rays of thy presence and thy power come to every weary soul, saying, "I am here, I am with you, the Infinite Source, and Nurse, and Mother of all." May we derive from thee the necessary strength and power to be ministers of mercy and love and health to each other, and act as thy servants in soothing the sufferings of our afflicted fellows. We realize our wants and weaknesses — and that we are but as little children picking up pebbles along the boundless beach of being; may we submit without tears to see them washed into the ocean of forgetfulness. Enable us to comprehend the necessary justice of thy wondrous and irrevocable laws, and grant us strength to submit ourselves to them as creatures of the inevitable. May we as wise

Digitized by Google

builders use all of the atoms that are gathered into our experience, along with the days and months and years of this transient life, for the proper filling up of a magnificent mosaic that may be a model for those who shall follow us in the grand procession of the generations. And unto thee, Spirit of the Universal All, be thanksgiving and praise forever and evermore. AMEN. S. H. PRESTON.

FORM 2.

Oh, Infinite Soul of Eternity, thou Holy Trinity of Love and Power and Wisdom, we would draw nearer to thee, and worship at thy shrine. Thou Spirit that animates the material Universe, thou God of the granite and the rose, may we not only seek and find thee in Nature, but may thy presence fill and inspire our souls, and lead us out of error into truth. Guide us step by step up the sacred spiral of a higher life, and gladden our souls with the sunlight of thy presence. May thy ministering spirits guard us and guide us, take away our fear, make us wiser and better, and give us strength to continue in the way of well-doing until we shall be finally admitted into thy kingdom and become one with thee. Disperse the clouds that darken our way and illumine the altar of our being with the flame of truth. Send ministering spirits to all the millions of earth who are in the shadow—whether in high places or low places, the pulpit or the brothel—and grant them the power to deliver all thy sons and daughters from the darkness that surrounds them. We bless thee for the myriad manifestations of thy power, love and wisdom throughout the material world. We bless thee, not only for the fragrant flowers that speak to our souls in beauty, but

Digitized by Google

likewise for poisonous plants that have an expression in Nature's varied language, and that may prove, in the hands of wisdom, even blessings to us. We bless thee, not only for good men and good women, but also for bad men and bad women, for they all are necessary teachers of the great lessons of life. We bless thee for all the varied beauty of earth, all the strange changes of our life, and for death, that white-winged messenger of rest, which noiselessly comes to unlock life's flower encircled door to show us those we love. We pray for peace in behalf of all upon the troubled ocean of humanity. Give light and strength to thy children everywhere, and at last lead them to the fountains of wisdom, love and truth. And after we shall have closed the book of this life, may we find upon the title page of that other immortal one, a reward for every good deed done here. Amen. S. H. P.

FORM 3.

O, thou in whom suns, and systems, and universes and souls, have their being; thou who numberest the stars, and calleth each one through the celestial spaces, and they obey; thou Universal Power, our Father and Mother, we praise thee. We praise thee for life — even though the surges of sorrow sweep over our souls—still for life we will praise thee. We praise thee for having a home in this wondrously beautiful world, and for all the blessedness of being. We praise thee for the glory of all the worlds which circle through the spaces, and which whisper to our souls of thy power and wisdom. We praise thee for so much of the spirit of truth as we can comprehend and for the great minds through whom the truth

Digitized by Google

has been made manifest to us. We praise thee for the strong and mighty souls of all the preceding ages, who went out into the world with tongue and pen, and uttered sublime sayings that will live forever and ever—for those heroes of humanity who accepted martyrdom for the sake of truth that their fellow-beings might be blessed through the after ages. We praise thee for the gift of the sages of ancient days who gathered up grand and glowing truths, and strung them together like pearls,—for a Solon and a Socrates, a Plato and a Pythagoras. And we praise thee for the long catalogue of living sages who are giving to truth, in our own age a lustre, power and significance never felt before. May truth become, indeed, like a two-edged sword in their hands, and may its spirit find an abiding place in the hearts of the children of men. And may each one of us be baptized anew with its divine influence, and be enabled to go forth working out higher uses and holier purposes amid the busy scenes of life. And when at last we shall have been led upward into the morning Land of Truth may each one of us, find our record written—: "Well done, good and faithful servant!" May the spirit of thy holy love and truth clothe our entire being as with a garment and may the peace that passeth human understanding be our portion forever and ever. AMEN.

S. H. P.

FORM 4.

O thou Infinite Spirit, the mighty source of all, to thee we pray, not because we expect to change thee, but because we change ourselves. We would draw nearer and feel a closer relationship to thee, and

Digitized by Google

would rise step by step up the rounds of a higher unfoldment, until we shall become better satisfied with ourselves. We praise thee for all thy gifts; for benevolence we thank thee, and for its twin-sister, charity, we praise thee; and ask that an abundance of both may bless the hearts of men. Let thy blessing rest upon all those who are dwelling between doubts and hopes, and whose sky of faith is obscured by clouds. Let them descend upon the earth until all the ills of human life are ameliorated, and the cries of thy children shall cease to be heard. Suffer the flowers of faith and hope to spring up amid the ashes of buried hopes in the heart of humanity, and the green grass to grow upon the grave of all the soul's buried treasures. We praise thee, Infinite Presence, for all the issues of life and its mysterious changes. Remove from the minds of mortals the fear of death; may no clouds linger around their hopes of a future life, and all be bright and beautiful and peaceful as the sunshine of a Summer's day. Deliver us all from the degrading bonds of ignorance and error, and let the light of thy wisdom shine into our souls. Give to thy angels the power to illumine our understandings and to bless all thy sons and daughters dwelling in the darkness of human life. May we ever put our trust in thee as the safeguard of every world, and of every soul. And oh, we pray thee, Eternal Spirit, to give us of earth more of thine angels to work for those whose minds are shrouded by superstition, and around whose souls are clustered the falsehoods of a false religion. O Spirit of Infinite Good, teach us and lead us to know that thou wilt do all things well. And to thy keeping we in-

Digitized by Google

trust our souls, and hope for the coming of the kingdom of peace. Amen. S. H. P.

FORM 5.

Thou Supreme Soul, thou Wondrous Whole, whose body Nature is, we assemble here to adore thee by studying the philosophy of life. May we approach to perfect prayer and praise, and mount the spiral staircase that leads up to thee. Give us to understand our weakness and ignorance, vouchsafe to us strength to overcome our evil ways, and bestow upon us that truth which shall make us free. Inspire us with the spirit of wisdom—of thy wisdom, which burns forever upon the altar of the soul, enlighting it through eternity. And may it please thee to baptize us with that love which shall own all men and women as of thee, and therefore very good. And unto thee be the spoken and unspoken praises of our souls forever. AMEN. S. H. P.

FORM 6.

A SECULAR PRAYER.

[MR. AUSTIN HOLYOAKE, at the close of his lecture in Cleveland Hall, London, on the "Book of Esther," after commenting upon the atrocities reported to have been committed at the instigation of Mordecai and his amiable neice, said: If I were a believer in a Special Providence answering the supplications of men, I would kneel at the "throne of grace," and importune the Deity to end this war, and strife, and hatred among his children. Not with a scoffing tongue do I now say it, but in all seriousness, as becomes the solemnity of such a task, and I would offer up this Prayer:]

Oh God, who art omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent; all-powerful, all-wise, and all-just; who

Digitized by Google

existed before time was, and who made all things; who searchest the hearts of all, and knowest our most secret thoughts—vouchsafe but one word that shall stop at once and for ever all the horrors that are committed in thy name; utter it in the thunder that all may hear to the remotest corners of the earth, or write it across the heavens in characters that all, of every nation and every tongue, may read and understand. Thou knowest, in thy infinite wisdom, that men, groping their way by the dim light of ages past, fail to see the truth they fain would reach. Some by accident find the precious treasure; others clutch error, and, clinging to it with the tenacity of despair, make war upon all around them. Oh thou beneficent Deity, one word from thee would open the eyes of all, making the blind to see and the dull to understand. This bible, for which men lie, and cheat, and persecute—which inculcates doctrines the most contradictory, immoral, and revolting—which records deeds done in thy name at which humanity shudders aghast—can it be thy message of mercy to mankind? Didst thou, in thy boundless benevolence, inspire its pages and in thy immutable justice send it as a guide for the human race? Is it serving thee for the professors of bible religion to rend one another? In Spain, Catholic Christians imprison and torture their Protestant brethren; in Ireland, the Protestants of England tax, persecute, and oppress their Catholic fellow subjects, and all in thy name. Eighteen hundred years ago a Jew who preached a new doctrine was cruelly put to death. An effigy of his mangled and bleeding body, nailed to a cross, is the emblem of Christians, under which

Digitized by Google

they have made war, and slaughtered tens and hundreds of thousands of their fellow creatures. This murdered man is called thy Son, and all are commanded to worship him, on pain of death in some countries, and of social persecution and hatred in others. Are we justified, oh God, in thy sight in regarding this symbol of blood and suffering as a sign of thy love for the family of man? In England (this small speck in thy universe), there are thousands of thy creatures steeped in the deepest poverty and crime; thousands lolling in the lap of luxury, extravagance, and wealth; thousands of priests paid millions a year wrung from the hard earning of industry to preach what is called "thy holy word," which in one part declares "the poor shall not cease from out the land." Is this, oh Lord, the most perfect state of society to which men can attain? Every despot in Europe, who oppresses his subjects, and slaughters them if they complain, is styled "Most Christian Majesty," and he declares that he rules by right divine derived direct from thee. The Pope of Rome, the head of an ecclesiastical despotism, which keeps men ignorant and rules them as slaves, is called thy Vicegerent upon earth. All claim Bible sanction for what they do. My sense of right revolts at all this, and I beseech thee, oh thou God of justice and righteousness, to direct me in the right path, if I am erring in my judgment of thy goodness and truth. Rather would I say, the vast majority of the world are tortured and enslaved by the dominant few who rule in thy name, because the masses are ignorant and therefore helpless. In anguish I cry unto thee—

Digitized by Google

"When wilt thou save the *people*,
Oh God of mercy, when?
Not crowns and thrones, but *nations*;
Not kings and lords, *but men*?"

One word from thy everlasting lips would bind all hearts in one; would reconcile man to man the world over; would inaugurate the reign of love and peace, and banish hate and all uncharitableness. Speak this word, oh Lord, I implore thee, that man may go on his way rejoicing, giving and receiving pleasure; shed thy radiance on mankind, that they may feel thy kingdom *has* come; establish thy Paradise upon earth; and thine be the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever and ever.

FORM 7.

UNDERWOOD'S PRAYER.

[In March, 1872, B. F. Underwood held a debate two evenings with the Rev. Mr. Taylor at Westfield, Pa. On the first evening Mr. Taylor opened the exercises with a regular orthodox prayer, and on the second evening Mr. Underwood opened with the following, and his friends thought it a decided improvement upon the prayer of the Reverend gentleman of the previous evening:]

Thou incomprehensible Being, Power, or Essence, said to exist and to be the Author of Nature, called by different names—Brahma, Jehovah, Lord, Jupiter, Allah—worshiped as a Negro in Africa, as an Indian by the untutored savage of America, and by the mass of Christians as a Caucasian seated on a throne, with a crown on thy head and a sceptre in thy hand, and angels all around chanting thy praises and ministering to thy wants—believed among the more thoughtful of thy worshipers to be something of which no correct

Digitized by Google

conception can be formed, and recognized by us unregenerate Infidels only as the aggregate of the forces of Nature inherent in, and inseparable from, matter, constituting the soul of the Universe—that which

> "Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
> Glows in the stars and blossoms in the trees"—

whatever thou art, we make no attempt to extol thy name, for if but half as great and good as many of thy worshipers profess to believe, thou canst not be pleased with the flatteries or praises of men. We make no attempt to give thee information, for they who claim to be in special communication with thee declare that thou knowest all things, even the innermost secrets of the heart of man.

We do not ask for any especial favors for our opponent, for he has already told thee what *he* wants, and he is supposed to know his own needs better than we can set them forth. We ask no special favors for ourself, because, in the first place it does not comport with our notions of fair play to invoke thine aid in an intellectual contest with a gentleman who has come here to discuss with *us* and *not with thee;* in the second place, we think we can sustain our position in this debate with no other assistance than that afforded by the silent but powerful aids which lie on the table before us: and in the third place, however much either of us may desire special help from thee, we do not believe thou wouldst interfere to give one the slightest advantage over the other.

But a few years ago our beloved country (this is not said for thy information) was suffering all the horrors of civil war; our hearts were saddened by the

Digitized by Google

sight of "States dissevered, discordant, belligerent and drenched in fraternal blood." Millions of prayers went up from pulpit, fireside and tented field, both North and South, intreating thee to interpose—stop the terrible strife between brothers, and stay the effusion of blood. But the sanguinary contest continued without any intervention by thee, and was brought to a close only when the South had been exhausted in resources, and was no longer able to offer resistance to the armies of the Union. How then can we expect thee to interfere in an insignificant contest like this between our friend and ourself?

We realize the fact that the intellectual work of the debate must be performed by the disputants, and we think it unwise for either of us to look to thee for victory. Whether "Providence is on the side of the strongest battalions" or not, we notice that they generally *win*, and without regard to the right and justice of the cause in defense of which they fight. We have not forgotten that the patriot army of Hungary was overwhelmed and defeated by the powerful and disciplined hosts of perjured Austria. "Trust in God, but keep your powder dry," said Cromwell to his soldiers. As we are satisfied that in physical warfare more depends upon the quality and condition of ammunition than upon mere "trust in God," so in an intellectual contest like this we believe that acquaintance with the subject, and power and skill in presenting arguments, are more important than "reliance on thee." Fred. Douglass said he prayed fifteen years, but the prayer most certainly answered in his case was the prayer that he made with his legs, when he ran away from bondage.

Digitized by Google

An amiable, but evidently visionary individual, frequently called thy son, and believed by many to be "God manifest in the flesh," is reported to have said that with faith to the amount of a grain of mustard seed men could remove mountains. Now we are satisfied from observation and experience that with a mountain of faith we should fail to remove even a grain of mustard seed, unless adequate physical force were applied.

We cannot help noticing that *Christians* have but little faith in thine interposition in practical affairs. Having built a church and dedicated it to thee, they are not content with asking thee to save it from the thunderbolt of heaven. Just like us "unconverted sinners" when we put up buildings for business purposes, they go to the expense of attaching lightning rods to their houses of worship.

Had we any faith in the efficacy of prayer, there are many favors we might solicit; but since we are certain that we can obtain nothing by addresses to thee which would not come just as surely without the prayers, we close these prayerful remarks to turn our attention to our opponent, and to the important subject under consideration. AMEN.

FORM 8.

O Substance and Spirit of the Universe! In a feeling of awe and sincere reverence we would address ourselves to thee. We feel and believe that thou art the only Eternal, Infinite, Omnipresent, Omnipotent, Supreme, and Self-existent Power. There is none greater than thee, there is none above thee, there is none below thee, there is none beyond thee, there is

Digitized by Google

none outside of thee, there is none beside thee, for thou art THE MOST HIGH, the ALL IN ALL. Thou dost include and comprehend all forms of existence, all forms of being, all forms of force, all forms of life. Thy realm is limitless, thy extent is boundless.

All worlds, all stars, all spheres, all suns, all systems, all constellations are contained in thee, and move and act in keeping with thy eternal laws. We recognize thy presence and thy power in and from the grandest orb that revolves in space to the tiniest mote that floats in the sunbeam. We see thee in all that has existence, and without thee nothing can exist. In thee all life begins; in thee all life extends. All entites emanate from thee, and must ever remain in thee.

As eternal as duration art thou; as limitless as space thou art. Thou always didst exist through all time, thou always must exist through all extent. No bounds can be set to thy domain. Farther than the mind can think, farther than thought can soar, dost thou exist. Wherever space is, art thou.

We are a part of thyself. Our origin, our parentage and our existence are solely in thee, and must ever be. Thou art the great Uncaused Existence. Thou hadst no designer, no creator, no overseer. Thou art the Source of all sources, the Cause of all causes, the Force of all forces, the Life of all life.

We adore thee most Glorious Universe and we feel grateful for our connection with thee. We are grateful for all the powers, potencies and possibilities that exist in thee. We venerate every form and expression of thy existence, whether in the mountain of

granite, the beds of clay, the strata of gravel, the laminated rocks, the stratified carboniferous deposits, the sand, the oceans, the lakes and rivers of limpid water, the gushing springs and generous fountains, the life-giving atmosphere that surrounds the earth, the oxygen, the hydrogen, the nitrogen and all the primates that make up thy substance. We are duly grateful for all the ærial and ethereal forms of matter and force, including electricity, magnetism, all the subtle fluids, forces, attractions, and affinities which ever permeate thee and are parts of thy existence. We are grateful for these sources of organized life, as are seen in the minute green-mould that forms on cheese and in the stateliest monarchs of the forest; from the invisible monad, scores of which disport in a single drop of water, to the leviathans of the Northern oceans; from the tiniest insect that the eye cannot perceive, to the majestic elephant; from the mite up through all the intervening gradations to intellectual man. All these forms of life alike have their source in thee; all their powers and properties are of thee and from thee, for there is no other source whence they can emanate.

We revere the systems of suns and revolving spheres which stud the blue vault of space and move in harmony with thy eternal laws, and to whose extent there can be no end. We duly appreciate the glorious light and heat which these millions of blazing suns are ever dispensing through the broad expanse of thy realm, diffusing the sources of organized life in all directions. Especially do we revere our own glorious orb of light in this solar system; from it we receive warmth, life, health, and blessings innumerable.

Digitized by Google

We view with profound admiration thy grand mountains, thy beautiful valleys, the undulating landscape, the broad plains and prairies, the sombre forests, the pleasant groves, the teeming meadows, the luxuriant fields, the grand old oceans, the expansive lakes, the smaller sheets of water, the majestic rivers, the lovely streams, the grand cataract, the laughing cascade, the sparkling springs, the gentle rill, the violent storm, the lightning flash, the reverberating thunder, the rushing wind, the gentle breeze, the portentious clouds, the descending rain, the silent dew, the re-appearing sun, the beautiful rainbow, and every expression alike of thy power and beauty. We admire the ever recurring seasons as they pass,—lovely Spring, genial Summer, fruitful Autumn, and even frosty Winter. All are alike manifestations of thy power—all parts of thy grand economy.

We view with admiration every form of animal and vegetable life, but most grateful of all, are we, for the existence for the Human race, our Brothers and Sisters in the great and grand Family of Humanity.

We are grateful for the pleasures and enjoyments which existence affords us, and we desire to acquire such knowledge of thy laws as will enable us to shun many of the ills and disorders which we might otherwise fall into.

We are grateful for the riches which Science is conferring upon the world, and blessing our race. We regard her teachings with more veneration than we do all the myths and fables that have come down from the dark days of superstition. To Science we hopefully look for still greater light to lead the sons and daughters of men to higher degrees of knowledge,

and to better enable them to secure a greater degree of happiness and to confer a greater amount of good.

We revere the steady and reliable light which Reason imparts and hail it as the surest guide to mankind while making the journey of life.

We venerate the genius of Truth and desire ever to walk in her lovely paths. If we have Truth with us the mysticisms and errors which have so long cursed the world can have no blighting influence upon us. In Truth is confidence, freedom and happiness. Let us woo the spirit of truth; let us strive to secure her constant attendance and seek ever to walk in her cheering light.

We are grateful for all the good that exists in the family of man; for the spirit of devotion to the welfare of the race which thousands have evinced. Believing that the greatest amount of happiness we can attain to is derived by conferring benefits upon our fellow beings, we desire to make the performance of kind acts and good deeds, to our brothers and sisters in the great family of Humanity the governing principle of our lives. We desire to see this great family grow, wiser, purer, better, happier; and to encourage the good and to discountenance the opposite, in this great brotherhood of man, may the best energies of our lives be devoted.

May we strive to occupy our proper position in the scale of existence, while performing the journey of life. May we wisely gather up the treasures which Nature has so bountifully scattered on every hand—and may we learn to perform the worthiest of all labors, to practice the greatest of all arts—making ourselves and those around us happy. AMEN. D. M. B.

Digitized by Google

Form 9.

"O thou, the Unseen, the All-seeing!"
Whose ways mantled with darkness
Seem to mock our finite gaze;
Before whose eyes seraph and man
Alike in imperfection stand;
Maker of worlds unnumbered—
With whom all time is one eternal NOW,
Look on us and guide us—
Wanderers on life's stormy sea;
Where rocks, deep hid, elude our sight,
While all around is starless night.
O let thy light within us shine,
And lift the shadows which now hang
Before the portals of the tomb,
Hiding our loved ones from us.
May angels say to those who weep:
"Not here, but risen from the grave;"
Called to go up higher, to live and be,
Till death, the last great foe,
Is put beneath our feet.
Then we'll rejoice and sing with those
Who shall return to tell the world
There is no death, or burning hell—
No fearful judgments awaiting us there,
But life and joy forevermore.

MRS. LUNA HUTCHINSON.

FORM 10.

O thou Supreme Intelligence, to whom all souls and worlds are united by the magnetic chord of love; as the flowers open to the sunlight, so may our hearts respond to thy love. Help us to look away from present imperfections of this life of material shadows and contemplate the glories of brighter worlds of celestial harmony. May we learn to welcome the storms of life as well as its sunshine, which

make our feet firmer and our head higher. O sustain us in our efforts to bear witness to the truth; may we ever prove faithful to the cause of right and the good of humanity. Drive from our minds the dark and gloomy clouds of doubt and despondency by revealing to us the silver lining of hope and the day-star of goodness of the incoming morn. May we ever lay our votive offerings at the feet of Wisdom and Youth, counting the honors and wealth of earth but dross when weighed against this priceless dower. May the world be resurrected to a new and higher life and the faculties of the mind quickened into a more spiritual unfoldment, whereby faith shall be lost in sight, belief in knowledge, the night of ignorance and superstition be lost in the brightness of the millenial day. Amen.

MRS. LUNA HUTCHINSON.

THE LORD'S PRAYER, FAMILIARIZED.

Our Big Papa, who lives up in the sky, we want every body to think ever so much of you, and that you should have your own way in everything down here among us, just as you have it up where you are.

Give us all we want to eat, every day, and let us off without any whipping when we make you angry, and we promise to be good to every body, and let them off just the same way when they do wrong to us.

Don't get us into any bad scrapes, but help us to get out, if we get into any.

For you are our "Governor," and have got the power over us to treat us just as you please, and so we must honor you always. Let it be just so.

S. P. A.

Digitized by Google

Such, in familiar language, is the world-renowned "Lord's Prayer," which for nearly eighteen centuries has been held up as a model of beauty, wisdom and excellence. But to look at it as it is, it is the mere pleading of a child for its own little selfish wants, without one manly sentiment, one intellectual conception, or one disinterested aspiration.

A PRAYER UNDER PRESSURE.

[A skeptical, unbelieving youth from the City, having occasion to visit some puritanical, strait-laced relatives in New England, was of course under the necessity of attending regularly to "family worship," but worse still was pressingly urged to take part in prayer, It was the custom for all to pray, each taking his turn in appealing to "the throne of grace." On a certain occasion, the boy older than our youth had "said his piece" and the one below him persistently waited for his City Cousin to lead off: when seeing there was no other recourse, the city youth addressed the "Throne of Grace" in the following manner:]

Oh, Lord, you know that I do not believe in you, as you are described in the Bible and believed in by the church. You know I do not believe in the Bible as the word of God. If it is true, as affirmed, that you have created the Universe, it follows that you have created all that is in it. You have created evil as well as good, the devil as well as the angels, hell as well as heaven. If you have made men at all, you have made them as they are. If they are good it is because you have made them so; if they are wicked, it is equally your work. If you are omnipotent and universal, as you are said to be, there can be no evil thing, or wicked deed that is not the result of characters and conditions which you have created. If there is a hell and men are to be burned

in it, it is because you have wished it to be so. All things are possible with you; had you wished to make men good and happy, you would have done so. It has pleased you to make them evil and wretched. You are not, then, good, nor do you love your creatures. It is evident their sufferings give you pleasure or you would make them happy. Could I believe in you, I could not worship you, except through fear, the meanest of emotions, but the only one you seem desirous to excite. We cannot love you for the good you have done, for it serves only to render us more miserable, by contrast with the evil you have forced us to endure. And so, oh Lord, if the Bible be truly your word, and you are as the Old Testament describes you, I can only hate you and be thankful that I do not believe. And now, oh, Lord, if I am wrong it is because you have made me so, and because you wish me to continue so; for you can make me believe and do what you please. Created by you, I am a mere creature of your hands, and am responsible for nothing. I have not the power to choose between good and evil, as I am told I should do, for I can only judge of right and wrong through the use of a brain created by you, in the full knowledge of the conclusions it would lead me to; with you and not with me rests the responsibility. I can only be thankful that I am not cowardly enough to fear, nor weak enough to worship so horrible a creature as the God of the Church. AMEN. W. S. A.

The city youth was not again asked to improvise a prayer during a visit to his country cousins.

Digitized by Google

"OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN."

1 Kings xviii. 27.

"O God have mercy!" a mother cried,
As she humbly knelt at the cradle side,
"O God have mercy, and hear my prayer,
And take my babe in thy tender care.
The Angel of Death is in the room,
And is calling loud for my babe to come.
Thou, Thou alone hast power to save!
O God have mercy! 'tis all I crave."

. . . . .

A tiny grave, 'neath a willow's shade,
Telleth the answer the Merciful made.

"O Father in Heaven, protect my boy
From the wiles of Folly, from Sin's decoy;
From the snares of Temptation in Life's dark sea,
Guard him, and keep him pure for thee."
So a mother prayed as her darling one
Went forth to battle the world alone—
Alone, save the blessing his mother gave,
And that prayer to God to keep and save.

. . . . .

A murderer's gibbet, high in air,
Answered the trusting mother's prayer.

A father and mother knelt them down
Together, before the Eternal One,
And with trusting hearts implored that Heaven
Would guard the flower its grace had given—
Would keep their blossoming daughter pure,
And guard her aye from the Tempter's lure,
And from every stain would keep her free
As the lilies that bloom in eternity.

. . . . .

A self-slain lost one, seduced, betrayed,
Was the only answer Heaven made.

A beautiful maiden knelt to pray
For the life of a loved one far away,

Digitized by Google

Away in the fields where life and death
Hang poised in the scales that tip with a breath.
"O Father of Mercies, protect the heart
Of him I love from the foeman's dart;
When the death-bolts rain on the charging field,
Be thou his strength and guide and *shield!*"

. . . . . .

A mangled corpse and a soldier's grave
Was the answer the Father of Mercies gave.

The night was dark on the ocean's breast,
And the waves rolled high in wild unrest,
Where a stately bark was dashing on
Toward a breaker's crest, with her rudder gone.
Around the capstan, in wild despair,
The crew had gathered, and joined in prayer
To Him who only had power to save,
To deliver them from a watery grave.

. . . . . .

A crash and a gulping wave alone,
Were the answers of the Omnipotent One.

At noon of night, in the city's heart,
When slumber reigned o'er home and mart,
The fire-fiend burst from his secret place,
And wrapped all things in his fierce embrace.
O, then how many a frenzied prayer
To heaven for safety, rent the air!
For homes! for lives! for loves—and then
The flames that crisped them sneered, "Amen."

. . . . . .

Homes, friends, and loved ones, crisped and charred,
Told how Heaven the prayer had heard.

From the earliest dawn of Nature's birth,
Since sorrow and sin first darkened the earth;
From sun to sun, from pole to pole,
Where'er the waves of Humanity roll,
The breezy robe this planet wears
Has quivered and echoed with countless prayers.
Each hour a million knees are bent,

Digitized by Google

A million prayers to Heaven are sent;
There's not a summer beam but sees
Some humble suppliant on his knees;
There's not a breeze that murmurs by
But wafts some faithful prayer on high;
There's not a woe afflicts our race
But some one bears to the Throne of Grace;
And for every temptation our souls may meet
We ask for grace at the Mercy Seat.

. . . . . .

The beams smile on, and heaven serene
Still bends, as though no prayers had been,
And the breezes moan, as still they wave,
"*When man is powerless, Heaven cannot save.*"

—*Charles Stephenson.*

To make up a full assortment of prayers and invocations, we add the following, which was made by PROF. W. CHENEY at San Jose, California, in March, 1874, when in debate with an orthodox, the editor of *The World's Crisis*, who, at the opening of one of the meetings, had made a formal prayer to Jehovah. Prof. Cheney followed suit in this

PRAYER TO THE DEVIL.

O, Lucifer, bearer of Light! O, Beelzebub, Lord of Scorpions! O, Belial, Lord of the Opposite! O, Baal Peor, Lord of the Opening! O, Hades, God of Orcus! O, Devil, Prince of Demons in the Christian Hell! O, thou monarch of the Bottomless Pit! Thou king of Scorpions having stings in their tails, to whom it is given to hurt the earth for five months, I beseech thee to hear my prayer!

Thou seest the terrible strait in which I am placed, matched in debate with one of the big guns of Christianity, with every advantage against me save that I have truth on my side. Thou knowest, Old Bull's Head, that according to all history, thy reign has

been most glorious and triumphant. Thou knowest, Old Cloven Foot, that by thy wondrous power thou hast in all times possessed the hearts of Christians with a mad fury so that they have slaughtered more than seventy millions of men, women, and children, since the dawn of the present era.

Remember, O Prince of Brimstone, that when thou stretchest forth thine arm, the Christian's God cannot stand before thee for a moment. Therefore we beseech thee to stand by us on this occasion. Bless thy servant in his labors before thee. Fill his mouth with words of wisdom. Enable him to defend thee from the false charges about to be made against thy Sulphurous Majesty, and to triumph by truth and logic over his opponent, so that this audience may realize that thou art a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering Devil. Finally, when he has done and suffered thy will on this earth, receive him graciously into thy warm dominions; assign him plenty of brimstone, turn him often with thy fork, and roast him eternally. And thine shall be the kingdom, the power, and the glory, worlds without end. Serenely thine.

Digitized by Google

Marriage Services.

Matrimony is one of the most important and most sacred compacts into which human beings can enter. It is the joining together for the term of life, for weal or woe, of two trusting, loving hearts, a male and a female.

From man's earliest existence upon this planet—in all classes and in all the natural divisions of the earth—some form of marriage has been used. It is not *divine* in any other sense than all that pertains to humanity is divine, and a clergyman, priest, or magistrate is by no means essential in solemnizing it. As it is a contract for life, and as a desire for offspring and a happy life with a loved companion are the incentives which lead to it too much care and discretion cannot be exercised in the choice made. Let it not be hastily nor thoughtlessly performed. Let not blind passion be the ruling influence in taking this important step. Let both parties to the union be as thoroughly informed as possible of their own needs and the needs of their proposed companion. Temperaments, mental qualities and dispositions should be well studied, and the choice should be made after due deliberation. Once made and the decisive step is taken, every effort should be exercised by both parties to keep alive and perpetuate the love that led them together.

Digitized by Google

Courting should not be dropped when the marriage service is performed; but life should be one prolonged season of courtship. Let each strive to anticipate the wishes of the other, and let each feel more intent on contributing to the happiness of the other than in seeking his own. Let it always be remembered that our happiness is increased by making those around us happy. Love begets love; affection increases affection; kind words induce kind words from others.

Friends, strive never to give nor take offense. Cultivate an equitable frame of mind. Avoid using unnecessary censure and saying or doing that which is calculated to wound the feelings of each other. So shall your paths be in pleasant places, and so shall your lives be crowned with peace and happiness.

D. M. B.

Remarks on Marriage, etc.

The customs of a country are the outgrowth of religious, rather than the intellectual convictions of its people; and as all the religions of the past have been founded more or less on superstition, none are free from its baleful influence—nowhere, up to the present time, has the human mind been allowed to develop naturally, unbiased by the dogmas of some creed.

The policy of the church has ever been to acquire complete control of the individual, commencing at the baptismal font and ending only when his body is consigned to earth consecrated by her priests. The babe is met on the threshold of existence, and

Digitized by Google

by proxy is sealed to a faith that even its sponsors scarce understand.

It claims to give woman to man, and makes its sanction and ceremonies necessary to validity in order to bind not only the parents, but their offspring more firmly to its service.

Death, also, has ever been regarded as the Church's opportunity, and although not carried to that extreme, as was the custom in former times, is still used as a means of making proselytes and enriching the Church by working on the fears and appealing to the sympathies, both of the dying and their friends, whose natures are the more deeply stirred and their reasoning powers for the time suspended.

If this effort to influence and control the individual was based on reason and instigated solely by a benevolent desire to guide, comfort and instruct mankind, with no design to hamper the judgment and propagate a sectarian faith, it would be a meritorious work, and would deserve well of humanity. But we know well from the history of the past, and from every-day experience, that the good really done is subordinate to the propagation of theology and the upbuilding of the Church.

It is time that Liberals, at least, should cease to allow themselves to be so used, and to sanction such an assumed authority. Nor can they reasonably hope for the decrease of superstition, or for the spread of rational opinions while no protest is made against such assumptions and practices.

Now when Liberal Societies and Churches of Humanity are inaugurated on the basis of *practical knowledge*, whose mission it shall be to guide, instruct

Digitized by Google

and counsel mankind, it will be well for Liberals to cease to be made parties to an ecclesiastical farce, and so far as possible substitute rational ceremonies appertaining to those prominent epochs of human life which require solemnization and special emphasis; and, so far as possible, to perform those ceremonies themselves or for their friends.

To facilitate this end, and to assist those who desire for their own, as well as for the sake of society, to live and die without church domination and priestly aid, this little manual has been written.

In it will be found suitable ceremonies and forms for the consecration of infants to humanity; for the solemnization of marriage, by laymen, and by the contracting parties themselves; and appropriate services for the burial of the dead. H. B. Brown.

FORM 1.

FORM FOR SELF-MARRIAGE.

That "it is not good for man to be alone" is a conclusion sanctioned alike by reason, experience and the nature and fitness of things.

The natural, and therefore the most holy impulses of our natures, no less than the highest and best interests of society, as well as of the individual, require a union of the sexes.

In compliance with these promptings of our nature, and in obedience to the requirements of society, and for the promotion of our own mutual happiness, I have chosen you (naming the bride) to be my life-companion, in accordance with and in compliance to the laws of the State of (naming the State).

I promise, in the presence of these witnesses, to be

Digitized by Google

to you a kind, faithful, and true husband, to protect and cherish you in sickness, as well as in health; in adversity as well as in prosperity; to bear and forbear with your imperfections; and never to seek my own pleasure at the expense of yours.

I love you now, and trust that the qualities and virtues on which that love is based will always continue, as now, to excite and compel it.

I promise to regard you as my equal in every respect—never to claim anything from you as a legal right, and to seek from you only that which your love and a sense of duty induces you to freely give.

With this declaration on my part, will you (naming the bride) accept me as your husband and life-partner?

Yes (naming the bridegroom, and taking his right hand in her left) I accept your offer, and will be your wedded mate and life-companion; and I promise to do and be to you all that you have promised to do and be to me.

(Appropriate remarks and advice may here be given to the married pair by any elderly person who may have been chosen for the purpose).

NOTE.—This form of marriage is practiced among the Friends or Quakers, and sanctioned by special statute in the State of New York, and is allowable also in other States. H. B. B.

FORM 2.

Marriage is the natural relation of the sexes. It is not good for man to be alone. In the long history of the human race there has always existed some form of marriage. In early times and among bar-

barous nations the marriage relation is based upon the sexual desires, but among the most refined and elevated people the marriage relation is sought for the moral, social and intellectual companionship it affords, and the love of children. There is nothing divine in marriage. It is a human institution because a human need, In general terms, we may say that it consists in a mutual attraction between two persons of opposite sexes; and they are married, or become husband and wife, when they make a public acknowledgement, in some form, that they have assumed this relation.

It is possible for most persons who have attained the years of maturity to assume this relation, but it is not possible for all persons to find the happiness in marriage that they expected. Love is blind, and the lover is sometimes not only blind to the imperfections of the idol of his heart, but is also frequently as blind to the imperfections of himself. This is equally true of both sexes. To secure a happy conjugal life, the parties uniting should so far as possible be adapted to each other in age, culture and condition; and the more unselfish and forgiving both parties are, the brighter will be their prospects of future happiness. True love can exist only where the two lives are consecrated each to the other. Love dies unless cherished. When the husband and wife each seek with tender regard to anticipate the comfort and well-being of the other, love lights their pathway. Without this unselfish devotion of each to the other, there can be but little of those higher joys which flow from kind and kindred natures. We cannot get more out of a married life than we bring

Digitized by Google

to it. If you, dear friends, have wisely chosen and give your best love each to the other, there will be joy in store for you as long as you live. It will be well for you to bear in mind that love is a tender plant, and that it often happens that neglect causes it to droop and die. It should therefore be your constant endeavor to give your lives each for the other. Here about you are many happy hearts, made happy by your loves and the prospect of your days of honeymoon, which they all, no doubt sincerely, wish may last throughout a long life. (join hands.)

James, do you take this woman whom you hold by the hand to be your wife, the companion of your life, the partner of your joys and sorrows, and shall it be your chief desire to make her heart glad, and her pathway smooth all through your future career?

(The man inclines his head and answers "yes.")

Jane, do you take this man whom you hold by the hand to be your husband and life companion—the partner of your joys and sorrows, and shall it be your chief desire to make his heart glad, and his manly career successful all through your coming lives?

(The woman inclines her head and answers "yes.")

Friends, I pronounce this man and woman to be husband and wife, and let us now congratulate Mr. and Mrs. ——— and give them abundance of our good wishes. W. S. BELL.

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

This is to certify that ——— and ———assumed the marriage relation in our presence.

Date.

Digitized by Google

FORM 3.

Recognizing the eternal laws of mateship, and the natural need of a right relation between the sexes: We *George Smith*, and *Sarah Jones*, by these presents make known to the world that we hereby bind ourselves to each other as man and wife, and mutually pledge to each other, love and fidelity for life.

Signed ——

Witnessed by——

FORM 4.

We have met here to-day to perform the pleasing duty of celebrating the marriage of our two young friends, A. and B. They are entering upon a new mode of life, the paths of which may be strewn with roses, if love and mutual respect guard the way; or with thorns, if harshness and petulance are allowed to invade the domain of the affections.

May health, happiness, and long life await them.

Marriage is the most momentous event in the life of both man and woman. On it depends the happiness or misery of their future. Carefully, then, should the inducements be weighed that impel to so important a step, that the contracting parties may be sure that love, and love alone, has prompted them to the act. Any sordid or capricious motive will speedily bring its own punishment. It is the union of hearts, not hands, that constitutes a true marriage. But while the heart should be the prime mover, the head should take care of it, or the happiness of the married couple will be a matter of accident, where it should be the result of the most careful and enlightened judgment. Marriages of mere passion are as disastrous as those of avarice or ambition.

Digitized by Google

Marital love is necessary to the perfection of life; and the love of children springing therefrom, is the purest emotion known to humanity. In the domestic affections is to be found the highest happiness, and those who fail to cultivate them, lose half the joys of existence.

Our young friends who have now entered upon the married state, must not forget that it has its duties as well as its pleasures. New responsibilities will devolve upon them, and the fittest preparation they can make to enable them to properly meet them, will be to so order their own lives, that their minds may be free from the bickerings and irritations that so constantly await ill-assorted and ill-regulated unions. The golden rule in married life is Mutual Forbearance. We must never forget that no alliance, however well-designed, can ever secure perfect contentment; for it so happens, that where people love most, they are apt to be most exacting one of the other. There may be a fanaticism in love as well as in belief, for affection is but the religion of the heart. As with a people, the aggregate of individual virtues make up the sum of national greatness; so in domestic life, the multifarious duties devolving upon each, faithfully fulfilled, make up the measure of human bliss.

We urge each not to be the first by whom the harsh word is spoken, nor the last to offer the hand of reconciliation. Beware of jealousies, and vigilantly foster feelings of trust and loving-kindness.

It is fervently to be hoped that the newly-married pair will prove to each other suitable companions through life, and be knit together, not only with the

silken cords of affection, but with a bond that strengthens with years and brightens with age—the bond of congenial tastes and intellectual attachment. Marriage is itself an education, which schools the heart, and directs the affections in the paths of peace. A world of bliss is ever present in that household which is pervaded by the elevating and softening influence of literature and art, which purifies love, and attunes the feelings to harmonious sympathy with all humanity.

The names husband and wife have a charmed sound, and the married state has a halo around it that dims with its lustre all other relationships of life. Husband and wife are "all the world to each other," and they should strive to make their domestic hearth so pure and tranquil, that when they assume the momentous but blissful responsibilities of father and mother, they may feel sure that their children will be born under influences that shall make them dutiful and loving to their parents, and enthusiastic workers for the good of others.

To the husband we say: Conserve and cherish the sacredness of home; make it the altar at which you worship, and be sure that domestic bliss is within the reach of all who intelligently strive to attain it. It is to be won alone by a manly, yet considerate treatment of the one to whom you have dedicated your life, and who will return your affection, however lavish, with boundless interest.

To the wife we say: Now that you have won a woman's greatest prize, a loving heart, guard it with jealous care, nor ever let the storm of anger rise to blight true affection with its fiery breath. In attain-

ing the consummation of all the gentler feelings which animate a woman's breast, never forget that love, unaccompanied by true companionship soon droops and perishes under the chilling influence of uncongeniality of mind.

To husband and wife we say: So live, that when the evening of life arrives, secure in the affection of children and friends, you can exclaim with the poet: —"Not another joy like unto this succeeds in unknown fate." AUSTIN HOLYOAKE.

FORM 5.

TO BE PERFORMED BY ANY THIRD PARTY.

The contracting parties here present, by and for whom I am authorized to speak, having after careful consideration and promptitude, by a due regard for the interests of society as well as for their own, have mutually consented and agreed to bear to each other the relation of husband and wife. And it is at their invitation that we are now assembled to hear and witness the public acknowledgment of their union.

The relation that they now publicly avow to have assumed to each other is one that derives its sanction and authority from Nature, and has for its object primarily the continuance of the race; and secondarily the enjoyment of each other's society, and for mutual help, comfort and assistance in the journey of life.

You (to the bridegroom) declare before these assembled witnesses that you have chosen the woman by your side from all others to be your life-companion; that you have promised to be to her a kind, faithful and considerate husband; to comfort, honor and sup-

Digitized by Google

port her in sickness and health—in adversity as well as prosperity—so long as you shall live?

(Assent by an inclination of the head).

And you (to the bride) have likewise promised to take this man, whose hand you now hold, to be your wedded mate, and to do and be to him all that he has promised to do and be to you, so long as you shall live?

(Assent by an inclination of the head).

In accordance with the long established custom, and as a token and symbol of the union that now exists between you, by virtue of your mutual consent and the love that you bear to each other, I present you (naming the bride) with this ring, which may serve as a reminder of the vows you have mutually pledged to each other. May those qualities which the ring is supposed to symbolize be exemplified in your lives.

And now by your own free act and deed, as here publicly announced—in compliance with the requirement of the civil law—you *are* and will hereafter be regarded as Husband and Wife. And what *Love* hath joined together, may discord not put asunder.

H. B. B.

FORM 6.

FORM OF MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE BY WITNESSES TO THE CEREMONY.

We do hereby certify that on the — day of ——— in the year ——, in the town of ———, county of ———, State of ——— John Jacob Jones of ——— in the county of ———, and State of ———, and Josephine Johnson of ———, in the county of ——— and State of ———, both to us personally known were united in legal marriage by (name the person

Digitized by Google

who officiates, or themselves, as the case may be), the same being with their mutual consent publicly announced by them on said occasion.

We further certify that they were of sufficient age to consent to the same, and that we were respectively present and witnessed the ceremony.

Witness our hands and seals this day of ——, 18 .

Signed——

H. B. B.

FORM 7.

Gravitation, aggregation, cohesion, affinity, combination, in the lower world, and attraction, courtship, marriage, harmony, happiness, this is the order of nature in the human world. Our father, Sun, sends his light and heat—his benediction—upon our mother, Earth. The sunbeam kisses the flower, and it blossoms into fragrant beauty. The dew drop sparkles in brilliancy and the flower embraces it in his bosom.

The sunshine unites with the earth, and it teems with life and blossoms like a nosegay. Love is marriage—marriage is union—union is harmony, and harmony is heaven. God is Love; what Love [God] hath joined together, no man may put asunder: and interference for that purpose is the "unpardonable sin." Man should be the representative and exponent of wisdom; woman of love, and their union is the harmony and glory of earth.

John.—Will you in wisdom, guide, guard, respect and ever cherish, and be ever faithful to this loved and loving woman, whose life and fortunes you wish to have interwoven with your own during your mutual life?

Answer.—"I will."

Mary.—Will you esteem, comfort, and as far as pos-

sible, make happy under all circumstances this man whom you have chosen in the union of divine love, during your mutual lives, and ever be true to the divine impulse of Love in all your intercourse with him?

Answer.—"I will."

Has the triune God of Love, Will and Wisdom united you for life?

Both Answer.—"He has."

Then in the name of the laws of God, and by the authority of the State of ——, I pronounce you husband and wife; and in the language of the old book, "whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

D. JENKINS.

FORM 8.

WOMAN'S CEREMONY FOR MARRIAGE.

Inasmuch, Sir, as you acquit yourself honorably, I will honor you; while you retain the affection you have won, I will love you; in all things wherein my judgment dictates, I will obey you; so long as you perform faithfully the duties of a husband, I hold myself obligated, as a wife, and no longer, to assist you to the extent of my ability, in every laudable pursuit. In presence of these witnesses, I hereunto subscribe my name, as being married.

MRS. MARY U. FERRIN.

Digitized by Google

The Naming of Infants.

In publicly naming the infant now before us we recognize the parents' desire to identify their offspring with the Liberal Party, which proclaims the necessity of unfettered thought during the formation of character. Diversity of organization precludes uniformity of belief; we do not, therefore, guarantee that in after life a child shall profess any particular class of opinions. But, by keeping its mind free from theological creeds, we enable it the better to acquire a more liberal education than is permitted by the conventional faith of the Church. During infancy, the imagination frequently revels in the ideal; care should be taken, therefore, to protect the child as much as possible from the beguilements of superstition. For in the sunny days of childhood, when the heart leaps with joy, when innocence beams on the cheek, and hope sparkles in the eye; when the mind in its purest simplicity is unable to detect the snare, then the seeds are sown which in after years frequently bear unfortunate fruit. An opportunity should be given for the faculties to be fairly developed before the judgment is taxed with the mysteries and perplexities of theology. The true and the beautiful in nature should be placed before the young with a view of inspiring them with a desire to understand and appreciate the realities of life. Theological

Digitized by Google

prejudice and religious bigotry prevent the realization of this object. Hence it is our duty to surround the child with influences that will enable him to avoid those evils.

Viewing this emblem of innocence, we recognize lineaments of love and simplicity, which are an index to the goodness of its nature. The germs of virtue are here awaiting judicious cultivation, that they may bud forth and ripen into moral fruit. Youth is impressible. The conduct of children, in after life, is generally a reflex of their early education. Encircle them with pure influences, place before them examples of integrity, foster the desire for excellence which is allied with human affections at the dawn of life, you will thereby open the avenues to the purest instincts of their nature, and knit a bond of union between them and their parents which all the turmoil of life and strife of the world will fail to sever. Seek to win the affections of children with love, not repel them with fear; inspire hope and joy, awaken not dread and despair. The infant mind is sensitive, and requires to be irradiated with smiles, not darkened with gloom. Parental indifference, harsh treatment, and cruel frowns produce stultified intellects and unpleasant dispositions; but kindness, care, and forbearance evoke intelligence and cheerfulness of conduct.

We sincerely hope that in after life [here name the child] he [if the child be a girl, substitute the feminine gender] may have reason to rejoice in his fellowship with us. May the principles of Freethought enable him to brave successfully the battle of life. And as he sails o'er the billows of time, may exper-

Digitized by Google

lence increase his guiding power, that when arriving at maturity, he shall have acquired sufficient knowledge to enable him to regulate aright his further career. And when the evening of his existence has arrived, may he obtain consolation from the reflection that his conduct has won the approval of the wise and the good, and that to the best of his ability he has been faithful to the mission of life.

CHARLES WATTS.

ON THE BIRTH OF AN INFANT.

Joy to thy parents, O mayest thou be found;
Peace as a halo thy pathway surround;
Duly approving and prompting thy care;
Love in its fulness fulfilling its share.

Goodness attend thee wherever thou go,
Mercy defend from the shafts of thy foe;
Virtue still proving thy waymark to be—
Nothing presuming though sweetness in thee.

Sweetness resembling the flow'rets of spring,
Nurtur'd by dewdrops fresh odors to bring;
Tear drops of pity, of feeling, of soul,
Temper with prudence, their force to control.

Sunbeams of wisdom illumine thy day;
Chase the dull meteors of folly away;
Point, as the shade on the dial will move,
How the fleet moments of time to improve.

Knowledge engage thee its wonders to scan;
Teach thee the greatness, the weakness of man!
Show thee of life, how its dangers to pass,
Show thee thyself in humility's glass.

Digitized by Google

Funeral Services.

There are probably no forms of services more needed for the use of Liberals and Spiritualists than those for Funerals. Death is sure, sooner or later to visit each member of the human family; and when our friends do pass away it is desirable that the last rites, before the burial of the body, should be performed in consonance with our own feelings and the desires of the deceased.

Nothing is more repugnant to the sensibilities of those who have no confidence in the superstitions of the Christian Church or veneration for her fables and myths than to be compelled to employ a "black-coated, white-cravated gentleman" to perform his mummeries over the body of a dear departed friend, to talk about the necessity of "having an interest in the blood of Jesus," the great needs for a "confiding faith in his atonement" in order to obtain a seat in heaven; and to consign, perhaps indirectly, our loved friend to the regions of fire and sulphur.

It is desirable on all hands that we be no longer placed under the necessity of employing this class of men to help bury our departed relatives and friends. To aid in this movement a number of forms of funeral services are here given, from which Liberals of all shades will be able to make a selection. These can be read at our funerals as an appropriate auxil-

Digitized by Google

iary to the solemnities of the occasion, and they will answer all the purposes that a funeral sermon from the best Christian clergyman could accomplish. A good, impressive reader should be selected.

Such parts as are deemed inappropriate can be easily omitted, and such additions can be made as the case requires. If deemed best, two of the forms can be used on one occasion or parts of two at least, as well as one or more of the poems. Bryant's "Thanatopsis" is always beautiful and well adapted for funeral occasions. D. M. B.

FORM 1.

[Delivered at the funeral of Max Stein, Oct. 21, 1876.]

KIND FRIENDS: This is one of the saddest hours in our life's experience. There is no time so solemn as the hour of death; no service so mournful as when, on occasions like the present, we meet to perform our last duties to a dear and loved friend. It is not mournful because of any danger that may be thought to await him who has just left us, or that he has passed into a state of suffering or unhappiness. It is not because we have a belief in any such chimera that we mourn at this time. Our sadness arises from the necessity of parting with one so manly, so true, so sincere, so amiable, so gentle and so kind as he whose remains now lie before us.

A good man has gone; one of whom it may well be said, "None knew him but to love him." He was a correct and conscientious citizen, a just and faithful friend.

It is indeed a heavy loss we are called to sustain. Such men as he was are, unfortunately, too scarce

Digitized by Google

in this world of ours. Such men cannot be spared without exciting the deepest regrets and the saddest reflections. Our friend was one by whose deeds and services the world is made better for his having lived in it. He leaves a memory behind him that can be most fondly cherished.

Our departed brother had a well-cultured mind. He was one who took great pleasure in the investigation of truth. He was an admirer of Nature—a student of the grand and unchanging principles of the Universe. His mind was unusually clear, and his reasoning powers of the highest order. He was singularly free from the blight of superstition and the effects of an erroneous early education. He was fair and candid in an eminent degree. He accepted, like an honest man, what his reason approved. He was no slave to mistaken dogmas, antique fables, nor mythological fictions. His mind soared into the realms of truth. He accepted the teachings of science as the most reliable facts within the grasp of the human mind. He was untrammeled by the chains of priestly creeds and fables. He sought to know the truth and the right, and he embraced them with the full ardor of his nature

His life was one of usefulness, honesty, integrity and true morality. His aim was to discharge every duty that devolved upon him—to aid his fellow men so far as circumstances would allow, and to do injury to none. His life was one of good motives and good deeds. His conduct was squared by the highest principles of right, of justice, and of truth.

He was a kind, indulgent husband; an affectionate, watchful parent; a warm, devoted friend; amiable

Digitized by Google

in his intercourse with his fellow men; respectful of the rights and feelings of others, and attentive to all who had claims upon him.

Sorrowing friends, it will be a willing duty, as we journey through life, to cherish the memory of him whose loss we mourn to-day. We will often call to mind the many good traits for which he was distinguished, and the many good deeds which he so cheerfully performed. We can pattern after his good acts with much profit to ourselves, and can strengthen our good resolves and our good intentions by often remembering the many excellencies of his character.

Although he yielded the struggle of life before old age drew near, he nevertheless has made a good record; he has proved his faithfulness; he has borne himself manfully. He hesitated not to avow his honest convictions; he was a lover of his race; he emphatically led a good life. He has now passed from our sight, replete with honor, replete with manliness —bearing with him our kindest memories, our highest esteem, and a fixed determination to follow in his footsteps.

One who leads such a life as our friend has led has no need to fear death nor what may possibly follow after it. One who faithfully discharges his duty according to the sphere in life he occupies has no need to recoil at leaving this state of existence. If his actions have been governed by the principles of right and justice towards his fellow man, he neither fears to meet him in life nor to part with him at the hour of death. He dreads no angry being, no vindictive personage, from whom to expect vengeance and wrath. He is perfectly willing to meet the con-

Digitized by Google

sequences of a well-spent life. Such was our departed brother.

If at death our consciousness, as many believe, ceases; if our individuality comes to an end; if the gases and fluids of which our organizations are composed gradually disintegrate and slowly return to the fountains and sources of nature whence they came, if we gently fall into a quiet, peaceful sleep which knows no waking; we are at least free from pain, anguish, care and anxiety, and all ills that may have a real or a fancied existence. If, on the other hand, as others again believe, it is in the economy of the Universe that we have a continued existence, that this is not all there is of us, that we pass from a comparatively crude state to one more subtle and refined, from a rudimental, transitory, imperfect life to one ultimate, permanent and beautiful, we assuredly have nothing to fear. If we have a continued existence there are no just grounds for apprehending that that other life has any more terrors than this. We will doubtless find there the same Deity that exists here—possessing no more vindictiveness, no more cruelty, but the same kindness and love. We will meet the same Universe with the same powers, the same forces and laws. There cannot be any other. So, whichever belief proves true, we have little to fear in the future. Whichever is correct, it is all right with our departed friend who now has left us.

Let us look upon death, not with apprehension and dread, but as it really is, a necessary change in Nature. Life and death are essential conditions and mutually follow and sustain each other. Flowers

Digitized by Google

plants, animals and men are dying each moment, and all these are furnishing the elements, the material for new forms of life. One form of life is constantly being built up of other forms. The constituents of small plants, upon decaying, enter into larger ones; large animals and large fishes are composed of the elements of smaller varieties, and the human race is made up of both the vegetable and the animal kingdoms. In the great law of compensation which abounds throughout all Nature there is absolutely no waste nor loss of life-force or principle. Death is essential to life and equally forms a part of the laws of the Universe. Let it then be regarded, not as an enemy, but rather as a friend. After the toils of a wearisome day are over, nought is so grateful as repose, nought so sweet as a peaceful, quiet sleep. At the close of a wearisome life we pass into such a rest, such an undisturbed repose. Cares, anxieties, toils and troubles are superseded by a state of *rest*. This short word, *rest*, is full of meaning—full of consolation. To him oppressed with care, with distress, anguish and pain, how sweet is rest. This word is replete with bliss; more suggestive of a perfect freedom from trouble and sorrow and ills of all kinds, than any other word in our language. Our departed brother is now *at rest*.

But, friends, let us remember that all that is noble and beautiful is secure from the mouldering touch of time. While what appears like the remorseless hand of death is robbing us of our most valued treasures, let us not forget that

"Bright things never die,
Even though they fade,

Digitized by Google

Beauty and minstrelsy
Deathless were made."

In one sense, my friends, we do not die—we cannot die. No noble act, no generous impulse of the heart, has ever perished.

"There is no death in this wide world,
But one eternal scene of change;
The flag of life is never furled,
It only taketh wider range."

"There is no death; the festering heap gives forth the rose
Whose perfume fills the air, and, painted by the sun,
It blooms, the tombstone of decay; its life, too, must close,
Like all that went before, but ere it ends, another is begun.

"There is no death; the silent rock creeps up the lofty pine,
And revels in the light, beating the air with leafy wings,
Until some human ear perceives a melody divine,
When through a human brain the rock lifts up its voice and sings.

"There is no death; the senseless clay lives in the waving corn;
Thus earth, a mighty sepulchre, gives up its dead, nor can
It hold them back; each water drop and grain of sand is borne
Alternate into plant, or noble brute, or noblest man."

Good friends, let us not lament the inevitable. We are all in the arms of Mother Nature. The Universe has amply provided for all the wants and all the conditions of mankind, in life and in death. Let all that is noble and worthy in the lives and characters of those we hold most dear be fondly cherished

Digitized by Google

in our heart of hearts. Let the same be held in sacred remembrance as an impetus—an inspiration—to those of us who remain behind for awhile, but soon to follow after.

"Powers depart,
Possessions vanish and opinions change,
And passions hold a fluctuating seat,
But, by the storms of circumstance unshaken,
And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
Duty exists; immutably survives."

D. M. B.

FORM 2.

It is always a solemn and impressive occasion when we meet to consign the loved to their last, long rest; but it need not necessarily be one of sorrow. It becomes us as true believers in the beauty and completeness, the power and perfection of a wondrous Universe, to ever bear in mind that as living beings we are but parts of a mighty race, but interlacing links in an infinite chain of existence, of which the constellations in their courses are but a sparkling segment. Our birth and our death are merely processes in the boundless sweep of being. Both are but the fulfillment of Nature's irrevocable law. Here in the midst of the trials and toils of this transient, troubled life, the great thought that we are not alone, that whatever we are, whatever we do, whatever we feel, belongs to the ever-flowing stream of existence, and hence is sacred and imperishable, should be sufficient to sustain and inspire us and give us courage and consolation. Nothing pertaining to our personal being can ever perish. Our joys and sufferings, and friendships and loves, will never be yielded up to darkness and decay, but all shall go to make up the

Digitized by Google

great growth of human life. Our marvellously beautiful world is all alive with rich and mighty meanings. It bids us endure with highest hope all the strange changes of our human allotment, and assures us that though we perish as individuals, the race and the Universe will go on unfolding, and the great tide of life sweep onward forevermore. Men may come and men may go, flowers may fade, hearts wither, and the generations go down into the sepulchre of the ages, but none of the glorious attributes of humanity shall ever cease to be. All that is grand and good, and noble and beautiful, is secure from the mouldering touch of time; and no disinterested deed, no generous impulse of the human heart, but shall survive the stars.

"Nothing is lost; the drop of dew
That glistens on the tree or flower,
Is but exhaled to fall anew
In summer's gentle shower.

Perchance to shine within the bow
That fronts the sun at close of day;
Perhaps to sparkle in the flow
Of fountains far away.

So with our deeds for good or ill;
They have their power scarce understood;
Then let us use our better will
To make them rife with good.

Like circles on a lake they go,
Ring after ring and never stay;
O, let our deeds be fashioned so
That they may bless alway."

And thoroughly convinced, as we are, that nothing is ever lost from the great routine of existence, we cannot grieve when Nature, the nurse of us all and

Digitized by Google

mother of all material formation, takes again to her great fount of life the elements she had loaned us for awhile in the forms of our friends. All things earthly vanish and pass, the new is built out of the ruins of the old, and change overmasters all. But the great reservoir of life is always full. Its fountain is fed by death. That which now lives once died, and that which once died now lives.

"Life evermore is fed by death,
In earth and sea and sky,
And that a rose may breathe its breath
Something must die."

Everything dies only to live a more perfected life. The Universal law of decomposition acts only upon life that has reached its highest unfoldment, and which demands a change—and change is continued life. "One generation passeth away and another generation cometh, but the earth abideth forever."

"Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
Another race the following spring supplies;
They fall successive and successive rise;
So generations in their course decay;
So flourish these when those are past away."

My friends, we will not lament the inevitable. We are all in the arms of our Mother Nature, and we will preserve an abiding trust that she has abundantly provided for all the wants and conditions of mankind in life and in death. Earth, that nourished us, shall, sooner or later, claim us all to be resolved to earth again. All that breathe shall share our destiny, and we all shall sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of the sunshine

and the storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. And

"as the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years; matron and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off,
Shall one by one be gathered to our side
By those who in their turn shall follow them."

The earth we tread is a vast cemetery:—

"All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom."

The stones under our feet are written over with histories and strange legends of the dead, histories and legends no eye will ever read and to which no ear will ever listen. According to scientific speculation the whole surface of our globe has been dug over one hundred and twenty-eight times to bury its dead.

"The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;—
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man."

In the great economy of the Universe it has not been vouchsafed to man to read the riddle of his own existence. The two extremities of human life are curtained in by the infinite. Through all the bygone generations man has stood before the mysteri-

Digitized by Google

ous veil with his feeble torch, anxiously questioning what went before and what will follow him. On the curtain of futurity he has only seen himself enlarged to a mighty shadow. "Poets, philosophers, and founders of states, have painted this curtain with their dreams, more smiling or more dark as the sky above them was cheerful or gloomy; and their pictures deceive the eye when viewed from a distance. A deep silence reigns behind this curtain; no one once within will answer those he has left without; all you can hear is a hollow echo of your own question, as if you shouted into a chasm."

A few years ago we were not. A few more fleet years and our places will know us no more. From the blank chaos of the past we spring into existence like a bubble on the ocean, or a flower on the plain. After a little while our sentient existence begins to be lighted up with the spark of consciousness, which burns flickeringly on until extinguished by the damp hand of death. The Universe gradually discloses to us its sublime phenomena. The genial seasons come and go, and the ocean in its majesty, or the earth in all its beautiful variety engages us. "By day the sun, by night the moon and stars, look down like the eyes of Time watching our movements." Above us is inconceivable altitude—around us unbounded distance —below, unfathomable profundity; and we arrive at such ideas as man has of the infinite. What is seems to exist of its own inherent power. It always was, or it could not now be. The sentiment of the Everlasting seems the first fruit of meditation, as an impression of the Infinite was the first lesson of comprehensive observation.

Digitized by Google

"Man stands connected with the infinite by position, and is related to the eternal in his origin, and an emotion of conscious dignity follows the first exercise of his reason—and his pride and his confidence are strengthened by perceiving that this infinite is the infinite of phenomena and the eternal that of matter. He may be but the spray dashed carelessly against the shore, or the meteor-flash that for a moment illumines a speck of cloud—or a sand of the desert which the whirlwind sweeps into a transient elevation, with scarcely time for distinction; yet he is sustained by a conscious connection with the ever-existing, though ever-changing—his home is the everlasting, and when he sinks, it is into the bosom of Nature, the magnificent womb and mausoleum of all life."

The gliding years go on, his experience increases, and he finds his knowledge amplified. He sees that he must look to himself to the right exercise of his faculties and the application of his aptitudes, both for his knowledge and his power. He begins to recognize his relations to the external world, and those and the conditions of fraternity with his fellows, are the physical and social problems he has to solve. He seeks to regulate the strength of passion and the affairs of men, and to control the force of circumstances. He prematurely wastes the most precious period of his life in his efforts to change the order of society and the influences of surrounding things. While struggling to defend himself against the inclemency of the climates and providing for his security on land and sea, he strives to do what he can to improve and bless those associated with him in the busy scenes of life. He dreams of a day when love

Digitized by Google

shall emerge from poetry and passion, and kindness shall sit the sovereign of power; when the graceful forces of humanity shall have wrested victory from the dominions of war; when affection shall occupy the throne of fear, the arts of peace become the business of life, and fraternity the watchword of joyous nations. "Plainly as though written with the finger of Orion on the vault of night, does man read this future in his heart. The impulse of affection that leaps unbidden in his breast, though suppressed in competitive strife, or withered by cankering cares, yet returns in the woodland walk and the midnight musing, ever whispering of something better to be realized than war, and dungeons, and isolated wealth have yet brought us."

And thus believing, it becomes us to accept the order of things as we find them without complaint, and to attempt their improvement without despair. And when we shall lie down to our last solemn sleep, worn and wasted with the world's weary warfare, though we shall see no voyager's bark returning over the silent sea of the future, it becomes us as submissive creatures of the inevitable to meet with heroism the mystery of untried existence. None need fear the future but the victims of superstition. The priest may point at the distorted image of death, but it no longer awakens apprehension in minds unfettered by the dogmas of fear. Our advent into the world is an unraveled mystery, our life is an enigma, and we will go confidently down into the great unknown, untroubled

> "With the time which drove
> O'er our content its strong necessities,

Digitized by Google

And let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewailed their way."

To those who have lived aright, death, in its gradualness and harmlessness, is, what Homer calls it—the half-brother of sleep. The wise have every reason to welcome it as they would a night's repose after a wearisome day. Tyranny has no terror, death no sting, celestial menaces no dread, to him who has conquered the fear of the grave. *The fearless are the free, and the free have no foreboding.* And armed by a fortitude founded on love and justice, on reason and rectitude, sustained by the sense of duty done, and the consciousness of truth, integrity and pure intent, they who have lived a life in which they have meant well and done well, will know no dread of death. It is only the slavish soul that is molested with apprehensions of ill. Those who know how to live will know how to die. He who has manfully met the stern realities of life has robbed the grave of its victory. We weep upon our entrance into the world, but never when we leave it. Grief greets us at the threshold of life; the soothing sleep of death is Nature's welcome termination. And to Nature, the source of all, we now surrender him who has passed on before us; and may all her sweet and thrilling influences of fragrant fields, of flowering and fruiting trees, of bursting buds, and birds, and blossoming vines, of silvery streams and summer's genial showers, of setting suns, of jeweled nights and dawning days, be with our dead, world without end, forever and forevermore.

S. H. P.

Digitized by Google

FORM 3.

We are all mortal beings. Our parents and forefathers who have passed away were mortal, and a like mortality will reign over our posterity. Death is a monarch who reigns over all creatures that live upon the earth; in every land he makes all heads bow, and all hearts cease to beat, at his commands. Death has always reigned in this world, from the morning of life until the present hour; and for all we can see, it will continue to do so evermore. There are no exemptions to the law of Death. The rich and the poor, the learned and unlearned, the old and the young must at last submit to this ordeal. We are born with death in us, and when our poor bodies are worn out death snaps the silver cord, and hushes our voice in silence. Or if we violate the inexorable laws of life which Nature has given us, the frail tenement of clay sinks to dust and death is conqueror. Human life is mysteriously invested with laws—to violate which is to blow out the candle of our existence.

Death knows nothing of earthly titles. The noble, proud, and rich, must submit, as well as the unknown, humble, and poor. The pale horse and his rider are no respecter of persons. He cuts down the strong man who seems to be in the possession of all his powers, the young maiden in the bloom and beauty of youth, and the smiling babe in its mother's arms. No charms or virtues can keep back this fell destroyer. Those who understand and obey the laws of life and health may for a time if they have no inherited disease, escape the touch of this frosty hand of death; but sooner or later the wintry frost

Digitized by Google

nips the flower of life and we are gone forever. "He cometh forth as a flower and is cut down."

As death is both natural and inevitable, it becomes us as rational beings to regard it calmly, and if by knowledge of, and obedience to, the laws of life we may give our existence a free and full opportunity to run out its three scorce years and ten, we shall not be so reluctant to pass away. In that mellow age man sinks as tranquilly into the sleep of death as an infant falls asleep upon its mother's breast. In youth we cling to life—we are terrified at the very thought of personal dissolution. This youthful tenacity of life is like the green apple which clings to the branch, and cannot be plucked thence except by breaking the twig on which it grows; old age on the other hand has lost its strong attachment to life; it is like the ripe apple in autumn; you touch it gently and it drops freely into your hand. Death at a ripe old age is as natural and beneficent as birth was at its beginning. The wise man sees that he cannot change his mortal fate. As he is mortal and therefore must die, he studies how to live,—he can to some extent fashion his life and career after his own thought, but he cannot by cherishing *fear* about the future, make himself or those about him wiser or happier. Lucretius asks, "Why should you, a common person, dread extinction when mighty generals, philosophers, and poets have submitted?" If these millions of sages of the past, if the countless millions of noble young men and beautiful young women during the ages that are gone—if the innumerable hosts of sweet infants which have been through all time snatched from loving mothers' arms—if all these

Digitized by Google

have traveled this path do we then shrink to follow their steps? They now are at rest. They no longer struggle with sorrow and suffering—how much better off are we who still linger here on earth, wearing out a tortured existence? Mother Nature gives us life, and when it has run its fitful round she takes it back and folds it in peaceful sleep to her breast.

As therefore it does no good to cherish fear of death, but on the contrary makes our lives miserable, we should gather courage and dispassionately resign our minds to the inexorable law of mortality. It is quite natural for all thoughtful persons, to try to lift the veil which hides the future from us—it is quite natural to have some opinions and theories; but at this point where the wise men of all ages and of all nations, have been silent it becomes us to be modest in our belief and charitable in our speech. England's master mind stood baffled and perplexed in presence of this problem. He expresses himself on this question in the following familiar lines:

"To be, or not to be; that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take up arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?—To die: to sleep,—
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep:—
To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,

Digitized by Google

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy take,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear
To grunt and sweat under a weary life
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action."

These are the questionings of a great mind and yet they shed no light, upon "The undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns." The sanity of this great thinker saves him from making any assertions on this subject. And those who maintain liberal sentiments likewise attempt no explanations of the *undiscovered country*. If it is "undiscovered" we certainly know but little about it.

The liberal mind is not controlled to act in life's duties through the influence of *fear*, but reads with pleasure one of our own celebrated poets who persuades us to cherish a calm resignation in these words:"

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,

Digitized by Google

Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

W. S. BELL.

Form 4.

We this day consign to the earth the body of our departed friend; for him life's fitful dream is over, with its toils, and sufferings, and disappointments. He derived his being from the bountiful mother of all; he returns to her capacious bosom, to again mingle with the elements. He basked in life's sunshine for his allotted time, and has passed into the shadow of death, where sorrow and pain are unknown. Nobly he performed life's duties on the stage of earth; the impenetrable curtain of futurity has fallen, and we see him no more. But he leaves to his sorrowing relatives and friends a legacy in the remembrance of his virtues, his services, his honor, and truth. He fought the good fight of Free Inquiry, and triumphed over prejudice and the results of misdirected education. His voyage through life was not always on tranquil seas, but his strong judgment steered him clear of the rocks and quicksands of ignorance, and for years he rested placidly in the haven of self-knowledge. He had long been free from the fears and misgivings of superstitious belief. He worked out for himself the problem of life, and no man was the keeper of his conscience. His religion was of this world—the service of humanity his highest aspiration. He recognized no authority but that of Nature; adopted no methods but those of science and philosophy; and respected in practice no rule but that of conscience, illustrated

Digitized by Google

by the common sense of mankind. He valued the lessons of the past, but disowned tradition as a ground of belief, whether miracles and supernaturalism be claimed or not claimed on its side. No sacred Scripture or ancient Church formed the basis of his faith. By his example, he vindicated the right to think and to act upon conscientious conviction. By a career so noble, who shall say that his domestic affections were impaired, or that his love for those near and dear to him was weakened? On the contrary, his independent method of thought tended to develop those sentiments which have their source in human nature—which impel and ennoble all morality—which are grounded upon intelligent personal conviction, and which manifest themselves in worthy and heroic actions, especially in the promotion of truth, justice, and love. For worship of the unknown, he substituted Duty; for prayer, work; and the record of his life bears testimony to his purity of heart and the bereaved ones know but too well the treasure that is lost to them for ever. If perfect reliance upon any particular belief in the hour of death were proof of its truth, then in the death of our friend the principles of Secularism would be triumphantly established. His belief sustained him in health; during his illness, with the certainty of death before him at no distant period, it afforded him consolation and encouragement; and in the last solemn moments of his life, when he was getting as it were into his own grave, it procured him the most perfect tranquility of mind. There was no misgivings, no doubts, no tremblings, lest he should have missed the right path; but he went undaunted into the land of the great departed, into the silent

Digitized by Google

land. It may be truly said of him, that nothing in life became him more than the manner of his leaving it. Death has no terrors for the enlightened; it may bring regrets at the thought of leaving those we hold dearest on earth, but the consciousness of a well-spent life is all-sufficient in the last sad hour of humanity. Death is but the shadow of a shade, and there is nothing in the name that should blanch the cheek or inspire the timid with fear. In its presence, pain and care give place to rest and peace. The sorrow-laden and the forlorn, the unfortunate and the despairing, find repose in the tomb—all the woes and ills of life are swallowed up in death. The atoms of this earth once were living man, and in dying, we do but return to our kindred who have existed through myriads of generations.

[Here introduce any personal matters relating to the deceased].

Now our departed brother has been removed, death, like a mirror, shows us his true reflex. We see his character, undisturbed by the passions, the prejudices, and the infirmities of life. And how poor seem all the petty ambitions which are wont to sway mankind, and how small the advantages of revenge. Death is so genuine a fact, that it excludes falsehood, or betrays its emptiness; it is a touchstone that proves the gold, and dishonors the baser metal. Our friend has entered upon that eternal rest, that happy ease, which is the heritage of all. The sorrow and grief of those who remain, alone mar the thought that the tranquil sleep of death has succeeded that fever of the brain called life. Death comes as the soothing anodyne of all our woes and struggles, and we in-

Digitized by Google

herit the earth as a reward for the toils of life. The pain of parting is poignant, and cannot for a time be subdued; but regrets are vain. Every form that lives must die, for the penalty of life is death. No power can break the stern decree that all on earth must part; though the chain be woven by affection or kindred, the beloved ones who weep for us will only for a while remain. There is not a flower that scents the mountain or the plain, there is not a rose-bud that opes its perfumed lips to the morning sun, but, ere evening comes, may perish. Man springs up like the tree: at first the tender plant, he puts forth buds of promise, then blossoms for a time, and gradually decays and passes away. His hopes, like the countless leaves of the forest, may wither and be blown about by the adverse winds of fate; but his efforts, springing from the fruitful soil of wise endeavor, will fructify the earth, from which will rise a blooming harvest of happy results to mankind. In the solemn presence of death—solemn, because a mystery which no living being has penetrated—on the brink of that bourn from whence no traveler returns, our obvious duty is to emulate the good deeds of the departed, and to resolve so to shape our course through life, that when our hour comes we can say, that though our temptations were great—though our education was defective—though our toils and privations were sore—we never willfully did a bad act, never deliberately injured our fellow man. The reward of a useful and virtuous life is the conviction that our memory will be cherished by those who come after us, as we revere the memories of the great and good who have gone before. This is the

Digitized by Google

only immortality of which we know—the immortality of the great ones of the world, who have benefited their age and race by their noble deeds, their brilliant thoughts, their burning words. Their example is ever with us, and their influence hovers round the haunts of men, and stimulates to the highest and happiest daring. Man has a heaven, too; but not that dreamed of by some—far, far away beyond the clouds, but here on earth, created by the fireside, and built up of the love and respect of kindred and friends, and within the reach of the humblest who work for the good of others and the improvement of humanity. As we drop the tear of sympathy at the grave now about to close over the once loved form, may the earth lie lightly on him, may the flowers bloom over his head, and may the winds sigh softly as they herald the coming night. Peace and respect be with his memory. Farewell, a long farewell!

[The foregoing service is suitable to be said over the grave of an adult male; it may, with slight effort, by altering the gender, be made suitable for a female also. It is almost impossible to write that which would be applicable to persons of all ages. It can always be sufficiently individualized by some friend of the deceased introducing a few remarks of a personal nature]. AUSTIN HOLYOAKE.

FORM 5.

Nature ushers us into this world without our consent or knowledge; nature forces us out, with the same disregard for our wishes or feelings. We enter in perfect helplessness and ignorance; we retire with but faint perceptions of universal knowledge.

Could we have the choice between individual life

Digitized by Google

and non-existence, many there are who would welcome the latter.

Many poor, struggling human beings have been cursed with life—cursed with the inheritance of feeble bodies, or impure minds, and are hampered and hedged in on all sides by misery and misfortune. No amount of effort could make their lives more than passibly endurable.

Others are born into an atmosphere of peace and healthfulness, where they are upheld in usefulness and purity, by the mere force of circumstances. So secure are they, so guarded, so screened, that scarcely anything in the form of temptation can reach them. They are good, of necessity.

It is clearly the duty of every rational being to do as much good, and as little evil, as possible; and if we only impose upon *ourselves* the conditions we thrust upon others, our standard will be high enough.

Knowing, as we do, how grudgingly Nature bestows her gifts upon some, and how lavishly upon others, why should we praise or censure each other so loudly? Between us and the *inner* life of every one, a veil is drawn; and we can comprehend but little of the internal emotions or secret motives. There is *some* good in all!

Let us then endeavor to cultivate a sympathy so true, a helpfulness so great, a charity so broad, that it may embrace humanity; and crowd out all evil from our own hearts.

When, as to-day, we look upon the lifeless form of a friend, let us reflect upon these facts. Let us remember that we know not how often those closed eyes have looked through clouds of trouble for rays of

Digitized by Google

has bequeathed us. Grateful that the blessing has been ours so long, we do not repine, but cheerfully and tenderly give back to the keeping of Mother Earth the dear treasure that so many years has garnished and adorned the henceforth lovely home that should recognize the inspiration of his (her) presence no more forever. JENNIE B. BROWN.

FORM 8.—For Children.

MY FRIENDS: The mother has claims upon the child of her bosom, but Nature has an initial and final—a higher and lower claim—and she *will* be heeded, and the memory of this blossoming life is blossoming for eternal remembrance.

The stem is broken ere the lily has fully bloomed. We catch a glimpse of its beauty and a taste of its fragrance ere it passes away.

Life, strength and maturity are given only upon conditions, and the conditions have not all been complied with.

The way up the hill summit of manhood is paved with human bones, and each a lesson to those who follow.

But we consign no soul to torments; we have no fears of an angry God, or a gaping pit; no walled-up heaven with gate-keepers at the narrow portal; no flaming sword and cherubim in our garden to keep the way of the tree of life. We fear the jaws of no roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, unless it be death, and no fearful looking for the day of judgment in the future.

And now by the care of that fatherly spirit of universal life which

"Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,

Digitized by Google

Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, and operates unspent,"

we leave our dead.

To the keeping of the life which buds in the vegetable, blooms in the animal and fruits in the human, which lives through time and eternity we consign our gentle little lilybud in the repose of the tomb.

Let the birds sing above her, the flowers bloom over her head, and the sighing winds gather their fragrance over our loved and lost, and now *farewell!*

D. JENKINS.

FORM 9.

A FRAGMENT.

As we consign the worn casket to its mother earth, and bid a last adieu to the mortal form through which the spiritual essence of her who was wife, mother and friend, we softly pronounce her name in deep humility and acquiesce in the mysterious order of human life. "Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust." It is the last sad office we can perform, and closes the earth-life of one we love. But we do so not with the grief of despair that this is the end. She has conquered, and now an angel cries with ecstatic joy, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Not here, but arisen in glory and power, is our beloved. Her feet tread the shining shores of immortality; we remain to fulfil the objects of our mental lives each in his own sphere.

Brought by this event to the brink of the immortal world, and allowed to realize the progressive life in store for us all, let us as the most acceptable offering we can bestow on her memory, resolve to

meet, with the chastened fortitude, resignation and magnanimity so characteristic of her, the duties of this life, so that when we reach the evergreen shores of immortality we may meet those who have gone before with spirits as pure and spotless from contact with the world.

THE SILENT LAND.

Into the silent land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And scattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand,
Thither, oh thither,
Into the silent land?

Into the silent land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection; tender morning visions
Of beauteous souls: the Future's pledged bond.
Who in life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the silent land.

O land! O land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald of one fate allotted
Beckons; and with immortal torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed—
Into the silent land.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

FORM 10.

At the funeral of B. W. PARKER, Peoria, Ill., in the Spring of 1876, COL. ROBT. G. INGERSOLL made the following beautiful remarks:—

"FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS: To fulfill a promise made years ago, it is necessary for me to say a word. He whom we are about to lay in the earth was gentle,

kind, and loving in his life. He was ambitious only to live with those he loved. He was hospitable, generous and sincere. He loved his friends, and the friends of his friends. He returned good for good. He lived the life of a child, and died without leaving in the memory of his family the record of an unkind act. Without assurance and without fear we give him back, as it were, to Nature, the source and mother of us all. Friend, husband, father, fare thee well!"

At the grave the address was still shorter, and consisted of the following words:

"With morn, with noon, with night, with changing clouds and changeless stars—with grass, with trees, and birds, with leaf and bud, with flower and blossoming vine, with all the sweet influences of Nature, we leave our dead. Again, farewell!"

FORM 11.

The following magnificent poem by Wm. Cullen Bryant, is most appropriate to read at funerals:

THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his dark musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, unto the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—

Earth and her waters, and the depth of air,—
Comes a still voice. Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past;
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured around all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there,

Digitized by Google

And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure. All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh,
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth, and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off,—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn, shall follow them.
So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Then go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

AN EXTRACT FROM BYRON.

Remove yon skull from out the scattered heaps:
Is that a temple where a god may dwell?
Why ev'n the worm at last disdains her shattered cell.
Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:
Yes, this was once ambition's airy hall,
The dome of thought, the palace of the soul;
Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
The gay recess of wisdom and of wit

Digitized by Google

And passion's host, that never brooked control:
Can all, saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit.

—*Childe Harold.*

ANOTHER FROM BYRON.

Night wanes—the vapors round the mountains curled
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world.
Man has another day to swell the past,
And lead him near to little, but his last;
But mighty Nature bounds as from her birth,
The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth;
Flowers in the valley, splendor in the beam,
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.
Immortal man! behold her glorious shine,
And cry, exultingly, "they are thine!"
Gaze on, while yet thy gladdened eye may see;
A morrow comes when they are not for thee:
And grieve what may above thy senseless bier,
Nor earth, nor sky, will yield a single tear;
Nor cloud shall gather more, nor leaf shall fall,
Nor gale breathe forth one sigh for thee, for all;
But creeping things shall revel in their spoil,
And fit thy clay to fertilize the soil.

—*Canto II. of Lara.*

Digitized by Google

Obituary Notices.

FORM 1.

On the — instant, in the — year of his age, brother ———. He was an honest man in every sense in which the term could be applied to the human character. He was extremely liberal and charitable in his religious views, but adopted Spiritualism as the most reasonable to him. Socially he was a perfect gentleman, strictly temperate, a model of kindness and amiability in his every-day intercourse with his neighbors and fellow citizens. His whole being detested impurity of life in thought, word or action, yet his denunciations were seldom heard. Charity for all was the rule of life with him. He was a stranger to selfishness, and always tried to see how much he could do for those he loved. He rejected ornament, but at the same time was a strong advocate of truth and justice. The basis of a high character, unsullied integrity and unimpeachable honor belonged to him. He has now gone from our midst, and though death has claimed its own, he yet lives in the loving words and deeds of kindness that are left in the memories of those whom he has left behind. As his change approached, he expressed himself ready to go, and consoled his friends with the assurance of a happy reunion in the Summer Land. Such a mind as his is immortal; its influence

Digitized by Google

lives forever, and descends, in kindred spirits, down through successive ages to all eternity. The white-winged messenger of death has only introduced him to the more completeness of life.

FORM 2.

The whitening frost of death has taken from our midst another brother (or sister, ——, ——. On the — day of — he (or she) sank into that last solemn sleep which in this world knows of no awakening. We cannot grieve at our loss, for we feel assured it is his (or her) gain. The jars and frets and cankering cares of this life will never more disturb him (or her). Believing, as we do, that nothing is ever lost from the great routine of existence, we cannot mourn when Nature, the nurse of us all, the mother of all material formation, reaches forth her gentle fingers and takes again to her womb of life the elements she had loaned us for a time, in the forms of our friends. All things earthly vanish and pass, but the great reservoir of life is always full. Nature is on a perfect balance. The universal law of decomposition acts only upon life that has reached its highest unfoldment, and demands a change, and change is continued life. Everything only dies that it may live a more perfected life. Our friend and fellow traveler just fallen in the great tramway of existence, will long live in the hearts of all who knew him (or her). He (or she) was kind and loving, good and genial and gentle. Purity, sincerity and charity were the active living principles that guided his (or her) life. Beneath his (or her) quiet and modest exterior were stored precious gems of useful knowledge. He (or

Digitized by Google

she) was an ardent supporter of everything conducive to human well-being. The aim of his (or her) life was the elevation of humanity, physically, mentally, morally and spiritually. He (or she) was generous to the poor and the friend of the fatherless. With charity for all, he (or she) held ill-will for none. Those who knew him (or her) best, loved him (or her) most. Let every Liberal in the land cherish his (or her) memory, and strive to emulate the practical virtues and excellences of his (or her) character.

FORM 3.

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

From ——— (*name*) *aged*———.

After a long and painful illness, her spirit having laid aside its mortal body, passed on to the incorruptable glories of the higher life. A wide circle of friends in this world will weep for her departure, but her spirit, freed from its earthly thralldom, rejoices in the land of light, and is not far away from them. She was one of those genial persons whom every one respects, and her memory will be enshrined in the hearts of all who knew her.

Oh hearts that never cease to yearn!
Oh brimming tears that ne'er are dried!
The dead, though they depart, return
As though they had not died.

The living are the only dead;
The dead live nevermore to die;
And often when we mourn them fled,
They never were so nigh.

Digitized by Google

FORM 4.

The subject of this notice was a firm and consistent Spiritualist, and took her departure with a full assurance of a glorified immortality beyond the grave. She conversed cheerfully in regard to the approaching change, and expressed a longing to enter upon the happier life. This fact demonstrates the ability of the spirit world to bridge over the dark chasm of death, so that one so young and beautiful would willingly and joyously pass over. She has gone to walk with the angels and to wear the crown so justly won. We will not twine the cypress for such as she, but rather wreathe with richest flowers the memory of her who has passed from the thorny path of life. Let the loved friends left behind be of good cheer, for she has but laid aside her earth-form as a cast-off garment that she may expand into a more perfect state.

Death is here, and death is there,
Death is busy everywhere;
All around, within, beneath,
Above, is death—and we are death.

All things that we love and cherish,
Like ourselves, must fade and perish.
Such is our rude mortal lot;
Love itself would, did they not.

FORM 5.

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

On———the———day of———(name). She was ready for the change, and met it without fear or a murmur of regret. She left this life in peace, surrounded by her friends of earth, while her angel friends soothed her with their presence and bore her gently away. God and the angels love such as she. Earth has

Digitized by Google

lost a noble soul, while spirit life has gained a treasure.

" There comes a time when laughing spring
And golden summer cease to be,
And we put on the autumn robe,
To tread the last declivity;
But on the slope,
With rosy hope.
Beyond the sunset we behold
Another dawn with fairer light,
While watchers whisper through the night;
There comes a time we grow not old.

We laid tenderly away the form we had learned to love, a fair casket of a bright, pure gem, and though full of sorrow and sympathy, we felt that

The blow that from its form of clay
Has wrenched the immortal part away,
Throws back the shining gates that stand
On the fair confines of the land,
In which the disenthralled of earth
Awaken at their second birth.

Yet thrill with more than mortal pain,
The loving heart that lingers here,
And cannot break—oh bleeding hearts
Live on to know you'll meet again.
And spirits unto spirits bear
Sweet tokens of the love they share;
And not the form of clay shall bar
Your vision from those gates ajar.

The dead are like the stars apart from noise,
And all the weary round of their own care;
Their golden lights are fixed in lucent air,
Where undisturbed they have serenest joys.
Their world, like ours, may have its stern employs,
Yet still methinks 't is free from jar and fret,

In all the calm of holy manhood set,
Engirt with truth, and not with earth's alloys.
O, life is dear and sweet, I love it well,
But life that is to be I love the more;
With all my soul I long with thee to dwell,
And tread with noiseless step that sainted shore;
I fain would own that fair, immortal spell,
And be in golden calm forevermore.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the waters cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar.
I shall catch a gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat when it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shores of the Summer Land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the beautiful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

Digitized by Google

Epitaphs.

Here let her weary body rest,
While her soul dwells among the blest.

Though silent lies the baby-head,
And motionless the little feet,
We scarce can think the spirit fled
Whose presence made our lives so sweet.

From earthly cares, his glad soul's free
To welcome immortality.

Silent the step we used to know,
And hushed the voice that grows so low—
Over his breast the daisies grow.

My heart, look up, and cease thy flow
Of sad and tearful memory;
For in a purer world I know
My loved one *lives* eternally.

With breaking hearts, within this narrow bed
We laid her form, whose gentle soul had fled;
And in our sorrow prayed God's living hand,
Would lead us to her, in the better land.

Heaven's adorned with another star
Since the angels found the gates ajar.

The stroke of Death is but a kindly frost,
Which cracks the shell, and leaves the kernel room
To germinate.

If duties well performed bring peace, how sweet will be her rest.

Digitized by Google

Death is but a kind and welcome messenger, who comes with noiseless tread to unlock life's flower-encircled door, and show us those we love.

FOR HUSBAND AND WIFE.

These are two friends whose lives were undivided;
So let their memory be, now they have glided
Under this grave; let not their bones be parted,
For their two hearts in life were single hearted.

Since life forever will not last,
Let us improve the passing hours,
Correct the present by the past,
The future may not long be ours.

Why should we fear to tread
The gloomy vale of death?
Why should our minds be filled with dread
When forced to yield our breath?

Our time rolls on, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're traveling to the grave.

The aged sire who falls to-day,
Leaves offspring of his kind,
So every link in nature's chain
Leaves other links behind.

Thus all the links of ceaseless time
Make one eternal round;
Without beginning, pause, or end,
Nor yet cessation found.

Digitized by Google

Benedictions.

FORM 1.

May the holy angels bless and guide each one. May some little seed sent out from our meeting reach some thirsty soul and bring forth bright and beautiful blossoms. And we would say to the disappointed and the disheartened—ministering spirits be with you, and when your loved ones can come they shall bind up your heavy hearts and shall make them strong. The angels be with you and bless you all.

FORM 2.

May each of you go out of this place feeling that it is good to have been here: may good spirits inspire you and guide you, shed light upon your souls, and bring you peace and gladness, until you shall go to dwell with them.

FORM 3.

And now may all the beautiful gifts and influences of Nature be with you and bless you; may your hearts be inspired by love and wisdom, and your footsteps be guided by the light of truth; may all your ways be ways of pleasantness, and all your paths be peace.

Digitized by Google

Wills.

The following brief forms of wills are placed here, by special request, for the benefit of those who may be unexpectedly called to draw up a will without being able to procure competent legal advice.

It is of the utmost importance that the property bequeathed and the conditions and intentions of the bequest be distinctly defined in plain language, for it is the custom of courts to construe wills according to the strict letter of the instrument. The two main points to observe are *clearness and explicitness.*

The person making his will must be of sound mind, must act freely and voluntarily, and with a deliberate intention of making his will. He may, of course, revoke his will or make a codicil to it at any time he chooses. Wills should be attested by three witnesses.

FORM 1.

Know all men, by these presents, that I, *John Smith,* of the town of *Springfield,* in the county of *Otsego,* and State of *New York,* being of sound mind and memory, and being conscious of the uncertainty of life, do therefore make, declare, ordain and publish this to be by last WILL and TESTAMENT; That is to say, First, after all just and lawful debts are paid and discharged, the residue of my estate, real and personal, I give, bequeath and dispose of as

Digitized by Google

follows:—To my beloved wife, Mary, the land and appurtenances situated thereon, known and described as the Billing's farm, lying in the town of *Springfield*, in the county of *Otsego*, and State of *New York*, together with ten shares of the capital stock of the Otsego County National Bank in Cooperstown, now possessed by me, during the term of her natural life, and after her death to be divided equally among my heirs. To my son, George, the farm situated on the turnpike between Cherry Valley and Middlefield Center, known as the Mason farm; also all the right and title I have in the cheese factory in the town of Middlefield. To my daughter, Sarah, I will and bequeath the house and lot I own in the *village of Cooperstown*, in the county of *Otsego* and State of *New York*, and also two thousand dollars in money now deposited in the *Otsego County National Bank in Cooperstown* aforesaid. I will and bequeath the residue of my property, real and personal, to my son David. If other child or children shall be born unto me, they each and severally shall share in my property, real and personal, not otherwise disposed of; share and share alike.

I hereby make, constitute and appoint my son, George, my brother William, and Samuel Simpson to be executors of this, my last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills made by me.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed my seal, the *third* day of May, in the year of the Christian Era, one thousand eight hundred and *seventy-seven*, and the year of American Independence, the one hundred and first.

JOHN SMITH. [SEAL.]

Digitized by Google

ATTEST. The above-written instrument was subscribed to by the said *John Smith* in our presence, and acknowledged by him to each of us; and he at the same time published and declared the above instrument so subscribed, to be his last will and testament; and we, as the testators, request, and in his presence, hereby sign our names as witnesses hereunto, and written opposite our names our respective places of residence.

Witnesses. *George Clark, Springfield, N. Y.*
Linus S. Mason, Middlefield Centre, N. Y.
Levi Wood, Cooperstown, N. Y.

FORM 2.

CODICIL TO A WILL.

WHEREAS, I *James Johnson* of the town of *New Lebanon*, County of *Columbia*, and State of *New York* have made my last will and testament in writing bearing date the tenth day of June one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six, in which I bequeathed to my wife the sum of two thousand dollars, to my sons *George* and *William* one thousand and five hundred dollars each and to my daughter *Nancy* the sum of one thousand dollars, the residue of my estate, after being sold as provided for to be divided equally between my two daughters *Eliza* and *Mary*.

NOW, THEREFORE, I do, by this my writing, which I hereby declare to be a codicil to my said last will and testament and to be taken as a part thereof, order and declare that inasmuch as I have since the date of my last will and testament accumulated some additional property and money I will and bequeath to each, my wife, my two sons *George* and *William* five hundred dollars in addition to the sum

Digitized by Google

I before willed to them and to my daughter *Nancy* the sum of three hundred dollars in addition to the sum named in my will.

I futhermore will and bequeath to the township of *New Lebanon* the sum of *three thousand* dollars to be used with discretion in buying books for a library for public use subject to the rules to be hereafter established by the three trustees here named whose duty it shall be to see that the money is duly and honestly expended for books, the same to be kept in a place to be designated by the three trustees for the use and benefit of the men, women and children of the town of *New Lebanon* aforesaid. This I do with this express condition and stipulation that the books to be thus purchased shall be works of history, philosophy, science, romance, poetry, biography, general miscellany, and especially of a rationalistic character. The works of a sectarian or Christian character shall not be purchased with the money I now bequeath. The three trustees whom I here designate to carry out this provision of this codicil to my last will and testament are *James Morgan, Peter Purdy* and *Henry Hayden,* all of the town of *New Lebanon, N. Y.* If either of the trustees here named shall die or remove from the town the two remaining trustees shall appoint a successor. And in case they fail to do so a successor or successors shall be appointed by the Judge of the first county court. The books shall be kept as town property so long as they remain in existence. In testimony whereof I hereunto set my hand and seal this 2d day of *June,* one thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven.

JAMES JOHNSON. [SEAL.]

Digitized by Google

Witnessss: { *Daniel Bacon,*
Homer Wilson,
Arthur Doyle.

FORM 3.

[Donating for a specific purpose, and may be used as a Will, a Codicil, or as a Deed of Trust.]

WHEREAS, I *Henry C. Burrows* of the city of *Rochester* County of *Monroe*, and State of *New York* being most desirous to place a portion of my money or wealth where I believe it will be capable of doing the most good to my fellow men in diffusing truth and dispelling error, I do on this *tenth* day of *April* in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven and of American Independence one hundred and one give, bequeath, donate make over and convey to *D. M. Bennett, J. C. Jones*, and *J. H. Johnson* as trustees the sum of *ten thousand* dollars to be used solely in the publication and diffusion of liberal, scientific, rationalistic, and progressive literature consisting of books, pamphlets, tracts, and papers, known as THE TRUTH SEEKER, the Truth Seeker Tracts, the Truth Seeker Publications, and the Truth Seeker Library, and the same to be furnished to the public—in consequence, in part, of this bequest or donation—at the lowest possible figures, or at a slight advance above the absolute cost.

It is hereby enjoined that this money shall not be used for any other purpose except the publication of books, pamphlets, papers, etc., as herein stipulated and the trustees named are severally and collectively required to see that this stipulation is faithfully carried out.

Digitized by Google

In witness whereof I hereunto place my signature and seal on the day and date above written.

HENRY C. BURROWS.
[SEAL.]

Witnesses:
William Luther,
Geo. W. Allen,
John Roe.
All of *Rochester, N. Y.*

The names of the trustees above given are real men who may be implicitly trusted in the capacity here assigned them and should any liberal person feel disposed to will or donate a portion of their effects in the manner indicated they may rest assured they would be conferring a great good upon the cause of truth and progress and that in this way they may do it with safety and effectiveness. Are there some generous souls who will act upon the suggestion?

D. M. B.

Digitized by Google

Sentiments and Toasts.

TO BE USED AT CERTAIN ANNIVERSARIES AND FESTIVALS.

The memories of all men in every age and clime who have written and spoken in the cause of Liberty.

May the world be our country, and to do good our religion.

May we live to see "Common Sense" produce an "Age of Reason," harmonized by the "Rights of Man."

The memory of Thomas Paine, the father of true Republicanism, upon the basis of the representative system of government.

The bulwarks of Liberty: an unfettered Press, Free Discussion, and universal Justice.

May the altar of Science and Philosophy be raised on the grave of Ignorance and Superstition.

The downfall of Delusion, and may Despotism be buried in its ruins.

May Law be founded on Liberty, and Liberty be guided by Law.

The Sovereignty of the people, who are the only true monarchs.

May the whole world be incorporated in one city, and every inhabitant presented with its freedom.

May the tree of Liberty flourish round the globe, and human beings imitate fabled mother Eve.

Digitized by Google

May the efforts of the philosopher and the man of science drive from the world that superstition that has so long enslaved mankind.

May churches and chapels be converted into Temples of Reason and Secular Institutions for the people.

Success to the Republicans in the four quarters of the globe, who are contending for the pure principles of election, in which both legislators and magistrates shall be accountable to the people.

May the sun never shine on a tryant nor go down on a slave.

May the Temple of Freedom have all the world for its worshipers.

ROBERT OWEN, the founder of infant schools and initiator of true social reform.

May the truism that "Man's character is formed for and not by him," be recognized as the basis of human conduct.

May the memories of Helvetius, Mirabaud, Volney, Toland, Paine, Cobbett, Carlile, and Priestley be revered for their persistent services in the cause of Freethought.

Liberal Opinions.—The result of Free Discussion; the crucible by which to try our own sentiments and those of others.

Woman.—Traduced and vilified by the Bible and its supporters—made by them a menial instead of a companion for man, and robbed of her rights by Christian authority—may Reason and Justice ere long enlighten the minds of mankind, may the fetters of Superstition be burst asunder, and woman gloriously arise from the ashes of her degradation,

to be the joy, the companion and comforter of the opposite sex.

Kingcraft, Priestcraft and Bankcraft, may the shafts of this infernal trinity fall harmlessly at the feet of Justice, and all the evils that afflict mankind be banished from the earth forever.

Common Sense and American Rifles.—May the former never be out of print, and the latter ever primed for the cause of liberty.

The great and Universal School—the World—of which conscience is head master and monitor; may it relax none of its ancient discipline, but make unsparing use of rod and lash and sting.

The Devil.—One who first gave knowledge to man in spite of the gods.

The Clergy.—When the Lord shall receive them in his blessed abode, without ordaining successors, then and not till then will peace and brotherly love reign on earth,

Mother Eve and the Devil: The first advocates of Free Discussion.

WASHINGTON, PAINE, AND JEFFERSON.—Co-laborers in the cause of Political Freedom; let all cherish their names, and endeavor to perpetuate the blessings of the institutions which they have been so instrumental in bequeathing us.

VOLTAIRE, whose keen wit and ready pen proved a lasting terror to the priests and a blow to their craft.

RICHARD CARLILE, the intrepid assertor of Republican principles, and consistent advocate of the liberty and happiness of the human race.

THOMAS PAINE and the "Rights of Man."—May all

Digitized by Google

nations have wisdom to understand and spirit to assert them.

THOMAS PAINE—May his patriotic and disinterested exertions in the cause of political and mental freedom, secure to his name immortality—to his memory universal gratitude.

THOMAS PAINE—May his name be known and revered in every age where reason claims empire, and may the rest of the rising generation endeavor to profit by the instruction and experience of their fathers.

THOMAS PAINE—The calumnies of his enemies are so many kicks at the dead lion; afraid to approach him while living, they seek to establish their fame by attacking the noble dead. May they speedily receive their just reward, the contempt of the wise and virtuous.

THOMAS PAINE—The champion of the "Rights of Man" in the old and new world. His works produced a "Crisis" that tried men's souls, and eventuated in establishing a Republic, a home and asylum for the oppressed, and an example for nations to imitate. His name shall be revered so long as gratitude, or a regard for the dictates of justice, shall animate the breasts of mankind.

THOMAS PAINE—May he yet be placed upon a pedestal as high as ever erected to the memory of man; and may each returning anniversary witness the extension of the principles for which he contended, until the "Rights of Man" shall be universally admitted, an "Age of Reason" triumph over superstition, and priestcraft and kingcraft shall be known no more.

Digitized by Google

Liberal Hymns.

In the following Collection selections have been freely made from pieces before published in this country and in England. The number of original pieces also written for this volume, or which appear here for the first time, is also large. It is hoped the greater portion will be found to possess sufficient merit to warrant their appearance here. If this is not in every instance the case, let friends be lenient.

In a limited number of cases *Music* is given, and chiefly *original;* it may be desirable that this had been done more extensively, but the expense and inconvenience attending the addition of music are such that it is deemed advisable to omit it in most cases. The larger portion of the hymns are adapted to music generally in use, and the air is named to which the hymn is adapted, or the metre indicated, so that the music can easily be selected.

Long Metre (L.M.) is eight syllables to the line, and is adapted to the following church music: Old Hundred, Germany, St. Paul's, Duke-Street, Ceres, Fenworth, Bartholdy, Westbeach, Oakland, Evening, Lowell, Albano, Ward, Milton, All Saints, Louvon, Pomfret, Allacia, Doane, Morton, Chester, Orleans, Appleton, Tuscany, Harmony Grove, Winchester, Invocation, Ashland, Wells, Boscawen, Ellenthorpe,

Digitized by Google

Hamburg, Winchelsea, Rothwell, Ilsley, Blendon, Alfreton, Milan, Abington, Palestine, Israel, Sterling, Seasons.

Common Metre (C.M., 8s & 6s): Balerma, Brattle Street, Roscoe, Becon Hill, Watts, Omah-Fletcher, Haven, Assalia, Averick, Christmas, Clarendon, Catania, St. John's, Patmos, Raddin, Mozart, Logan, Cyprus, Willard, Dorchester, Liverpool, Geneva, Antioch, Munich, Carlsrue, Dundee, Warwick, Lanesboro, St. Martin's, Peacedale, Howard, Siloam, Jerusalem, Dedham, Coronation, Zamora, Turner, Woodstock, Omnipotence, Diamond, Kingsley, Samaria; also Auld Lang Syne.

Short Metre (S.M., 6s): Beethoven, Lisbon, Shirland, Olmutz, Silver Street, Keene, Nile, Quentin.

7s: Pleyel's, Nuremberg, Edes, Benevento, Erie, Vesper, Watchman, Golconda, Nashville, Hopper, Leaflet, Milan, Prath.

8s & 7s: Chester, Ellendorf, Moonmook, Worthing, Wilmot, Dawn, Thornton, Abbott, White-Wing, Cleveland, Charity, Van Weber, Zephyr, Barlow, Shaw, Stafford, Cushing, Willow, Bronta.

6s & 4s: America, Twilight, Guardian, Starlight, Excelsior.

7s & 6s: Draco, St. Stephens, Romaine, Zion.

10s: Savanna, Parker, Homeward, Draper.

11s: Edinburg.

11s & 10s: Methven, Invitation, Mount Olivet.

12 & 11s: Eden. 6s, 7s & 4s: Brown, Havre.

7s & 4s: Traveler.

12s: Attica. 8s & 5s: Wallace.

6s & 5s: Lilia, Hedron. P.M.: Liberty.

D. M. B.

Digitized by Google

LIBERAL HYMNS.

LAND OF LIBERTY.

TUNE—RULE BRITANNIA.

Hail great republic of the world,
  Which rear'd, which rear'd her empire in the West,
Where fam'd Columbus', Columbus' flag unfurled,
  Gave tortured Europe scenes of rest;
    Be thou forever, forever great and free,
    The land of Love and Liberty!

Beneath thy spreading, mantling vine,
  Beside, beside each flowery grove and spring,
And where thy lofty, thy lofty mountains shine,
  May all thy sons and fair ones sing,
    Be thou forever, etc.

From thee may hellish discord prowl,
  With all, with all her dark and hateful train;
And whilst thy mighty, thy mighty waters roll,
  May heaven-descending concord reign.
    Be thou forever, etc.

Where'er the Atlantic surges lave,
  Or sea, or sea the human eye delights,
There may thy starry, thy starry standard wave,
  The constellation of thy Rights!
    Be thou forever, etc.

May ages as they rise proclaim,
  The glories, the glories of thy natal day;
And states from thy, from thy exalted name,
  Learn how to rule, and to obey.
    Be thou forever, etc.

Digitized by Google

Let laureates make their birthday known,
Or how, or how war's thunderbolts are hurl'd;
'Tis ours the charter, the charter 's ours alone,
To sing the birthday of a world!
Be thou forever, great and free,
The land of Love and Liberty!

—*Thomas Paine.*

2

TRUTH THE BEST GROUND OF FORTITUDE.

6L.L.M.

A conscious fortitude sustains
The heart of him who guile disdains:
Firm on a rock his faith he builds,
Which to no storm or tempest yields;—
He builds on Truth, whence every joy
Is lasting, free from all alloy.

Shall servile imitation's smile,
Us of this fortitude beguile?
And, led by custom, vision's prize,
While truth seems little in our eyes?
It must not be, vain dreams be gone!
O! give us Truth, and Truth alone.

'Tis Truth from error purifies;
While vice but borrows error's guise;
With dazzling show to lure the sight,
And make what's wrong seem what is right;
But Truth and Virtue seek no aid,—
Both best in "NATIVE WORTH" array'd.

—*Abner Kneeland.*

3

CHILDLIKE TRUST.

L.M.

A storm sped over sea and land;
Harvest and bloom are beaten low,
And many a treasure on the strand
Marks the wild track with loss and woe.

Where in the solitude it searched
A child hath hung his one harp-string;

Digitized by Google

The blast to melody is touched,
Prelude to blessings it would bring.

O heart, my heart, when clouds of fate
Shroud thy fair sky and on thee beat,
With childlike trust to live and wait,
Win from each storm its music sweet.

—*M. D. Conway*

4

LOVE FOR ALL.

L. M

Inspired by love, may we abstain
From all that gives our neighbor pain;
And every secret wish suppress
That would abridge his happiness.

Still may we feel ourselves inclin'd
To be the friends of all mankind;
Soothe ev'ry grief, their wants supply,
And aid their virtue and their joy. —*Selected.*

5

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

L. M.

Ah! wretched minds, who still remain
Mere slaves to superstition's din!
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.

I would resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers true peace pursue;
Nor from these precepts e'er depart,
Which have the good of man in view.

O be this service all my joy!
Around let my example shine
Till others love the bless'd employ,
And join in labors so sublime.

Be this the purpose of my heart,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To ever act the virtuous part,
And in the ways of truth rejoice.

Digitized by Google

O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wander from these sacred ways;
For virtue is my heart's desire,
To fill the remnant of my days.

—*Abner Kneeland.*

6

LAND OF FREEMEN.

C.M.

Land of the men who brought before
All nations, in all times,
A king, soul-gorged with crime and gore
And slew him for his crimes!

Shall we not name thy name with pride
Famed mother of the brave?
Who would not die as Hampden died,
That looks on Sidney's grave?

Yet scorners say, thy hills and vales
Are cursed from sea to sea;
The land of palaces and jails,
Derision nameth thee.

Land of the great, the wise, the good!
When wilt thou break thy chains?
And startle into honest blood
The mud in tyrant's veins.

All power, but ours, as dust is weak,
When million minds are one;
Great voice of outraged millions, speak!
Great will of Man be done.

—*E. Elliot.*

7

OPPRESSORS! LEAVE YOUR SLUMBERS.

P.M.

Base oppressors, leave your slumbers!
Listen to a nation's cry!
Hark, united, countless numbers
Swell the peal of agony;
Lo! from earth's own sons and daughters,
In the depths of misery,

Digitized by Google

Like the sound of many waters,
Comes the cry—"We will be free!"

Tyrants quail! the dawn is breaking—
Dawn of Freedom's glorious day!
Despots on their thrones are quaking,
Iron bands are giving way:
Kingcraft, priestcraft, black oppression,
Cannot bear our scrutiny!
We have learnt this startling lesson,
If we will—we can be free.

By our own—our children's charter—
By the fire within our veins;
By each truth-attesting martyr;
By their tears, and groans, and pains;
By our right, by Nature given,
By the voice of Liberty,
We proclaim before high heaven
That "We must—we will be free!"

Winds and waves the tidings carry!
Spirits in your stormy car,
Winged with lightning, do not tarry,
Bear the news to lands afar;
Tell them—sound the thrilling story—
Louder than the thunder's glee!
That a people ripe for glory
Are determined to be free!

—*J. A. Letherland.*

8

CHARITY.

C.M.

How bless'd are those, by love inclin'd
As one in judgment, one in mind,
In truth and goodness to agree,
Bound in the bonds of Charity.

Then each may have a peaceful soul,
Where stormy billows never roll;
Where all is calm, serene, at rest,
As in the smiling infant's breast. —*Selected.*

Digitized by Google

9

PROSPECT OF HAPPY DAYS.

C. M.

Ah! shall we see that glorious day,
When, throned on mercy's brow,
The truth shall rend that veil away,
Which binds the nations now?

When earth no more with anxious fear
In discontent shall sigh;
But guilt shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye.

The race of man no more shall mourn,
Bound down in error's chain,
Sweet innocence will then return,
And all be well again.

The fount of life shall then be quaff'd
In peace by all who come;
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some wandering mortal home.

—*Abner Kneeland.*

10

WHAT ART THOU, FREEDOM?

Mostly 7s

What art thou, Freedom? Oh! could slaves
Answer from their living graves
This demand, tyrants would flee,
Like a dream's dim imagery.

Thou art not, as imposters say,
A shadow soon to pass away,
A superstition, and a name
Echoing from the cave of Fame.

For the laborer thou art bread,
And a comely table spread,
From his daily labor come
To a neat and happy home.

Thou art clothes, and fire, and food,
For the trampled multitude.

Digitized by Google

No—in countries that are free
Such starvation cannot be,
As in England now we see.

Thou art Peace—never by thee
Would blood and treasure wasted be,
As tyrants wasted them, when all
Leagued to quench thy flame in Gaul;

Thou art Love—the rich have kiss'd
Thy feet; and like him following Christ,
Give their substance to the free,
And through the rough world followed thee.

Oh turn their wealth to arms, and make
War, for thy beloved sake,
On wealth and war and fraud; whence they
Drew the power which is their prey.

Spirit, Patience, Gentleness,
All that can adorn and bless,
Art thou; let deeds, not words, express
Thine exceeding loveliness.

—*Shelley.*

11

DISMISSION.

S.M.

Farewell, dear friends! adieu, adieu;
In social ways delight;
Then happiness will dwell with you:
Farewell, dear friends! good night.

Farewell, dear friends! adieu, adieu;
Remember us this night;
We claim to do the same for you:
Farewell, dear friends! good night.

Farewell, dear friends! adieu, adieu,
Till we again unite;
The social system keep in view:
Farewell, dear friends! good night.

—*Anon.*

Digitized by Google

12

THE BEAUTY AND MAGNIFICENCE OF NATURE.

L.M.

Oh, sons of men! throw round your eyes
Upon the earth, the seas, and skies!
Say doth not all to every sense,
Show beauty and magnificence?

See hill and vale with verdure spread!
Behold the mountain lift his head,
In nature, strength, and power sublime,
Unscath'd by storm, untouch'd by time!

And see the flower which gems the sward!
List to the pipe of evening bird—
The streams, the winds, the balmy breeze
Making soft music with the trees.

And see the glories of the night,
The deep blue vault with stars of light,
The silver clouds, the odorous air—
All soft, and still, and sweet, and fair.

And oh! that hour of matin prime,
The cool, the fresh, the joyous time,
When Sol, as if refreshed by sleep,
Springs blazing from the kindled deep.

Then mark how nature with delight
Exults and kindles at the sight;
Earth, ocean, air—above, around,
All full of life, and stir, and sound.

Yes! all unto the outward sense
Shows beauty and magnificence;
All fair—unless that world we scan,
That moral world, as made by man.

PART II.

To all earth's blessings deaf and blind,
Lost to himself and to his kind,
With mad presumption, lo! man tries
To pierce the ether of the skies.

Digitized by Google

His fancy wing'd to worlds unknown,
He scorns the treasures of his own:
By fears of hell and hopes of heaven,
His noble mind to madness driven!

O! first of all the tribes of earth,
Wake to a knowledge of thy worth;
Then mark the ills of human life,
And heal its woes, and quench its strife.

Victim and tyrant thou, oh man!
Thy world, thyself, thy fellows scan,
Nor forward cast an anxious eye,
Who knows to live, shall know to die.

—*Anon.*

13

THE UNIVERSE INVOKED.

C.M.

Hail Universe! capacious good!
To thee our songs we raise:
Nature, in all her various scenes,
Invites a song of praise.

At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view;
And while we gaze, our hearts exult
With transports ever new.

See! glory beams in every star
Which gilds the gloom of night;
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.

The lofty hill, the humble vale,
With countless beauties shine:
The silent grove, the cooling shade
Proclaim a power sublime.

Great Universe! still may these scenes
Our leisure hours engage;
Still may our cheerful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page!

Digitized by Google

And while in all these wondrous works,
Thy varied good we see;
Still may the contemplation lead
Our hearts, O Truth! to thee.

—*Abner Kneeland.*

14

ARCHITECTS OF FATE.

7s

All are architects of Fate
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is or low,
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Build to-day then strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

—*Longfellow.*

15

EXHORTATION.

L.M.

Let such as make the truth their choice,
Attend to nature's simple voice;
Nor let their minds attempt to rove
Beyond the objects of their love.

Here all is plain—the truth we see
In Nature's pure simplicity;
O let us never more complain
That Nature's works are sought in vain.

—*Abner Kneeland.*

Digitized by Google

16
LIVE TO DO GOOD.

Live to do good—this world should be
But one united family,
  One holy brotherhood;
Where each should for his neighbor feel,
Helping along the general weal,
  The universal good.

Live to do good—an idle wail
Is useless—action must prevail;
  A living pattern teach;
Invoke example's potent aid,
And that to which you would persuade,
  Practice as well as preach.

Live to do good—if festering sores
Humanity with tears deplores,
  Strive all you can to heal;
Direct the young, and comfort age;
Boldly for right and truth engage,
  And for the suffering feel. —*Anon.*

17
USELESS INQUIRY.

Answer me, burning stars of night,
  Where has the spirit gone,
That, past the reach of human sight,
  E'en as a breeze hath flown?
The stars then answered me, "We roll
  In light and pow'r on high;
But of the viewless human soul
  Ask things that cannot die."

O many-toned and chainless wind,
  Thou art a wand'rer free;
Tell me, if thou its place can find,
  Far over mount and sea!
And the wind murmur'd in reply,
  "The blue deep I have cross'd,
And met its barks and billows high,
  But not what thou hast lost." —*Selected.*

Digitized by Google

18

KNOWLEDGE.

C.M.

Knowledge its empire shall extend:
Beneath its gentle sway,
Kings of the earth shall humbly bend,
And peaceful laws obey.

From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
All nations shall be blest;
Shall hear the noise of war no more—
The people shall have rest.

As rain descends in gentle show'rs
In each returning spring,
And calls to life the fragrant flow'rs,
And makes all nature sing.

So knowledge in a gen'rous mind
Frees the wrung heart from woe;
Its blessings on all human kind
In gentle currents flow.

Long as the sun shall rule the day,
Or moon shall cheer the night,
True knowledge shall its sceptre sway
With never-ceasing light. —*Selected.*

19

THE REIGN OF SUPERSTITION SUBDUED BY THE LIGHT OF REASON AND TRUTH.

L.M.

Long, long hath Superstition reign'd,
And all the world in bondage held!
Long hath the mind thus been enchain'd,
And few can yet their fetters yield!

To break these chains let us arise,
And show our minds from bondage free;
No more believe such sordid lies,
As may enthral our liberty.

Say to intolerance, be gone!
No more enslave the minds of youth;

Digitized by Google

We need the light of facts alone,
To guide us in the paths of truth.

See how it beams from yonder sun!
On every herb, and plant, and tree;
Those beams, in brilliant nature shone,
Reflect each object, rich and free.

Then let us all improve this light,
Explore the range of human thought;
Above, around, within our sight,
Be all the hidden pleasures sought.

Nor let the treasures of the mind
Be unexplor'd nor unimprov'd;
For here the richest gifts we find
More worthy still of being loved.

—*Abner Kneeland.*

20

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

7's

While with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many friends their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.

Finish'd here life's passing day,
They have done with all its woe;
We a little longer stay,
But how little none can know.

As the winged arrow flies,
Swift the destined mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind:

Thus we spend our fleeting days,
Hurried down life's rapid stream;
Let us, then, seek virtue's ways;
All things else are but a dream.

—*Selected.*

Digitized by Google

21

WHAT ART THOU, DEATH?

What art thou, Death, that I should fear
The shadow of a shade?
What's in the name, that meets the ear,
Of which to be afraid?

Thou art not care, thou art not pain,
But thou art rest and peace;
'Tis thou canst make our terrors vain,
And bid our torments cease.

Thy hand can draw the rankling thorn
From out the wounded breast;
Thy curtain screens the wretch forlorn,
Thy pallet brings him rest.

Misfortune's stings, affection's throes,
Destruction's poisonous breath—
The world itself, and all its woes,
Are swallowed up in death.

Then let us pass our lives in peace,
The little time we stay;
Nor let our acts of friendship cease
Till life shall fade away.—*Anon.*

22

VIRTUE.

How sweet the breath of ev'ning mild,
Distils with fragrant dew!
How sweetly through the chequer'd clouds
The moonlight breaks to view!

Sweet as the dew from heav'n descends,
May virtue pure instill
Her precepts chaste upon my soul—
Free me from human ill.

Then bright as yonder silver moon,
My thoughts no gloom shall know,
But, freed from guilt, my conscious soul
With warm delight shall glow.

Google

May I be taught by such a creed
To seek the good of all;
And, as its letters all can read,
May each obey the call.

That wheresoe'er the moonlight shines,
A brother may be found;
Where'er the dew on earth descends,
Be consecrated ground.—*Selected.*

23

TOILING UPWARD.

L.M.

Augustine *well and* truly said
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame.

All common things—each day's events
That with the hour begin and end—
Our pleasures and our discontents
Are rounds by which we may ascend;

The longing for ignoble things,
The strife for triumph more than truth,
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

We have not wings, we cannot soar,
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern, unseen before,
A path to higher destinies.—*Longfellow.*

Digitized by Google

24

SHRINE OF POWER.

C. M.

An offering to the shrine of power
Our hands shall never bring;
A garland on the car of pomp ,
Our hands shall never fling.

Applauding in the conqueror's path
Our voices ne'er shall be;
But we have hearts to honor those
Who bade the world go free.

Praise to the good, the pure, the great,
Who made us what we are!
Who lit the flame which yet shall flow
With radiance brighter far.

Glory to them in coming time,
Through *far* eternity:
They burst the captive's galling chain,
And bade the world go free.—*R. Nicoll.*

25

BE FREE AND BRAVE.

7s

Men whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free—
If there live on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!

Digitized by Google

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.—*Lowell.*

26

LIBERTY TREE.

TUNE—GODS OF THE GREEKS.

In a chariot of light, from the regions of day,
The goddess of Liberty came,
Ten thousand celestials directed her way,
And hither conducted the dame.
A fair budding branch from the gardens above,
Where millions with millions agree,
She brought in her hand as a pledge of her love,
And the plant she named Liberty Tree.

The celestial exotic struck deep in the ground
Like a native it flourished and bore;
The fame of its fruit drew the nations around,
To seek out this peaceable shore.
Unmindful of names or distinctions they came;
For freeman like brothers agree;
With one spirit endued, they one friendship pursued,
And their temple was Liberty Tree.

Beneath this fair tree, like the patriarchs of old,
Their bread in contentment they ate,
Unvexed with the troubles of silver or gold,
The cares of the grand and the great.
With timber and tar, they Old England supplied,
And supported her power on the sea;
Her battles they fought, without getting a groat,
For the honor of Liberty Tree.

But hear, O ye swains, ('tis a tale most profane,)
How all the tyrannical powers,

Digitized by Google

King, commons, and lords, are uniting amain,
To cut down this guardian of ours.
From the East to the West blow the trumpet to arms,
Thro' the land let the sound of it flee:
Let the far and the near all unite with a cheer,
In defence of our Liberty Tree.

—*Thomas Paine.*

27

THE BIRTHDAY OF FREEDOM.

Days of error long have spread
Baleful influence o'er the head,
Man, in mental darkness led,
Blind—he cannot see.
Superstition's rights and forms,
Zealots' fire that bigots warms,
Fury's wrath that fools alarms,
Hell and misery.

Priestly pomp, religion's show;
Priestly joy religion's wo:
Priestly tricks we now all know,
Had their day and power.
Wily priests now stand abash'd,
Prosing churchmen's hopes are dash'd,
Youthful zealots' prospects crash'd—
Reason makes them cower.

Reason rears her tresses gay,
Virtue's banner leads the way;
Who resists her powerful sway,
Surely should take heed.
Wisdom takes her glorious stand,
Touch'd with reason's magic wand,
Truth goes with her hand and hand—
Truth must be obeyed.

Nations long in darkness drear,
Grouped their way with trembling fear
Reason's light has now made clear,
Wisdom's virtuous plan.

Digitized by Google

Touch the timbrel high and clear,
Sound the notes with merry cheer;
Freemen's sons will e'er revere
Th' sacred "Rights of Man."
—*Abner Kneeland.*

28

THE GOOD TIME NOW.

The world is strong with a mighty hope
Of a good time yet to be,
And carefully casts the horoscope
Of her future destiny;
And poet, and prophet, and priest, and sage,
Are watching with anxious eyes,
To see the light of that promised age
On the waiting world arise.
O, weary and long seems that time to some,
Who under life's burdens bow,
For while they wait for that time to come,
They forget 'tis a good time now.

Yes, a good time *now*—for we cannot say
What the morrow will bring to view;
But we're always sure of the time to-day,
And the course we must pursue;
And no better time is ever sought,
By a brave heart, under the sun,
Than the present hour, with its noblest thought,
And the duties to be done.
'Tis enough for the earnest soul to see
There is work to be done, and how,
For he knows that the good time yet to be,
Depends on the good time now.

The world rests not, with a careless ease,
On the wisdom of the past—
From Moses, and Plato, and Socrates,
It is onward advancing fast;
And the words of Jesus, and John, and Paul,
Stand out from the lettered page,
And the living present contains them all,

Digitized by Google

In the spirit that moves the age.
Great, earnest souls, through the truth made free,
No longer in blindness bow,
And the good time coming, the yet to be,
Has begun with the good time now.

Then up! nor wait for the promised hour,
For the good time now is best,
And the soul that uses its gift of power
Shall be in the present blest.
Whatever the future may have in store,
With a will there is ever a way;
And none need burden the soul with more
Than the duties of to-day.
Then up! with a spirit brave and free,
And put the hand to the plow,
Nor wait for the good time yet to be,
But work in the good time now. —*Lizzie Doten.*

29

PATRIOTIC SONG.

TUNE—"ANACREON IN HEAVEN."

Ye sons of Columbia who bravely have fought
For those rights which unstain'd from your sires have descended,
May you long taste the blessings your valor has bought,
And your sons reap the soil which their fathers defended;
'Mid the reign of mild peace
May your nation increase,
With the glory of Rome, and wisdom of Greece.
And ne'er may the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

In a clime whose rich vales feed the marts of the world,
Whose shores are unshaken by Europe's commotion;
The trident of commerce should never be hurl'd,
To increase the legitimate power of the ocean;
But should pirates invade,
Though in thunder arrayed,
Let your cannon declare the free charter of trade.
For ne'er shall the sons, etc.

The fame of our arms, of our laws the mild sway.
Had justly ennobled our nation in story,
Till the dark clouds of fiction obscured our bright day,
And envelop'd the sun of American glory.
But let traitors be told,
Who their country have sold,
And bartered their god, for his image in gold.
That never shall the sons, etc.

—*Thomas Paine.*

30

REFORMATION.

P. M.

Come, friends, give an ear
And listen a while:
Good news you shall hear
Your hearts to beguile;
A true reformation
Is surely at hand;
The voice of the nation
Spreads over the land.

The people have slept,
And priests ruled the main;
Humanity wept,
And reason was slain;
Philanthropy trembled,
And honesty grieved;
While tyrants dissembled,
And weakness believed.

The world shall awake,
No longer enslaved;
Old systems shall shake,
And virtue be saved;
To just admiration
Shall reason prevail;
Complete education
To all shall entail,

Then let us arise,
Attend the glad sound:

Digitized by Google

True liberty prize,
And bigotry drown;
With loud aclamation,
The nation doth call;
Complete education,
To each, and to all.

—*Abner Kneeland.*

13

SCIENCE.

8, 8, 6 M.

Science! thou fair effusive ray,
From the great source of mental day,
Free, gen'rous and refin'd;
Descend with all thy treasures fraught,
Illumine each bewildered thought,
And bless my laboring mind.

But first, with thy resistless light,
Disperse those phantoms from my sight
Those mimic shades of thee:
The scholiast's learning, sophist's cant,
The visionary bigot's rant,
The monk's philosophy.

O! let thy powerful charm impart
The patient head, the candid heart,
Devoted to thy sway;
Which no weak passions e'er mislead,
Which still with dauntless steps proceed
Where reason points the way.

PART II.

Say from what simple springs began
The vast ambitious thoughts of man,
That range beyond control;
Which seeks eternity to trace,
Drive through th' infinity of space,
And strain to grasp the whole?

The last, best effort of thy skill,
To form the life and rule the will,
Propitious power impart;

Digitized by Google

Teach me to cool my passion fires,
Make me the judge of my desires,
The master of my heart.

Raise me above the vulgar breath
Pursuit of fortune, dread of death,
And all in life that's mean;
Still true to reason be my plan,
And let my actions speak the man,
Through every varying scene.

—*Abner Kneeland.*

32

REASON, AWAKE.

C. M.

Again the harbinger of light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

O what a night was that which wrapt
The human mind in gloom!
O what a sun which breaks this day
From superstition's doom!

Ten thousand diff'ring lips will join
To hail the happy morn;
'Twill scatter blessings far and wide,
To nations yet unborn.

Reason, the friend of human kind,
Long banish'd from her throne,
Has burst the veil of gloomy night,
And claims us as her own.

—*Selected.*

33

BLESSINGS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The reign of Knowledge hail!
The ever-glorious reign,
See! Ignorance before her flee,
And all her darksome train.

Digitized by Google

See! Penance hide her head,
Asham'd to be severe;
See! sweet Complaisance in her stead
Each drooping spirit cheer.

A melancholy gloom
Did Nature's charms enclose:
The veil is thrown aside, and she
In native beauty glows.

Then hail the glorious reign,
When moral ills shall cease,
And men enjoy, from pole to pole,
True friendship, love, and peace.

—*Selected.*

34

SOCIAL UNION.

P.M.

There are chains of social union,
Linking souls in sweet communion,
Bonds of love, of power to bind
Heart to heart, and mind to mind,
Where all co-operate.
There are men whose honest feelings
Scorn the cant of worldly dealings,
Without fraud or favor yielding
Worth for worth, and labor shielding,
Just to each, just to all.
While the pulse of life endures,
Mutual love that bond secures
Throughout inviolate.

O! that men, like social brothers,
Would but strive to do to others
As they would, the wide world through,
That others to themselves should do,
And all coöperate.
Then would love to each extended,
With whatever party blended,
To one course of conduct plight us,
In one grand design unite us,
True to each, true to all.

Digitized by Google

'Tis the plan which is design'd,
To bless and equalize mankind,
And happiness create.
—*Selected.*

35

WE WILL BE FREE.

8,7

Wake! oppressors, leave your slumbers!
Listen to a nation's cry!
Hark! united, countless numbers
Swell the peal of agony;
Lo! from toiling sons and daughters,
In the depths of misery,
Like the sound of many waters,
Comes the cry—"We will be free!"

Tyrants, quail! the dawn is breaking—
Dawn of Freedom's glorious day!
Despots on their thrones are quaking,
Iron bands are giving way;
Kingcraft, priestcraft, black oppression,
Cannot bear our scrutiny!
We have learnt this startling lesson:
If we will—we can be free.

By our own, our children's charter,
By the fire within our veins,
By each truth-attesting martyr,
By their tears, and groans, and pains
By our right by Nature given,
By the voice of Liberty,
We proclaim before high heaven
That "We must, we will, be free!"

Winds and waves the tidings carry!
Spirits in your stormy car,
Winged with lightning, do not tarry,
Bear the news to lands afar;
Tell them, sound the thrilling story,
Louder than the thunder's glee—
That a people, ripe for glory,
Are determined to be free.—*J. A. Letherland.*

Digitized by Google

36

FAITH AND REASON.

8, 10 M.—TUNE—"BLACK EYED SUSAN."

And is religion all a dream?
O shall I never taste the boon?
Or shall those regions ne'er be seen,
And must my sun go down at noon?
Tell me, ye sons of reason, tell me true,
Is mortal life the whole ye have in view?

Thus reason heard the voice of faith,
With pity heard the erring child;
And to her heart, true wisdom saith,
In accents soft, with visage mild, give,
"While blest with life and all that life can
"O! be content, and in contentment live.

"*To-day* alone thou canst enjoy,
"And only *this*, receive to-day;
Why then do anxious thoughts employ
"Thy mind, and waste thy life away?
"Eternity exists as surely now,
"As ever time can last, or when, or how?"

Thus faith now heard with sweet delight,
And instantly the voice obeyed;
Her fruitless dreams were changed to sight,
And all her fears were thus allayed.
She now enjoys each moment of her time,
And never sighs for pleasures more sublime.

—*Abner Kneeland.*

37

FREEDOM.

C.M.

Behold, the reign of freedom comes,
That reign expected long;
Let ev'ry heart exult with joy,
And ev'ry voice be song.

It comes the pris'ners to relieve,
In slav'ry's bondage held;

Digitized by Google

The gates of brass before it burst,
The iron fetters yield.

It comes from clouds of ignorance
To clear the inward sight,
And on the opening pow'rs of mind
To pour instructive light.

Our voices in triumphant songs
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And spread to all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name. —*Anon.*

38

NOBLEST WORSHIP.

L.M.

The place of worship is not bound
By arched roofs and stone-built walls,
Where prayers are said in weary round,
As custom leads or church bell calls.

Where solemn forms the truth encrust,
The real hides beneath pretense;
And ages of tradition's dust
Still blind and choke the moral sense.

In flowery fields with bees and birds,
The heart may leap and join their hymn,
Worship is not confined to words,
In gloomy cells and cloisters dim.

'Tis where the hand with nature vies,
And, ever working, blessing brings;
'Tis where the mind with reverence tries
To find the mysteries of things.

The joyful heart is highest praise,
Work, thought, and love the loftiest prayer,
Where these are found, all times and days,
The noblest place of worship's there.

—*F. Burrington.*

Digitized by Google

39

SUPERSTITIOUS MAN.

L. M.

To all earth's blessings deaf and blind,
Lost to himself, and to his kind,
With mad presumption, lo! man tries
To pierce the ether of the skies.

His fancy winged to worlds unknown,
He scorns the treasures of his own:
By fears of hell and hopes of heaven,
His noble mind to madness driven.

Oh, first of all the tribes of earth,
Wake to the knowledge of thy worth;
Then mark the ills of human life,
And heal its woes, and quench its strife.

Victim and tyrant thou, O man;
Thy world, thyself, thy fellows scan,
Nor forward cast an anxious eye,
Who knows to live, shall know to die.

—*Selected.*

40

LEARN TO LABOR AND TO WAIT.

8,7

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time—

Footsteps that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,

Digitized by Google

A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait. —*Longfellow.*

41

WHAT WE DO, AND DO NOT WANT.

C.M.

We want no counsel from the priest,
No bishop's crook or gown,
No sanctimonious righteousness,
No curse or godly frown.

We want no Bibles in the school,
No creeds or doctrines there,
We want no superstition's tool
The children's mind to scare.

We want the rights of Liberty,
With Reason's lamp to try
Each word and thought of other men,
To solve our destiny.

We want the wrongs of life to have
A cure that's felt to-day—
A savior, not beyond the grave,
To work, and not to pray.

We want to reverence the right
That's felt and understood,
And not with Superstition's blight,
To fear an angry God.

We want our paradise on earth—
Not saints, but honest men,
Whose lives shall need no second birth,
Or Savior rudely slain.

And having these, the work shall grow;
Each effort shall set free

Digitized by Google

A thinking man, whose voice shall go
To shout for liberty.

—*Thomas Curtis.*

42

SOCIAL LOVE.

7's

When the truth shall lead us home,
When we to its temple come,
Then we shall its goodness prove,
As the only source of love:
Hither all your music bring,
Strike aloud its cheerful string;
Mortals join, the truth approve,
Join to hail the source of love.

Old and young, your voices raise;
Tune your lips in social praise;
Strike the notes upon the lyre,
All to happiness aspire.
Cease contention, discord, strife;
Lessen all the cares of life;
Virtue ne'er can disapprove
Cordial hearts of social love.

—*Anon.*

43

A QUESTION.

Ye clouds, that so gorgeously repose
Around the setting sun,
Answer—have ye a home for those
Whose earthly race is run?
The bright clouds answered, "We depart,
We vanish from the sky;
Ask what is deathless in thy heart
For that which cannot die."

Speak, then, thou voice of Nature—thou,
Thou of the deep low tone,
Answer me, though life's restless now,
Where is the spirit flown?

Digitized by Google

And the voice answered, "Be thou still;
Enough 'tis thine to know,
Clouds, winds, and stars their tasks fulfill,
'Tis thine to look below." —*Selected.*

44

KNOWLEDGE OF NATURE.

10's

Long have the nation's slept—hark to that sound!
The sleep is ended and the world awakes;
Man riseth in his strength, and looks around,
While on his sight the dawn of reason breaks.

Lo! knowledge draws the curtain from his mind,
Quells fancy's vision, and his spirit tames,
Deep in his breast that law to seek and find,
Which error writes in blood, and burns in flames.

Shout, earth! the creature man, till now the foe
Of thee, and all who tread thy parent breast,
Henceforth shall learn himself and thee to know,
And in that knowledge shall be wise and blest.
—*Anon.*

45

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

8,9,4,9

What might be done if men were wise!
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother
Would they unite
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another.

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,
All vice and crimes might die together,
And fruit and corn,
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather,

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,

Digitized by Google

Might stand erect
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done
And more than this, my suffering brother;
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other.

—*C. Mackay.*

46

ORNAMENT OF TRUTH.

10s

Oh how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.

The canker blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly,
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses.

But, for their only virtue is their show,
They live unwooed and unrespected fade,
Die to themselves; sweet roses do not so—
By their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made.

—*Shakspere.*

47

WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

8,7,8,7 7777

There are lonely hearts to cherish
While the days are going by;
There are weary souls who perish
While the days are going by.
If a smile we can renew,
As a journey we pursue,
Oh the good we all may do
While the days are going by!

Google

There's no time for idle scorning
While the days are going by;
Be our faces like the morning
While the days are going by;
Oh, the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes;
Help the fallen one to rise
While the days are going by!

All the loving links that bind us
While the days are going by,
One by one we leave behind us
While the days are going by.
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in sun and shade will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow
While the days are going by.—*Anon.*

48

MARSEILLAISE HYMN.

By Rouget de Lisle (Sheridan's Translation), 1792.

Ye sons of France awake to glory,
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise;
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears, and hear their cries.
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band
Affright and desolate the land,
While Peace and Liberty lie bleeding?
To arms, to arms, ye brave,
The avenging sword unsheath,
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On liberty or death.

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze!
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride

Digitized by Google

Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crime and blood his hands embruing?

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst for power and gold unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods, would bid their slaves adore—
But man is man—and who is more?
Then, shall they longer lash and goad us?

Oh! Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeon's bolts and bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept—bewailing
That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield—
And all their arts are unavailing.

49

BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

Ye that weep in sleep,
Souls and bodies bound,
Ye that all night keep
Watch for change, and weep
That no change is found.

Man shall do for you,
Men, the sons of man,
What no God would do
That they sought unto
While the blind years ran.

Brotherhood of good,
Equal laws and rights,
Freedom, whose sweet food
Feeds the mulitude
All their days and nights.

Digitized by Google

With the bread full fed
Of her body blest,
And the soul's wine shed
From her table spread,
Where the world is guest.

For no sect elect
Is the soul's wine poured,
And her table decked;
Whom should man reject
From man's common board?

Gods refuse and choose,
Grudge, and sell, and spare
None shall man refuse,
None of all men lose,
None leave out of care.

—*A. C. Swinburne.*

50

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE CONTENTMENT.

L. M.

Go search the fields of nature through,
Observe her various works and ways,
Learn all the ancients ever knew,
And seek for growing wealth or praise:

Put on the crowns that monarchs wear,
High wave their sceptres in your hand,
And make your humble vassals stare,
And send your edicts through the land:

Command the bosom of the sea,
To waft your vessels to and fro;
Of wealth and grandeur hold the key,
And bid your armies come and go:

Of all these acquisitions, say,
Can one or all procure your breath?
Or can they lengthen out your day,
Or stay the cruel hand of death?

Digitized by Google

The peaceful mind who knowledge gains,
Whose daily wants are just supplied;
Who lives by labor, toil and pains,
And craves no gems to feed his pride;

Is richer far than all the wealth,
Bestowed on kings of haughty name;
Nor would exchange his lasting health,
For all the wreaths of boasted fame.

—*Abner Kneeland.*

51

SYMPATHY.

C. M.

Let such as feel oppression's load
Thy tender pity share;
And let the helpless, hopeless poor
Be thy peculiar care.

Go, bid the hungry orphan be
With thine abundance bless'd:
Invite the wand'rer to thy gate,
And spread the couch of rest.

Let him who pines with piercing cold
By thee be warm and clad;
Be thine the blissful task to make
The downcast mourner glad.

Then, pleasant as the morning light,
In peace shall pass thy days
And heart-approving, conscious joy
Illuminate thy ways. —*Selected.*

52

THE HAPPY FRUITS OF CONCORD.

L. M.

Happy the land of every clime,
Where science beams her lucid rays;
Where native truths with lustre shine,
Attuning every heart to praise.

Digitized by Google

Where fairest fruits of knowledge grow,
And wisdom doth her charms display;
Where tears of sorrow cease to flow,
Or kindness wipes them all away.

The vernal songsters' tuneful notes,
To honest labor all invite;
The fields and gardens yield their fruits,
The husbandman they thus requite.

But discord poisons human bliss,
To pleasures is a deadly foe;
It fills the mind with deep distress,
And sinks the heart to bitter wo.

Then let us all in union join,
And ever seek the common weal;
Let love and charity combine,
Each others' errors all to heal.

—*Abner Kneeland.*

53

I'LL FIND A WAY.

TUNE—BRITISH GRENADIERS.

It was a noble Roman,
In Rome's imperial day,
Who heard a coward croaker
Before the battle, say—
"They're safe in such a fortress;
"There is no way to shake it"—
"On! on!" exclaimed the hero,
"I'll find a way, or make it."

Is fame your aspiration?
Her path is steep and high;
In vain you seek the temple,
Content to gaze and sigh;
The shining throne is waiting,
But he alone can take it,
Who says, with Roman firmness,
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

Digitized by Google

Is learning your ambition?
There is no royal road;
Alike the peer and peasant
Must climb to her abode;
Who feels the thirst of knowledge,
In Helicon may slake it,
If he has still the Roman will
To find a way or make it!

Are riches worth the getting?
They must be bravely sought;
With wishing and with fretting
The boon cannot be bought;
To all the prize is open,
But only he can take it,
Who says with Roman courage,
"I'll find a way or make it!"—*Anon.*

54

THE PLACE OF WORSHIP.

L. M.

The place of worship is not bound
By arched roofs and stone built walls,
Where prayers are said in weary round,
As custom leads or church bell calls.

Where solemn forms the truth encrust,
The real hides beneath pretence;
And ages of tradition's dust
Still blind and choke the moral sense.

In flow'ry fields with bees and birds,
The heart may leap and join their hymn;
Worship is not confined to words,
In gloomy cells and cloisters dim.

'Tis where the hand with nature vies,
And ever working, blessing brings;
'Tis where the mind with rev'rence tries
To find the mysteries of things.

Digitized by Google

The joyful heart is highest praise,
Work, thought, and love the loftiest prayer;
Where these are found, all times and days,
The noblest place of worship's there.

—*Frederick Burrington.*

55

UNIVERSAL FREEDOM.

10's.

Is there a thought can fill the human mind
More pure, more vast, more gen'rous, more refin'd
Than that which guides th' enlighten'd patriot's toil?
Not he, whose view is bounded by his soil;
Not he, whose narrow heart can only shrine
The land—the people that he calleth mine;
Not he, who to set up that land on high,
Will make whole nations bleed, whole nations die;
Not he, who calling that land's right his pride,
Trampleth the rights of all the earth beside:
No! He it is, the just, the gen'rous soul,
Who owneth brotherhood with either pole;
Stretches from realm to realm his spacious mind,
And guards the weal of all the human kind;
Holds freedom's banner o'er the earth unfurl'd,
And stands the guardian patriot of the world.

—*Selected.*

56

DEFEND THE POOR.

C.M.

Defend the poor and desolate,
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men, the low estate
Of him that help demands.

Regard the weak and fatherless,
Despatch the poor man's cause,
And raise the man in deep distress
By just and equal laws.

Digitized by Google

Rise, *Man!* Judge thou the earth in might,
The oppressed land redress;
For thou art he who *doth* by right
The *countries* all possess.—*Milton.*

57

TRUTH AND KNOWLEDGE.

6's M.

Let truth alone prevail,
Within each human breast;
And error take its flight,
To an eternal rest.

Truth cheers the wildered mind;
It leads our steps aright;
Keeps sorrow from our hearts,
And brings us peaceful light.

True knowledge is the source
Of happiness and joy:
Alone can give us peace,
And wretchedness destroy.

Then hail all-sacred truth!
Come, dwell in every mind;
Ambrosial odors spread
Abroad on all mankind.

—*Abner Kneeland.*

58

SPEAK OF A MAN AS WE FIND HIM.

Let us speak of a man as we find him,
And censure alone what we see;
And should a man blame, let's remind him,
That from vice we are none of us free.
If the veil from the heart could be torn,
And the mind could be read on the brow,
There are many we'd pass by with scorn,
Whom we're loading with high honor now.

Digitized by Google

Let us speak of a man as we find him,
And heed not what others may say,
If he's frail, then a kind word will bind him,
When coldness would turn him away;
For the heart must be barren indeed,
Where no flower of repentance can bloom,
Then pause, ere you cause it to bleed—
On a smile, or a frown, hangs its doom.

—*Selected.*

59

NATURE'S LAWS.

C. M.

The laws of Nature they are sure,
They make the simple wise;
That man mistakes his safest guide
Who does those laws despise.

The statutes of those laws are right,
And will improve the heart;
To all who follow where they lead
They health and joy impart:

Because they teach the sons of men
How they their lives should frame,
A rich reward they will bestow
On all who keep the same.—*Anon.*

60

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE TRUTH.

AIR—"HOME, SWEET HOME."

'Mid fables and fallacies, baubles of youth,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like truth:
A charm from the scene seems to hallow the mind,
Which seeks through all nature its beauties to find.
Truth, truth, simple truth,
There's nothing like truth—there's nothing like truth.

A stranger to truth, fancies puzzle the brain,
O give me contentment with nature again;

Digitized by Google

The sure life's enjoyments, as days to me fall,
Give these with my piece of mind dearer than all.
Truth, truth, simple truth,
There's nothing like truth—there's nothing like truth.
—*Abner Kneeland.*

61

SPADE OF PERSEVERANCE.

8,7 8,7

Take the spade of perseverance;
Dig the fields of progress wide:
Every rotten root of faction
Hurry out and cast aside,

Every stubborn root of error,
Every weed that hurts the soil;
Tares, whose very growth is terror,
Dig them out, what'er the toil!

Give the stream of education
Broader channel, bolder force;
Hurl the stones of persecution
Out, where'er they block its course,

Seek for strength in self-exertion:
Work, and still have faith to wait;
Close the crooked gate to fortune,
Make the path to honor straight.

Men are agents for the future!
As they work, so ages win
Either harvest of advancement,
Or the product of their sin!

Follow out true cultivation,
Widen education's plan;
From the majesty of Nature
Teach the majesty of man!

Take the spade of perseverance;
Dig the field of progress wide;
Every bar to true instruction
Carry out and cast aside. —*O. Swain.*

Digitized by Google

62

PRUDENCE.

AIR—"SUL MARGINC D'UN RIO."

O haste not to the gilded shrine,
Where Fortune throws her favors round!
Let nobler views thy mind incline
To turn where brighter honors shine,
And truer wealth is found.

O seek not for the rosy bower.
Where Pleasure fills the sparkling bowl!
O yield not to her 'witching power,
For when she gives her richest dower
She chains the captive soul.

Tempt not the wild and steep ascent,
Where proud Ambition waves her plume,
There guilt may scowl and care torment,
Repentance raise the vain lament,
And malice seal thy doom.

Then what is all that mortals deem
Enchanting, lovely, bright, or dear?
Life's gayest space is fancy's dream—
Its brightest glance a fading beam,
Dissolving in a tear.

—*Abner Kneeland.*

63

HEROES, MARTYRS AND SAGES.

P. M.

Praise to the heroes
Who struck for the right,
When freedom and truth
Were defended in fight,
Of bloodshedding hirelings
The deeds are abhorr'd;
But the patriot smites
With a glorious sword.

Praise to the martyrs
Who died for the right,

Digitized by Google

Nor ever bowed down
At the bidding of might.
Their ashes were cast
All abroad on the wind,
But more widely the blessings
They won for mankind.

Praise to the sages,
The teachers of right,
Whose voice in the darkness
Said "Let there be light."
The sophist may gain
The renown of an hour,
But wisdom is glory,
While knowledge is power.

Heroes, martyrs, and sages,
True prophets of right!
They foresaw, and they made
Man's futurity bright.
Their fame would ascend
Though the world sank in flames;
Be their spirit on all
Who sing praise to their names!

—*W. J. Fox.*

64

EXHORTATION.

7,6 M.

Rise, my mind, expand thy wings,
Thine only portion trace:
Rise from superstitious things,
To truth, thy native place
Sun and moon and stars remain,
Time doth all his pinions move;
Rise, my mind, thy portion claim,
With friendship's cordial love.

Why should mortals fret and tease,
Perplex an unknown friend;
And the better him to please,
Their supplications send;

Digitized by Google

When he ever is the same,
Naught can e'er his feelings move;
And to endless years remain
Unchanging in his love?

When the summer's scorching beams
Shall heed the parched field,
Or the winter's chilling winds
For thee shall grow more mild,
Then shall nature thee regard—
All thy supplications hear,
Granting thee a great reward,
For all thy slavish fear.

Cease, my mind, O cease thy strife!
Nor murmur at thy clime;
Live a happy, virtuous life,
And taste the joys of time,
'Midst thy friends and kindred dwell,
Take what truth and nature send;
Bid the world and friends farewell,
Whene'er thy life shall end.

—*Abner Kneeland.*

65

BENEVOLENCE.

C. M.

May I possess an honest heart,
Above all selfish ends;
Humanely warm to all mankind,
And cordial to my friends.

May modest worth, without a fear,
Approach my open door;
And may I never view a tear
Regardless from the poor.

With conscious truth and honor still
My actions may I guide;
Nor know a dread but that of ill,
Nor scorn but that of pride.

Thus acting still a duteous part

Digitized by Google

In Nature's social plan,
Assured the first of moral laws
Is—Man do good for man. —*Selected.*

66

LIFE MAY CHANGE.

7s

Life may change, but it may fly not;
Hope can vanish, but can die not;
Truth be veiled, but still it burneth;
Love repulsed, but it returneth.

Yet were life a charnel where
Hope lay coffined with despair,
Truth and love a sacred lie—
Were it not for Liberty;

Lending life its soul of light,
Hope its Iris of delight,
Truth its prophet's robe to wear.
Love its power to give and bear.

—*Shelley.*

67

PATRIOTISM.

AIR—"AULD LANG SYNE."

Should former patr'ots be forgot,
And ne'er the truth be told,
Since independence is our lot,
More precious far than gold?

CHORUS: More precious far than gold, my friends,
Nor should it e'er be sold;
Since patr'ots fought for liberty,
More precious far than gold.

O what is life, howe'er refin'd,
Which tyrants do uphold,
Since they enslave the human mind,
More precious far than gold!

CHO: More precious far than gold, my friends,
And let the truth be told etc.

Digitized by Google

More dreadful still, is holy ire,
As priests and bigots hold,
Which wraps the soul in endless fire,
More precious far than gold.

CHO: More precious far than gold, my friends,
The truth must now be told, etc.

Let children, then, no more be taught,
These foolish lies of old,
Which nip the germ of human thought,
More precious far than gold.

CHO: More precious far than gold, my friends,
The truth shall now be told, etc.

—*Abner Kneeland.*

68

SOURCE OF LIFE.

8,7's.M.

Source of life as found in nature,
Fount of all this sentient frame!
Breathed through all of every feature,
Who but thee can rightly name?
Such thy nature.*
Human beings cannot know.

Yet we celebrate with gladness
Life, such as we find it here;
Nor let ought be filled with sadness;—
What on earth has life to fear?
Nature gave it,
Nature takes it home again.

Then we'll praise all-bounteous nature,
Praise shall sound from every tongue;
Join my heart, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen. —*Abner Kneeland.*

* This line must be repeated, *i. e.* sung, three times for Helmsley; and twice only for Jordan.

Digitized by Google

69

HONOR DESERVED.

C.M.

Honor to him who freely gives
As fortune fills his store;
Who shares the gifts that he receives
With those who need them more;
Whose melting heart of pity moves
O'er sorrow and distress;
Of all his friends who mostly loves
The poor and fatherless.

Honor to him who shuns to do
An action mean or low;
Who will a nobler course pursue
To stranger, friend, or foe;
Who seeks for justice more than gain,
Is merciful and kind;
Who will not cause a needless pain
In body or in mind.

Honor to him who scorns to be
To name or sect a slave:
Whose soul is like the sunshine, free,
Free as the ocean wave;
Who, when he sees oppression wrong,
Speaks out in thunder-tones;
Who feels that he, with truth, is strong
To grapple e'en with thrones. —*Anon.*

70

REJOICING.

7's

Sing to wisdom's virtuous ways,
For the peace that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,
Let thy songs our tongues employ.

Sing the blessings of the field;
Sing the stores the gardens yield;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;

Digitized by Google

Nights that bring their moist'ning dews;
Suns that genial warmth diffuse;
All the plenty summer pours;
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores.

Sing prosperity and health,
Private bliss and public wealth,
Knowledge, with its gladd'ning streams,
Perfect friendship's lovelier beams. —*Selected.*

71

"LIBERTY OR DEATH."

AIR—"BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

Sons, who have with truth been fed;
Sons, who by the truth are led,
Welcome to your dying bed,
Or to victory!
Now's the day and now's the hour;
See the front of battle low'r,
See approach proud tyrant's power,
Chains and slavery!

Who will be a traitor knave?
Who can fill a coward's grave?
Who so base as be a slave?
Coward! turn and flee.
Who for reason's cause and law
Freedom's sword of truth will draw;
Freeman stand with freeman's awe,
Let him follow me.

By oppression's woes and pains!
By humanity in chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
Lay all superstition low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Freemen live or die!

—*Abner Kneeland.*

72

NATURE.

C.M.

The laws of Nature they are sure,
They make the simple wise;
That man mistakes his safest guide
Who does those laws despise.

The statutes of those laws are right,
And will improve the heart;
To all who follow where they lead
They health and joy impart:

Because they teach the sons of men
How they their lives should frame:
A rich reward they will bestow
On all who keep the same. —*Selected.*

73

LIBERTY.

P.M.

COME! join the social band!
All—all who would be free!
Link—proudly link, both heart and hand,
And shout for Liberty!
Swift in its speed as light
The sound shall travel forth,
And men of every climate unite,
From east to farthest north.

Come! join the social band!
Nor rest, till those bright waves
Which flow around our native land
Shall cease to circle slaves;
On—in your strength combined,
Concentrate all your power:
And, thick as snow upon the wind,
Your mental arrows shower.

Come! join the social band!
Unite! the world is free!
Never could tyranny withstand
The shock of Liberty!

Digitized by Google

Let faction strive in vain,
By treach'ry, to divide,
A people leagued are like the main,
Resistless as its tide.

Come! join the social band!
For zealots and for king
Man's blood hath deluged every land
Where life and beauty spring:
But Mind, and Mind alone,
Shall conquer in our cause,
And all men soon the justice own
Of equal rights and laws. —*Selected.*

74

THE WORSHIP OF NATURE.

They tell us that we worship not,
Nor sing sweet songs of praise,
That love divine is not our lot,
In these cold modern days;
That piety's calm peaceful state
We banish from the earth:
They know not that we venerate
Whate'er we see of worth:

The singing of the birds on high,
The rippling of the stream,
The sparkling stars in yon bright sky,
The sunlight's merry gleam,
The ocean's wide and watery main,
The lightning's vivid flash,
The sweet and gentle showers of rain,
The awful thunder's crash;

The trees and flow'rs that deck the land,
The soft and grassy mead,
The firm set earth on which we stand,
Are worshipful indeed.
We venerate great Nature's plan,
And worship at her shrine,
While goodness, truth, and love in man,
We hold to be divine. —*G. Sexton.*

Digitized by Google

75

TRUE PRAYER.

L.M.

Who pants and struggles to be free,
Who strives for others' liberty,
Who, failing, still works patiently,
He truly prays.

Who, loving all, dare none despise,
But with the worst can sympathize,
Who for a truth a martyr dies,
He truly prays.

Who when a truth to him is known,
Embraces it through smile or frown,
Who dares to hold it, though alone,
He truly prays.

In musing strength must come to dare,
Petitions are but empty air,
Brave action is the only prayer,
Thus learn to pray.

—*Annie Besant.*

76

WORK NOW.

Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours,
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

Digitized by Google

Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

—*Sankey's Collection.*

77

THE UNKNOWN CAUSE OF LIFE AND MOTION.

H.M.

The great, the unknown cause,
That moves all worlds in state,
Is found in nature's Laws,
Unchangeable as fate.
The source of life, the spring of springs,
This truth, all heaven and nature sings.

Where'er we turn our eyes,
Around us we behold,
Below, or in the skies,
More truth than can be told:
In nature's book, in every line,
Eternal truth and goodness shine.

On truth all worlds depend,
To this we bow the knee;
But none can comprehend
The vast immensity—
Throughout all space, is everywhere,
Pervades the whole, though free from care.

Then let our sorrows cease,
Be joy in every breast;
And let us live in peace,
Until we go to rest;
Where no rude voice shall e'er be heard,
Or troubled seas our rest disturb.

—*Abner Kneeland.*

Digitized by Google

78

TRIUMPH OF RIGHT.

L. M.

Think not that martyrs die in vain;
Think not that truth so soon will fail,
We only break to form again,
We only bow before the gale.

There groweth up a mighty will,
And time will only give it force;
It tendeth to an object still,
Though somewhat swerving in its course.

Though vengeance were the battle-cry,
And fell revenge first drew the sword;
We seek a nobler victory,
More firm in act, more true in word.

And all the failures of the past
But make the future more secure;
The triumph of our cause at last
The bygone sufferings ensure.

Secure in truth, we wait the day,
As watchers wait the morning light;
The false alone need dread delay,
For time will only strengthen right.

—*R. Nicoll.*

79

THE MORNING STAR.

6s

We have the morning star,
O foolish people, O kings!
With us the daysprings are,
Even all the fresh daysprings;
For us, and with us, all the multitudes of things.

O sorrowing hearts of slaves,
We heard you beat from far!
We bring the light that saves,
We bring the morning star;
Freedom's good things we bring you, whence all good things are.

Digitized by Google

The strife of things and beauty,
The fire and light adored,
Truth and life-lightening duty,
Love without crown or sword,
That by his might and godhead makes man god and lord.

These have we, these are ours,
That no priests give, nor kings;
The honey of all these flowers,
The heart of all these springs;
Ours, for where freedom lives not, there live no good things.

Rise, ere the dawn be risen;
Come, and be all souls fed;
From field, and street, and prison,
Come for the feast is spread;
Live, for the truth is living; wake, for the night is dead.

—*A. C. Swinburne.*

80

KNOWLEDGE AND CHARITY.

4-6's & 2-8's.

SHALL tears e'er cease to flow,
Bosoms with sighs to move;
Must man that bliss e'er know
That springs from mutual love?
He shall; for soon time's rapid wing
The long-wished halcyon day shall bring.

Want then shall be unknown,
Error and crime shall cease,
Hush'd shall be slav'ry's groan,
Wave shall the branch of peace;
And then the sweets of life shall be
Health, happiness, and harmony.

When will their sun arise,
When tears shall cease to flow,
And bosoms heave no sighs,
And men such bliss shall know?
When knowledge o'er earth's wide domain,
And lovely charity, shall reign.

—*Selected.*

Digitized by Google

81
REASON.

C.M.

Rise, Reason, shine on all our race,
Shed confidence around;
For where thou guid'st our wand'ring steps
Is sure, is solid ground.

Rise, sun that lights the mental world,
And drive night visions hence;
Dispel the clouds of error's gloom
With beams of common sense.

Shine; from the shores of Britain shine;
Extend from sea to sea,
Till all the nations of the earth
Illuminated be.

The day will come, the happy day
Is spreading o'er the sky,
When truth shall chase vain dreams away,
And midnight phantoms fly. —*Selected.*

82
THE IMMUTABILITY OF TRUTH.

L.M.

To spread the truth, and truth alone,
May this be our unvaried aim;
Though phantom's seeds, profusely sown
Fill all the paths to truth's domain.

To pluck these phantoms from the mind,
And lay the naked truth to view;
Let us unite with feelings kind,
And study nature through and through.

The truth will ever stand the test,
Though oft assailed on every side;
And he alone is truly blest.
Who ever makes the truth his guide.

Chimeras' dreams we'll do away,
Nor trust to vision's idle prate;
Too long have phantoms borne the sway,
Too long has credence ruled the state.

Digitized by Google

Instead of faith let knowledge stand,
As first, as last, best hope of man;
All present good it doth command,
All future days are in its plan.

—*Abner Kneeland.*

83

SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Let us gather up the sunbeams,
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from the way.

Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Then scatter seeds of kindness,
For our reaping by-and-by.

Strange we never prize the music,
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown!
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone!
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair,
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air.

Then scatter seeds of kindness, &c.

If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed upon the window-pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Then scatter seeds of kindness, &c.

Digitized by Google

Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses,
For our reaping by-and-by.
Then scatter seeds of kindness, &c.

84

GRATITUDE.

C. M.

Oh! sweeter than the fragrant flower,
At ev'ning's dewy close,
The wish united with the power
To succor human woes.

And softer than the softest strain
Of music to the ear,
That placid joy we give and gain
By gratitude sincere. —*Anon.*

85

MAY DAY.

8's & 7's.

Lo! the bright and rosy morning
Calls me forth to take the air;
Cheerful spring with smiles returning,
Ushers in the new-born year.
Nature now, in all her beauty,
With her gentle moving tongue,
Prompts me to the pleasing duty
Of a grateful morning song.

Now, their vernal dress assuming,
Leafy robes adorn the trees;
Odors now, the air perfuming,
Sweetly swell the gentle breeze.
Vernal music, softly sounding,
Echoes through the verdant grove;
Nature now, with life abounding,
Swells with harmony and love. —*Selected.*

Digitized by Google

86

LIFE FADING AND TRANSITORY.

L. M

The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noonday heats
As fearless of the evening cold.

Nipp'd by the frost's unkindly blast,
Parch'd by the sun's fierce, fiery ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

So blooms the lovely human face,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Like spring, so sweet each sprightly grace,
And beauteous as the virgin rose.

But worn to waste by rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

Since life forever will not last,
Let us improve the passing hours,
Correct the present by the past,
The future may not long be ours.

—*Abner Kneeland.*

87

STUDY OF NATURE.

C. M.

To wisdom, mercy, truth and love
We pay the homage due;
May all the virtues more abound,
And these our hearts renew.

To study Nature as it is,
May this be our employ;
And taught by her, may truth alone
Fill every heart with joy.

—*Anon*

Digitized by Google

88

THE PROGRESS OF NATURE.

C. M.

All nature dies and lives again:
The flow'r that paints the field,
The trees that grace the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield,

Resign the honors of their form
At winter's stormy blast,
And leave the naked, leafless plain,
A desolated waste.

Yet soon reviving plants and flow'rs
Anew shall deck the plain;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.

So man, although he fades away,
Lives in another race,
And each doth fill his little round
Of life, of time, and space.

—*Abner Kneeland.*

89

THE SECULAR STREAM.

P. M.

Oh! have you not heard of the Secular stream
That flows through our happy land?
Its waters gleam bright in the region of light,
And ripple o'er golden sand.
Oh, seek that Secular stream,
Its waters so free are flowing for thee,
Oh seek that Secular stream.

Its fountains are deep and its waters are pure,
And sweet to the thoughtful mind,
It springs from the throne of man's nature alone,
And leaves superstition behind.

This Secular stream is the science of life,
That flows for all nations free,
A balm for each wound in its bosom is found,
In justice it flows for thee.

Digitized by Google

Now will you not drink of this beautiful stream,
And sit on its peaceful shore?
Right, reason, say, Come, all ye weary ones home,
And wander from truth no more.

—*Lee Hayes.*

90

FREEDOM'S CHARMS.

7's.

Freedom's charms alike engage
Blooming youth and hoary age;
None are happy but the free;
Bliss is born of liberty.

Though all other joys were mine,
'Midst those joys I should repine,
If my strong and valiant soul
Felt the harshness of control.

For one day with freedom spent
Yieldeth more sincere content,
Than a whole eternal round
In the chains of slav'ry bound.

Give me freedom while I live;
For my guide, pure wisdom give;
Give me goodness for my friend:
Happiness will then attend. —*Selected.*

91

WHAT OF THE NIGHT.

10,6

What of the night, watchman; what of the night?
The wintry gale sweeps by,
The thick shadows fall, and the night bird's call
Sounds mournfully through the sky.

The night is dark, it is long and drear,
But still, while others sleep,
A little band, who together stand,
Their patient vigils keep.

Digitized by Google

All awake is the watchful eye,
And awake the listening ear;
Till the dawn they wait and watch at the gate,
For the enemy is near.

What of the night, watchman; what of the night?
Though the wintry gale sweep by,
When the darkest hour begins to lower
We know that the dawn is nigh. —*Anon.*

92

YESTERDAY.

AIR—"FATHER, COME HOME."

The days of our childhood how pleasant they are,
From every anxiety free:
The soul full of gladness, unclouded by care,
Enjoys its full measure of glee;
How well it would be, ere the days of our youth
Pass on to the future away,
If ev'ry young mind felt the force of the truth—
We can never more see yesterday,
No more, no more, no more,
We can never more see yesterday.

Soon, soon will the days of existence be o'er:
Soon all this life's wandering cease;
Soon, soon ev'ry spirit will pass to that shore
Where all is composure and peace.
On the journeying thitherward, may we discern
The right from the wrong in the way,
And in our life's lessons—the simple one learn—
We can never more see yesterday.

Oh may we, while crossing the ocean of time,
The duties of life keep in view,
And striving to make ev'ry moment sublime,
The path of true goodness pursue.
And as we the lessons of wisdom impart,
May we not neglect and delay,
To fix the remembrance in ev'ry young heart—
We can never more see yesterday. —*Selected.*

Digitized by Google

93

TRUTH.

P. M.

Guide us, Truth, thou star refulgent!
Trav'lers through a darksome land;
We are weak, but thou art mighty
To support our social band:
Lead us onward,
Bending to thy high command.

Open, now, the crystal fountains,
Whence thy healing waters flow;
Bathe us and refresh our spirits,
As we on our journey go,
Bliss expecting,
Till we all its pleasures know.

When we view our earthly heav'n
Breaking on our aching sight,
Then our fears begin to vanish;
We are fill'd with sweet delight;
Joys for ever
Rising to the greatest height.

Safe within, no more we wander;
Here we dwell in peace secure;
Worldly cares no more can tempt us,
Worldly charms no more allure:
Everlasting
There our pleasures will endure. —*Selected.*

94

RIGHTS.

7,6,8,6

Rights?—Men who make their being
A nuisance to Mankind?
Shall such wrong-doers talk of rights,
And, when they seek them find?

Their deeds say, "fraud is justice!"
Shall man such fraud forgive?
What rights have they whose law of wrong
Denies our right to live?

Digitized by Google

It calls the sun a libel;
The skies an evil scroll;
Turns truth to falsehood, and unseals
The charter of the soul.

Sun-written name of Mercy!
Hast thou their guilt forgiven?
Then, Justice, thy sun-written name
Is but a blot in heaven! —*E. Elliot.*

95

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

L. M.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells across the snow;
The year is going, let him go,
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress for all mankind.

Ring out the slowly-dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood
The civic slander and the spite,
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the light that is to be. —*Tennyson.*

Digitized by Google

96

DEATH.

P. M. 10 s.

Thy sable, vast, and shadowy form, O death,
Hovers around us in the prime of life,
Till in thy folds we sigh away our breath,
And lose all interest in this mortal strife.

We die, and pass away we know not where,
The world forgets us ere we scarce have fled;
Yet shall our actions long survive us here,
Good deeds work blessings though their author's dead.

—*G. Seaton.*

97

WHERE IS THE SPIRIT GONE?

8L. C.M.

Answer me, burning stars of night,
Where has the spirit gone,
Thou, past the reach of human sight,
E'en as a breeze hath flown?
The stars then answered me, "We roll
In light and power on high;
But of the never-dying soul,
Ask things that cannot die."

O, many-toned and chainless wind,
Thou art a wanderer free:
Tell me if thou its place can find,
Far over mount and sea?
And the wind murmur'd in reply,
"The blue deep I have crossed,
And met its barks and billows high,
But not what thou hast lost."

Ye clouds that gorgeously repose
Around the setting sun,
Answer—have ye a home for those
Whose earthly race is run?
The bright clouds answered, "We depart,
We vanish from the sky:
Ask what is deathless in thy heart
For that which cannot die."

Digitized by Google

Speak, then, thou voice of Nature, thou,
Thou of the deep, low tone,
Answer me, through life's restless now,
Where is the spirit flown?
And the voice answered, "Be thou still:
Enough 'tis thine to know,
Clouds, winds, and stars their task fulfill,
'Tis yours to look below."

—*Abner Kneeland.*

98

TWO STREAMLETS.

8,7,8,5

Thou hast seen two streamlets gushing
From one fountain clear and free,
But by widely varying channels
Searching for the sea.

Glideth one through greenest valleys,
Kissing them with lips still sweet;
One, mad roaring down the mountains,
Stagnates at their feet.

Is it choice whereby the Parsee
Kneels before his mother's fire?
In his black tent did the Tartar
Choose his wandering sire?

For thyself, while wrong and sorrow
Make to thee their strong appeal,
Coward wert thou not to utter
What the heart must feel.

Earnest words must needs be spoken,
When the warm heart bleeds or burns
With its scorn of wrong, or pity
For the wronged, by turns.

But, by all thy nature's weakness,
Hidden faults and follies known,
Be thou, in rebuking evil,
Conscious of thine own.

Digitized by Google

Not the less shall stern-eyed Duty
To thy lips her trumpet set,
But with harsher blasts shall mingle
Wailings of regret.

So, when thoughts of evil-doers
Waken scorn, or hatred move,
Shall a mournful feeling
Temper all with love? *Whittier.*

99

THE OPERATIONS OF NATURE.

L. M.

All nature speaks, let men give ear,
And stand erect, attentive, free;
The voice of nature they shall hear,
The works of nature they shall see.

Behold the stars with sparkling light,
And planets which in order move!
They mount in ether's tow'ring height,
And raise our thoughts to orbs above.

The glorious sun, whose gentle beams
Enliven all things here below;
And lucid moon, with paler gleams,
Dame Nature's power in grandeur show.

Survey the whole capacious earth,
The sea and land, rocks, hills and plains;
The power of nature gave them birth,
And by one law the whole maintains.

Behold the trees in verdure rise!
What beauty shines in all their leaves!
Behold the birds that mount the skies,
And fish that fill the mighty seas!

In them is seen a matchless power,
From which all living beings came:
Then let us all the truth adore,
And bow before its mighty name.

—*Abner Kneeland.*

Digitized by Google

100

STILL TRUST ON.

Oh still trust on, if in the heart
A holy inspiration rest;
Though painful be the chosen part,
With doubts, and fears, and cares oppress!
Oh shrink not, brothers, though the call
Demand our youth, our strength, our all!

And still trust on! With trembling hand
'Tis ours a little seed to sow;
Knowing the law will firmly stand
That bids it into ripeness grow;
Beauty and fragrance it shall bring,
And breathe an everlasting spring. —*Anon.*

101

TRUE COURAGE.

11,10

Something is lost when your possessions perish,
When fortune pitiless forever frowns,
But still a dream of better days you cherish,
Of days which fortune, changed, with rapture crowns.

How much is lost when tarnished is your glory,
When you are cursed by a dishonored name?
But combat, bear, and toil, you live in story;
Atonement gains a new unsullied fame.

All, all, is lost, when noble valor leaves you,
When craven terrors bring profound despair,
Nothing on earth more gladdens now or grieves you;
Then seek the grave, your home is only there.

True life is in true courage; sternly, boldly,
The true man welcomes grand the dreadest doom;
Fiery in his heroic deeds, he coldly
And unrepining sinks into the tomb.

—*After Goethe by W. Maccall.*

Digitized by Google

102

HEAVEN ON EARTH.

P.M.

The parson may preach and the fanatic rave
Of existence eternal beyond the dark grave;
Their heaven, they say, is far up above,
But mine is on earth, and I call it love.

The love of a parent, the love of a child,
Who with fond caressings has hours beguiled:
The love of a homestead free from all care,
With dear ones around me, my heaven is there.

The love of a brother, and hourly strive
With heart and with hand to help him to thrive,
To say to the hungry, my dinner is thine;
To make others happy, that heaven is mine.

If we acted as conscience dictated our course,
There'd be no occasion for grief or remorse;
If we judg'd not by gold, but by a man's worth,
Then indeed we should find a heaven on earth.

—*Selected.*

103

WORK FOR TRUTH.

7s.

"Truth is great and must prevail!"
Trite the adage; how and when?
Trial tells another tale,
Truth has failed, will fail again,
If not backed by truthful men.

Truth is man's maturest thought,
That the earnest grasp and try;
Who for truth has never fought,
Who lets falsehood known go by,
Propagates himself the lie.

To the plough then lay your hand!
Truth is nought when not embraced!
Look not back, nor listless stand
Where your line of work is traced,
Falsehood vanishes when faced.

—*A. J. Ellis.*

Digitized by Google

104

ARISE, O MEN!

8,4

Arise, O men! nor dream the hours
Of life away;
Arise! and do your being's work
While yet 'tis day.

The doer not the dreamer, breaks
The baleful spell
Which binds with iron bands the earth
On which we dwell.

Up, men! or war with fiery feet
Will tread down men;
Up! or his bloody hands will reap
The earth again.

Oh dreamer, wake! your brother man
Is still a slave;
And thousands go heart-crushed this morn
Unto the grave.

The brow of wrong is laurel-crowned,
Not girt with shame;
And love, and truth, and right, as yet
Are but a name.

From out Time's urn your golden hours
Flow fast away;—
Then, dreamer, up! and do life's work
While yet 'tis day. —*Anon.*

105

CONTENTMENT.

C.M.

Give me some green retired spot,
Far from the world's deceit,
Be mine the ivy cover'd cot;
The shaded, cool retreat.

And let some tall and reverend palm
Stretch its broad shadow round—
And underneath its branching arm
A rustic seat be found.

Digitized by Google

And let the gentle waters lave,
In streams beside my door,
With rounded pebbles 'neath the wave,
The freshen'd green their shore.

Give me with these, a single rood,
Of fruitful garden ground,
Where I may raise my healthy food,
And take my morning round.

And, oh! to make my bliss complete,
Give me my gentle spouse;
To bless this kind, secure retreat,
With love's unbroken vows.

Grant this—and every thought beside
That fills the grasping mind;
Desires of wealth, or haughty pride,
I'll scatter to the wind.

—*Abner Kneeland.*

106.

TO-DAY.

8,7

All around us, fair with flowers,
Fields of beauty sleeping lie;
All around us clarion voices
Call to duty stern and high.

Following every voice of mercy
With a trusting, loving heart,
Let us in life's earnest labor
Still be sure to do our part.

Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Let us work with all our might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish
In the coming stormy night.

Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Lest, before to-morrow's sun,
We too, mournfully departing,
Shall have left our work undone. —*Anon.*

107

BETTER RUB THAN RUST.

7,5 8,5

Idler! why lie down to die?
Better rub than rust;
Hark! the lark sings in the sky—
"Die when die thou must!
Day is waking, leaves are shaking,
Better rub than rust."

In the grave there's sleep enough—
"Better rub than rust;
Death, perhaps, is hunger-proof,
Die when die thou must;
Men are moving, breezes blowing,
Better rub than rust."

He who will not work shall want;
Nought for nought is just—
Won't do, must do, when he can't;
"Better rub than rust.
Bees are flying, sloth is dying,
Better rub than rust." —*E. Elliot.*

108

ODE TO SUPERSTITION.

AIR—"BRUCE'S ADDRESS."

Scourge and tyrant of the land,
Kindler of dissension's brand,
Drop from out thy palsied hand,
Th' sceptre of thy sway!

We have burst thy hated chain—
We disown thy blighting reign,
Ne'er will we be slaves again,
Reason points our way.

Rouse thee for the coming hour!
Gather all thy motley power,
'Scetic, stern, fanatic, sour—
Mussulman and Jew;

Digitized by Google

Pride, thy banner for the field;
Ignorance thy strongest shield!
Th' sword of falsehood will ye wield—
Faith your war cry true.

Take the field, with all your force,
Stem Enquiry at its source,
Stop triumphant Reason's course,
Weld thy links again!

Hush!—thy bloody reign is o'er!
Lies shall blind our eyes no more;
Fly to Lapland's wizard shore—
There revive thy reign!

Hide thee from the blaze of day;
Hide thyself from Truth's bright ray—
Through the valley wend thy way,
Den, or gloomy cave?

There, in mystic garb array'd,
Beat thy drum, the moon to aid;
Give the wand'ring sons of trade
Charms to rule the wave!

Superstition bows her head—
Falsehood sleeps among the dead,
Bigotry's exulting tread,
Now cannot condemn;

Sal'ried sons may mourn her fall—
Pastors to their flocks may call;
They no more our minds inthral;
Reason cries—AMEN. —*Selected.*

109

BE BROTHERS ALL.

P.M.

Hush the loud canon's roar,
The frantic warrior's call!
Why should the earth be drenched with gore?
Are we not brothers all?

Digitized by Google

Want from the wretch depart,
Chains from the captive fall,
Sweet mercy melt th' oppressor's heart,
Suff'rers are brothers all.

Churches and sects strike down
Each mean partition wall,
Let love each harsher feeling drown;
Mankind, be brothers all.

Let love and truth alone
Hold human hearts in thrall,
All mean dissensions let's disown,
And men be brothers all. —*Anon.*

110

THE FOUNT OF LIFE.

L. M.

Great source of beings! Fount of life!
Which people air, or earth, or sea!
All creatures feel thy power, but man
A grateful tribute pays to thee.

Subject to wants, he looks around.
From nature's goodness seeks supplies;
When by mistake, he error finds,
He seeks wherein the error lies.

Exhaustless Fountain! all are thine;
All feel thy kind, impartial care;
And through each changing scene of life,
Alike thy constant bounties share.

And whether grief oppress the heart;
Or whether joy elate the breast;
Or life still keep its varying course;
Or death invite the heart to rest;

All—all result from Nature's laws,
Unchanging all are in their course;
And man, and all things, must submit
To Nature's far superior force.

—*Abner Kneeland.*

Digitized by Google

111

REASON'S CELEBRATION.

AIR—"TULLOCH GORAM."

Let Reason's sons in one accord,
Proclaim to man the sacred word,
That Nature is the Sov'reign Lord,
  Throughout the whole creation.
Let men in common all agree,
To live in bonds of unity,
And in festive mirth and glee,
  Hail Reason's celebration.

To use our reason 's our delight,
It makes all men as one unite,
To see what's wrong and what is right,
  In their true situation.
That should our reason blinded be,
We may refute it openly,
That all mankind may clearly see
  Through Reason's celebration.

Let common sense then but prevail,
And tell its own unvarnished tale,
How man is cheated by wholesale,
  By creeds of priests' invention.
By hidden mysteries unrevealed,
By wily priests as now upheld,
That they may keep mankind inthral'd,
  To suit their base intentions.

While priests and bigots strive and fight,
To keep men from becoming right,
And thunder out their venom spite,
  On all who do oppose them,
O, firm united let us be,
Forever live in amity,
Till priestly fears are made to flee,
  By reasons which expose them.

Then virtue shall men's ways adorn,
And generous deeds each bosom warm,

Digitized by Google

And every act with shame will spurn,
That stops man's exaltation.
But happy minded still we'll be,
Rejoicing in true liberty,
For mankind will like brothers be,
In Reason's celebration.

PART II.

Should Persecution raise its head,
With iron hand and haughty tread,
Attempt to strike its victims dead,
Or stamp them with pollution:
We'll boldly march into the field,
Where reason is the only shield,
The sword of truth alone we'll wield,
And plead the Constitution.

Should foes declare, "We have a law"
To keep Enquirers all in awe,
As good as Spaniards ever saw
In Holy Inquisition;
It may be so; such laws, indeed!
Which all from bigotry proceed,
With bolts and bars to aid a creed,
Are fraught with superstition.

The people also have a law—
Let us from thence conclusions draw,
And see if men should stand in awe
Of priestly lords' dominion;
"No man shall ever be restrained,
His person hurt, estate detained,
Nor shall he e'er be even blamed,
For teaching his opinion." —*Selected.*

112

LOVE AND HARMONY.

L. M.

How pleasing is the lovely sight,
O! how it does my heart delight!
To see the sons of peace agree,
And live in social harmony.

Digitized by Google

How blest is that fraternal band,
Who now in sweet agreement stand,
Where every heart can sympathize,
When blessings flow or troubles rise!

O may each heart among us be
One of this blest fraternity;
With moral goodness to maintain,
Where peace and love and friendship reign!

To cultivate this moral tie,
Let truth detect the foolish lie;
For from the fact of knowing things,
This social love and union springs. —*Selected.*

113

EARNEST TOIL.

8,7,8,5.

Hast thou, 'midst life's empty noises,
Heard the solemn steps of time,
And the low mysterious voices
Of another clime?

Early hath life's mighty question
Thrilled within thy heart of youth,
With a deep and strong beseeching—
What, and where, is truth?

Not to ease and aimless quiet
Doth the inward answer tend,
But to works of love and duty,
As our being's end;

Earnest toil and strong endeavor
Of a spirit which within
Wrestles with familiar evil
And besetting sin;

And without, with tireless vigor,
Steady heart and purpose strong,
In the power of truth assaileth
Every form of wrong. —*Whittier.*

Digitized by Google

114

GATHER YOUR ROSES WHILE YOU MAY.

8, 7's M.

Gather your roses while you may,
Old time is ever flying;
And that same flower which blooms to-day,
To-morrow may be dying.

Wisely improve the present hour,
Be innocently merry;
Slight not the pleasures in your power,
Which will not, cannot tarry.

Let virtue ever be your guide,
While merged in fleeting pleasure;
All other objects else beside,
Can prove no lasting treasure.

Tho' time must fly, the leaves may fade,
And pleasure prove uncertain;
In friendship's path we'll ever tread,
Till death shall drop the curtain.

—*Abner Kneeland.*

115

PARODY.

AIR—"SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL."

Sound the loud timbrel o'er mystery's dark sea;
For Wisdom has triumph'd, her children are free:
Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave.
How vain was their boasting, the truth hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel, etc.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Word,
His strength was our arrow, his wisdom our sword;
Who shall return to tell Myst'ry the story,
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride;
The Truth hath looked out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.
Praise to the Conqueror, etc. —*Abner Kneeland.*

Digitized by Google

116

FRAGMENT.

8,7.

Like a rootless rose or lily;
  Like a sad and life-long sigh;
Like a bird pursued and weary;
  Doomed to flutter till it die;
Landless, restless, joyless, hopeless,
  Gasping still for bread and breath,
To their graves by trouble hunted,
  Albion's helots toil for death.

Tardy day of hoarded ruin,
  Wild Niagara of blood!
Coming sea of headlong millions,
  Vainly seeking work and food!
Why is famine reaped for harvest?
  Planted curses always grow;
Where the plough makes want its symbol,
  Fools will gather as they sow. —*E. Elliot.*

117

A CALL FROM THE OPPRESSED.

7, 6 M.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From Egypt's ancient river,
From many palmy plains,
We hear the cry, "Deliver
Our land from error's chains."

The iron yoke—oppression,
When tyrants bear the sway;
Alike in each profession,
Where honor leads the way;
Is laid on those who labor,
And toil for all the wealth;
Who think it a great favor,
To have their life and health.

Digitized by Google

Alas! the proud dominion,
Of superstition's god!
Who spreads his mighty kingdom,
And rules it with his nod;
Who's fill'd with wrath and vengeance
'Gainst all who are his foes,
But void of all resemblance
To nature's calm repose.

Awake to truth and nature,
No longer be afraid;
They cause alike each creature,
As all things else are made;
Each link begun and ended,
Progressive, moving on,
Is nature but extended,
And shows the chain but one.

—*Abner Kneeland.*

118

PRAISE TO THE HEROES.

AIR—"HEARTS OF OAK."

Praise to the heroes who struck for the right,
When freedom and truth were defended in fight.
Of bloodshedding hirelings, the deeds are abhorred,
But the Freethinker strikes with the pen, not a sword.
Praise to the martyrs who died for the right,
Nor ever bowed down at the bidding of might.

Their ashes were cast all abroad on the wind,
But more widely the blessings they won for mankind.
Praise to the sages, the teachers of right,
Whose voice in the darkness said "Let there be light."
The sophist may gain the renown of an hour,
But wisdom is glory, while knowledge is power.

Heroes and martyrs, true prophets of right,
They foresaw and they made man's futurity bright.
Their fame would ascend though the world sank in flames;
Be their spirit on all who sing praise to their names.
Praise to the martyrs, etc.

—*Selected.*

Digitized by Google

119

BRAVE REFORMERS.

C.M.

O brave Reformers, not in vain,
You trust in human kind;
That good which bloodshed cannot gain,
Your peaceful zeal shall find.

The truths ye urge are borne abroad
By ev'ry wind and tide;
The voice of Nature, now adored,
Speaks out upon your side.

The weapons which your hands have found,
Are those the brain hath wrought—
Light, truth, and love; your battle ground—
The free, broad field of thought.

Oh may no selfish purpose break
The beauty of your plan;
Nor lie from throne or altar shake
Your steady faith in man. —*Selected.*

120

PARODY

AIR—"STRIKE THE CYMBAL."

Strike the cymbal, roll the tymbal,
The age of miracle is o'er;
Superstition's frantic vision
Shall delude the mind no more.
See the morning of reason dawning
Science sheds its beams around;
Spectres flying, falsehood dying,
Truth alone maintains the ground.

Nature waking, our sleep is breaking,
See the truth with rapture spreading;
O'er all minds its influence shedding.
Spread your banners, shout hosannas,
Superstition reigns no more!

Digitized by Google

Though the thunder rent asunder
Every fane of worship here,
Truth instructing, all conducting,
Points to nature's temple near.
What are revelations now?
We to Reason's sceptre bow.
Science now displays her power,
Miracles are seen no more.
Reason, Science, may they forever reign.
Forever, etc.

—*Abner Kneeland.*

121

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

8,7.

Live for something; be not idle,
Look about thee for employ;
Sit not down to useless dreaming,
Labor is the sweetest joy.
Folded hands are ever weary,
Selfish hearts are never gay;
Life for thee hath many duties—
Active be, then, while you may.

Scatter blessings in your pathway—
Gentle words and cheering smiles;
Better far than gold and silver,
Are their grief-dispelling wiles;
As the pleasant sunshine falleth
Ever on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
Gladden well the darkened hearth.

Hearts that are oppressed and weary,
Drop the tear of sympathy;
Whisper words of hope and comfort,
Give and thy reward shall be
Joy unto thy soul returning,
From this perfect fountain-head;
Freely as thou freely givest,
Shall the grateful light be shed.

—*Anon.*

Google

122

ARISE, BE STRONG!

6s

Hark! through the waking earth,
Hark! through the echoing sky,
Herald of freedom's birth,
There comes a glorious cry.

The triple chains that bind
Fall from the weary limb,
Fall from the down-crushed mind,
As rolls that noble hymn.

Unto man's waiting heart
It saith, "Arise, be strong!
Bear thou an earnest part
Against all forms of wrong.

"Bid fear give place to love;
Bid crime and passion cease;
Be every word of hate
For ever hushed in peace." —*Selected.*

123

COMMON SENSE.

P.M.

She came among the glitt'ring crowd—
A maiden fair without pretence—
And when they asked her humble name,
She whisper'd, mildly, "Common Sense."

Her modest garb drew ev'ry eye;
Her ample cloak, her shoes of leather—
And when they sneer'd, she simply said,
"I dress according to the weather."

They argued long and reason'd loud,
In dubious Hindoo phrase mysterious,
While she, poor thing, could not divine
Why girls so young should be so serious.

Digitized by Google

They knew the length of Plato's beard,
And how the scholars wrote in Saturn—
She studied authors not so deep,
And took no Bible for her pattern.

And so she said, "Excuse me, friends,
I find all have their proper places,
And Common Sense should stay at home,
With cheerful hearts and smiling faces."

—*Selected.*

124

THE REIGN OF KNOWLEDGE.

C. M.

Knowledge its empire shall extend;
Beneath its gentle sway,
Kings of the earth shall humbly bend,
And peaceful laws obey.

From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
All nations shall be blest;
Shall hear the noise of war no more—
The people shall have rest.

As rain descends in gentle showers,
In each returning spring;
And calls to life the fragrant flowers,
Which makes the turtle sing;

So knowledge in a gen'rous mind
Frees the wrung heart from wo;
Its blessings on all human kind,
In gentle currents flow.

Long as the sun shall rule the day,
Or moon shall cheer the night;
True knowledge shall its sceptre sway,
With never-ceasing light.

All that the reign of vice destroyed,
True knowledge shall restore;
And from its treasures richly stored,
Shall give us blessings more.

—*Abner Kneeland.*

Digitized by Google

125

THE OLD CREEDS.

AIR—"I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS."

I cannot hold the old creeds,
We have them now outgrown
They cramped and bound the loving soul
With fetters quite their own;
The dogmas of the ancient faiths
Are passing fast away,
And now there dawns upon us
Beams of a brighter day.

I cannot love the old times,
When truth was seldom taught,
And Church and Priest usurped the right
To stifle human thought;
When deeds of darkness, crime, and woe,
Were seen on every hand,
And old Religion's name was made
A terror in the land.

I cannot tread the old paths,
With rankest weeds o'ergrown;
A better way is opened up,
Whose gates are closed to none.
Nature's domain is now our road,
And reason is our guide;
We've traveled from sectarian strife
With Freedom to abide. —*G. Sexton.*

126

THE TEAR OF SYMPATHY.

6 L. L.M.

How lovely in the arch of heaven
Appears yon sinking orb of light,
As, darting through the clouds of even,
It gilds the rising shades of night!
Yet brighter, fairer shines the tear
That trickles o'er misfortune's bier.

Google

Sweet is the murmur of the gale
That whispers thro' the summer's grove!
Soft is the tone of friendship's tale,
And softer still the voice of love;
Yet softer still the tears that flow
To mourn—to soothe another's wo!

Richer than richest diadem
That glitters on the monarch's brow!
Purer than ocean's purest gem,
Or all that wealth or art can show—
The drop that swells in Pity's eye,
The pearl of sensibility.

Let false philosophy decry
The noblest feeling of the mind;
Let wretched sophists madly try
To prove a pleasure more refined:
They only strive in vain to steal
The tenderness they cannot feel!

To sink in Nature's last decay,
Without a friend to mourn the fall,
To mark its embers die away,
Deplored by few—unwept by all—
This—this is sorrow's deadliest curse,
Nor hate, nor hell, can form a worse!

Take wealth—I know its paltry worth!
Take honor—it will pass away:
Take power—I scorn the bounded earth!
Take pomp—its trappings soon decay;
But spare me, grant me Pity's tear,
To sooth my wo, and mourn my bier.

—*Abner Kneeland.*

127

HONEST DOUBT.

C.M.

Why should the man of honest doubt
Despised by others be?
Why should a man think more about
Faith than humanity?

Digitized by Google

The skeptic is our brother man,
Has rights as well as we;
Who made us popes, to judge and ban;
Are we not frail as he?

Why should religious doubts be cursed?
All doubts besides go free,
While reason would excuse the first,
Wrapt in such mystery.

Tho' God or Gods a man denies,
What matters it to me?
The manly man I warmer prize
Than all the creeds that be. —*J. Lawson.*

128

CAUTION.

8,7

In the morning's light advancing,
Forward bounds a gallant steed,
Decked with beauty's goodly housing,
Shod with Youth, Health, Strength, and Speed.

Who will mount the fearless courser?
Who can ride him to the goal,
With the spur of Emulation,
And the check of Self-control,

Perseverence's solid saddle,
Prudence's trusty bridle-rein,
Enterprise's elastic stirrup,
And Experience's curb of pain?

Who will mount the gallant courser?
Who can ride him to the goal—
Through the paths of life uneven,
To the temple of the soul?

But be wary! ah, be wary!
Long the road, the time unknown!
And, at morn, the rein is wanting,
And, at eve the spur is flown.

Digitized by Google

And, ere noon arrives, the rider
Oft so far has gone astray
That, when evening's twilight deepens,
He has not recalled the way.

Then be cautious at the starting,
Tho' the path be smooth and clear;
For the time—the time of spurring—
Is when home and night are near.

—*Earnest Jones.*

129

A FRIEND TO ALL.

86,86,88

I saw a little streamlet flow
Along a peaceful vale:
A thread of silver, soft and slow,
It wandered down the vale.
Just to do good it seemed to move,
Directed by the hand of love.

The valley smiled in living green;
A tree, which near it gave
From noontide heat a friendly screen,
Drank from its limpid wave.
The swallow brushed it with his wing,
And followed its meandering.

But not alone to plant and bird
That little stream was known;
Its gentle murmur far was heard—
A friend's familiar tone!
It glided by the cotter's door,
It bless'd the labor of the poor.

And would that I could thus be found,
While traveling life's brief way,
A humble friend to all around,
Where'er my footsteps stray;
Like that pure stream with tranquil breast,
Like it, still blessing, and still blest.

—*Selected.*

Digitized by Google

130

O TRUTH! THERE IS NOTHING SO LOVELY AS THEE.

AIR—"YELLOW HAIRED LADDIE."

The bright sun of reason relumes her fair sky,
The clouds that obscured it, behold how they fly;
For the light shines again, that all mankind may see;
O truth! there is nothing so lovely as thee.

For long ages past the foul bigot has tried
Fair truth with a veil of dark mystery to hide,
But that veil is now rent and with rapture we see,
O truth! there is nothing so lovely as thee.

Now wealth's gayest garment though falsehood may wear,
That priestcraft may revel and folly may stare,
For eyes that were blinded now plainly can see,
O truth! there is nothing so lovely as thee.

O soon may the last cloud of mystery take flight,
From Reason's pure sky to its own gloomy night,
That man may exclaim, from all bondage set free,
O truth! there is nothing so lovely as thee.

—*Abner Kneeland.*

N. B. The above may be sung to the Air of "The Meeting of the Waters."

131

TIME.

There is, we read, a time for pain,
Likewise a time for joy;
And all the pleasures man can claim,
Old time will soon destroy.

Destruction daily we behold
Of all our present bliss,
Then since in truth these things are told,
We may the ills dismiss.

To happiness the road is plain,
For virtue marks the way;

Digitized by Google

But Reason will from vice refrain,
And falsehood leads astray.

For Christian faith, or want of faith,
No person is to blame;
Faith stands on proof, as reason saith,
And truth declares the same.

When dreams and signs, by man surmis'd,
Mere phantoms of the mind,
For truth and solid sense are priz'd,
I think mankind are blind.

Fools may have faith, when reason fails,
But truth will never shine,
Where ancient Jewish Bible tales,
Can pass for news divine.

—*Abner Kneeland.*

132

SCIENCE THE BEST RELIANCE.

C. M.

You speak to me of God, and say
"In him we move and live,
Our every breath, our food, our all,
'Tis God to us doth give."

You say he holds the mighty deep—
The nations, too, controls—
Rules all for good—is pitiful
To us poor human souls.

Yet tell me why this God so kind,
Whose goodness knows no bound,
Should leave his creatures here on earth,
In chains of sorrow bound?

Why should pale sickness, racking pain,
Hard toil, be still our lot?
You say that God can cure it all—
Tell me, why does he not?

Think you, if I my little ones
Could shield from every harm,

Digitized by Google

Could save from pain, from toil, from care
I would withhold my arm?

Yet when I look above and pray,
No answer comes to me:
No help, no comfort do I find,
No loving Deity.

I can but doubt the things you tell
Of God, and all his love:
Can but resolve to look around
For comfort—not above.

I cannot look to providence,
Nor seek for help on high;
On science and on knowledge spread
Alone will I rely. —*E. W.* (*N. R.*)

133

SPEAK THE BEST WE CAN.

L. M. D.

Nay, speak no ill!—a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind,
And, oh! to breathe each tale we've heard
Is far beneath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown
By choosing thus the kinder plan;
For if but little good be known,
Still let us speak the best we can.

Give me the heart that fain would hide—
Would fain another's fault efface:
How can it pleasure human pride
To prove humanity but base?
No: let us reach a higher mood.
A nobler estimate of man;
Be earnest in the search for good
And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill—but lenient be
To others' failings as your own;
If you're the first a fault to see,

Digitized by Google

Be not the first to make it known.
For life is but a passing day,
No lip may tell how brief its span;
Then, oh, the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can! —*C. Swain.*

184

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

12's. M *

'Tis the last rose of summer, left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred, no rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes, to give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping, go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow, when friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle the gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered and fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?
—*Moore.*

* By singing the first two syllables in each line on the first note, in the music, this will go in 11's M. equally as well.

185

FREEDOM.

L.M.

As o'er his furrowed fields, which lie
Beneath a coldly dropping sky,
Yet chill with winter's melted snow,
The husbandman goes forth to sow:

Thus, Freedom, on the bitter blast,
The ventures of thy seed we cast,
And trust to warmer sun and rain,
To swell the germs and fill the grain.

Google

Who calls thy glorious service hard?
Who deems it not its own reward?
Who, for its trials, counts it less
A cause of praise and thankfulness?

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reapers' song among the sheaves;

Yes, where our duty's task is wrought,
In unison with all great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatso'er is willed, is done. —*Whittier.*

136

LIVE FOR THE FUTURE.

7's

Why repine we, why despair,
Yielding to the instant woe?
We are not what once we were;
Let us build on what we know.

Let the future and the past
Make sublime the present hour:
What we do is doomed to last,
And we know not all our power.

Even now the future life
Shape we with unconscious hands;
Sudden midst the woe and strife
Full our dream incarnate stands.

Lightest thought and humblest deed.
Aspiration's faintest breath—
These are but the unseen seed
That fructifies in spite of death.

Not despair, but wise devotion,
Takes the meanness from our task;
High resolve and onward motion—
These the passing moments ask.

Digitized by Google

What is past died not forever,
What is now is not the all;
Work we still with strong endeavor:
Loudly doth the future call. —*M. M.*

137

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

886,886.

The past, for ever fled away,
Has shed its influence on our day
T' instruct us we discern;
And from its ample stores supplied,
To make the good our only guide,
Is what we all should learn.

The present, which is ours to share,
Should find us all resolved, with care
Our duty well to do:
Then let us strive as best we may,
T' improve ourselves from day to day
In truth and virtue too.

The future, which is hid from view,
Is full of hope, if men prove true,
To follow reason's call:
For them is progress sure to prove,
That peace and plenty, joy and love,
May be the lot of all. —*Anon.*

138

THE BIRTH OF TRUTH.

7s

Hark, the plains with music sound,
Joy and harmony abroad;
Truth is born, let brothers sing
Praises to the new born king.

Peace is come, good will appears,
Brothers, wipe away your tears;
Truth for you is here to-day,
Truth that never can decay.

Digitized by Google

Noble minds, thro' mental night,
Heard the sound and saw the light;
Now the sweet and dulcet strains
Echo gladness thro' the plains.

Brothers, hail your glorious king!
Richest tribute cheerful bring;
Praise and love Truth's gracious name,
And its boundless good proclaim. —*L. Webster.*

139

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

8, 7's M.

Look around the fields of Nature,
Pleasant scenes, how richly gay;
What a home for ev'ry creature,
Doth the universe display!
See the earth with air surrounded,
Ocean, with her deep profound;
All with life and stir abounding,
Happy millions all around.

Then we'll praise all-bounteous Nature;
Praise shall flow from ev'ry tongue;
Let us join with ev'ry creature,
Join the universal song:
For the hours of social pleasure,
For the hope of future days,
For th' extent of life's full measure,
Shout aloud all Nature's praise.

—*Abner Kneeland.*

140

FORBEARANCE.

D.C.M.

Why should we pluck the dewy rose
That scents the early morn,
Or strive to snare the happy bird
That warbles on the thorn?
We'll leave the flower to woo the sun;

Digitized by Google

The free bird in the air,
And walk through pleasures, grasping none,
Repaid, if we forbear.

When scorners scorn, or foes revile,
Or friends look dark and shy,
We'll neither give them scorn for scorn,
Nor pass them coldly by;
We'll check the storm of rising pride,
And keep a temper fair—
Warned by the angel at our side,
That whispers to forbear!

And should the foe who did us wrong
Be powerless in our hands,
We'll think no more of evils done
To shame him where he stands—
We'll strive to act a nobler part—
We'll pity—hear—and spare;
And win an entrance to his heart,
By all that we forbear. —*Charles Mackay.*

141

LIFE IS ONWARD.

6,5

Life is onward—use it
With a forward aim;
Toil is heavenly—choose it
And its warfare claim.

Look not to another
To perform your will,
Let not your own brother
Keep your warm hand still.

Life is onward—heed it
In each varied dress;
Your own act can speed it
On to happiness.

His bright pinion o'er you
Time waves not in vain,

Digitized by Google

If Hope chants before you
Her prophetic strain.

Life is onward—prize it,
Sun-lit or in storm;
Oh do not despise it
In its humblest form! —*Anon.*

142

THE VIRTUOUS.

C. M.

Salt of the earth ye virtuous few,
Who season human kind!
Light of the world, whose cheering ray
Illumes the realms of mind!

Where misery spreads her deepest shade,
Your strong compassion glows:
From your blest lips the balm distills
That softens mortal woes.

By dying beds, in prison glooms,
Your frequent steps are found;
Angels of love! you hover near,
To bind the stranger's wound.

You lift on high the warning voice,
When public ills prevail;
Yours is the writing on the wall
That turns the tyrant pale.

—*Mrs. Barbauld.*

143

PERPETUAL CHANGE.

C. M.

The presence of perpetual change
Is ever on the earth;
To-day is only as the soil
That gives to-morrow birth.

Where stood the tow'r there grow the weeds,
Where grew the weeds the tow'r,

Digitized by Google

No present hour its likeness leaves
To any future hour.

Of each imperial city built
Far on the Eastern plains,
A desert waste of tomb and sand
Is all that now remains.

Our own fair city, full of life,
May have some future day,
When power and might and majesty
Will all have passed away.

But in all changes brighter things
And better have their birth;
The presence of perpetual love
Is ever on the earth. —*Selected.*

144

FREEDOM IS RISEN.

5,5,7

Freedom is risen—
Freedom is risen—
Freedom is risen to-day!
She burst from prison—
She burst from prison—
She broke from her jailers away,

"When was she born?
How was she nurst!
Where was her cradle laid?"
In want and scorn,
Reviled and curst,
'Mid the ranks of toil and trade.

"Did she break the grave,
Our souls to save,
And leave our bodies in hell?"
To save us alive,
If we will but strive,
Body and soul as well,

"Then what must we do,
To prove us true,

Digitized by Google

And what is the law she gave?"
Never fulfill
A tyrant's will
Nor willingly live a slave!

Then this we'll do
To prove us true
And follow the law she gave;
Never fulfill
A tyrant's will
Nor willingly live a slave! —*Ernest Jones.*

145

AGE OF REASON,

P. M.

Let exiled reason be restor'd
Just education bear her sway;
Let Nature's empire be explor'd,
And truth her volume wide display.
Let science 'luminate the mind,
Inquiry free her banner wave;
Humble the tyrant, raise the slave,
And virtue teach to all mankind.
Then will the joyous song
Of happiness resound,
And man shall sing to wisdom's praise,
Where love and peace are found.

Prophetic voices now resound;
Far, far and wide they strike the ear;
And o'er this favor'd clime they sound—
Proclaim the age of reason near!
Her glorious light doth now appear,
And superstition, frighten'd flies,
For truth her mighty weapon plies,
And truth will triumph, nothing fear.
Then let us join in praise
To truth and virtue's name,
To love and wisdom's purest rays,
In nature's wide domain. —*Selected.*

Digitized by Google

146

THE VOICE OF WISDOM.

S.M. 66,86

Once in the busy streets
Did Wisdom cry aloud,
And then she perished 'mid the scoffs
Of the misguided crowd.

Once in the quiet grove
Did Wisdom's accents charm,
And then she perished by the blows
Of Conquest's iron arm.

In Palestine and Greece,
Thus Wisdom's voice was hushed,
Yet echo oft the sound renewed
Though Wisdom's sons were crushed.

But ever in the skies,
In earth, and sea, and air,
Does Wisdom teach the human heart,
And none can crush her there.

Systems and teachers change,
They flourish and decay,
But ne'er from nature's truth and love
Shall Wisdom pass away.

147

JOY TO THE WORLD.

C.M.

Joy to the world! the light is come!
The only lawful king:
Let every heart prepare it room,
And moral nature sing.

Joy to the earth! now Reason reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let superstition grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;

Digitized by Google

This light will make its blessings flow
To earth's remotest bound.

Oh then display its truth and peace,
And make the nations prove
The glories of its tenderness,
The wonders of its love. —*Anon.*

148

THE GODS ARE WITH US.

8,7

Fled are the dreams that made us weak;
Perished all servile hopes and fears;
The great reality we seek
Sanctifies the passing years.

Life is sad, but hope is growing;
Victory beckons close ahead;
The future in our souls is glowing;
Let the past, then, bury its dead!

Gods are with us, not above us,
Gods who suffer and achieve;
Gods who work with us and love us,
Gods in whom we must believe.

The radiance of great lives is on us,
Speech and action of the wise;
The holy light still gleams upon us,
Light that never wanes or dies.

Sing we then no more of sorrow.
Joy doth come for woes endured,
Let us wait the great to-morrow,
Wherein we gain a heaven assured. —*M. M.*

149

HAVE FAITH IN ONE ANOTHER.

14s

Have faith in one another, when ye meet in friendship's name,
For the true friend is a brother, and his heart should throb the same,

Digitized by Google

Tho' your paths in life may differ, since the hour when first ye met,
Have faith in one another, ye may need that friendship yet.

Have faith in one another, when ye whisper love's fond vow;
It will not be always summer, nor be always bright as now.
And when winter time comes o'er ye, if some kindred heart ye share,
And have faith in one another, ye shall never more despair.

Have faith in one another, for should doubt alone incline,
It would make the world a desert; where the sun should never shine;
We have all some transient sorrow, that o'ershadows us to-day,
But have faith in one another, and it soon shall pass away.

Have faith in one another, and let honor be your guide,
And let truth alone be spoken, whatsoever may betide;
The false may reign a season, and oh! doubt not that it will,
But have faith in one another, and the truth will triumph still,

—*E. J. Carpenter.*

150

HOME, SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces tho' we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home,
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there.
Which seek thro' the world, is not met with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet, sweet, home,
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain!
Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!
The birds singing gaily that came at my call;
Give me peace of mind, than is dearer than all,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

—*J. Howard Payne.*

Digitized by Google

151

THE NIGHT IS HEAVY.

7s

The night is heavy on our souls;
Sadly sounds the call to arms;
Distant are the dreamed-of goals;
Faith is weak and toil alarms.

Aid us ye whose lives have made
A starlit pathway for mankind;
Who, suffered and were not afraid
To vindicate man's growing mind.

Ye are with us, we can see you
Glorious through the mist of years,
As the repentant world doth free you
From the veil of doubts and fears.

Ye are with us; and ye others,
Who are not, but are to be—
Aid us now, oh stronger brothers,
In our struggle to be free. —*M. M.*

152

BRIDAL SONG.

Gaily the sun woos the spring for his bride,
With kisses all warm and golden,
Till the life at her heart she no longer may hide,
And the wealth of her love is unfolden.

The wrinkled old sea sidles up the sands,
And lavishes kisses in showers
On the earth, till the gray-beard's young darling stands
All dressed in her bridal flowers.

With kisses, sweet kisses, the mellow rain starts
The virgin flower a blossom,
And ripen their beauty till fragrant lips part,
And Love's jewel gleams rich in their bosom.

Faint with love wingeth the wantoning wind,
And yearns as its heart were a-breaking,

Digitized by Google

And kisses, sweet kisses, till buds be entwined,
And the young leaves all are awaking.

And there's nothing so dainty sweet in life
As to kiss the maid glowing and tender,
Till the heart of the wife giveth up in the strife
Full flowering in Love's splendor.

—*Gerald Massey.*

153

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

L. M.

When worth and genius are combined
In men of heart and active mind,
And from their noble musings flow
Benignest balm for human woe;

O! let us hail the light they give,
And aid the cause for which they live,
And grateful twine around their name
The wreath of an undying fame.

Such men are gems of priceless worth,
The real saviors of the earth;
They bring reforms and show the way
To better things—a brighter day.

—*W. Camsell.*

154

HOLD THE FLAG.

TUNE—"HOLD THE FORT."

Hark! the trump of Freedom ringing,
Through the battle's crash!
Let your joyous shout of "Forward"!
Ready answer flash.

CHORUS—Hold the flag of Freedom flying,
Through the troubled night;
Round the crimson banner rally,
Children of the light!

Boldly follow where she guideth,
Ever take her part;

Digitized by Google

Goddess of your worship is she,
Monarch of your heart.

CHORUS—Hold the flag, etc.

Be your daily work an offering
Laid upon her shrine;
Never let her blush to own you,
Make your life sublime.

CHORUS—Hold the flag, etc.

Be your heart a holy altar
Lit with living flame,
Aspiration's incense rising
To her sacred name.

CHORUS—Hold the flag, etc.

Gladly to her glorious service
Dedicate each breath;
If you cannot win her living,
Conquer her by death.

CHORUS—Hold the flag, etc. —*Annie Besant.*

155

THEY CANNOT DIE.

L.M

Say not they die, those martyr souls
Whose life is winged with purpose fine;
Who leave us, pointing to the goals;
Who learn to conquer and resign.

Such cannot die; they vanquish time,
And fill the world with growing light,
Making the human life sublime
With memories of their sacred might.

They cannot die whose lives are part
Of that great life which is to be,
Whose hearts beat with the world's great heart,
And throb with its high destiny.

They cannot die whose life enshrines
A soul of truth and human love;

Digitized by Google

Their beacon light eternal shines,
Guiding unto the realms above.

Then mourn not those who dying gave
A gift of greater light to man:
Death stands abashed before the brave;
They own a life he may not ban. —*M. M.*

156

12,22,49

WHAT MAKES A NOBLEMAN.

D.C.M.

I deem the man a noblemen, who acts a noble part,
Who shows alike by word and deed he hath a true man's heart;
Who lives not for himself alone, nor joins the selfish few,
But prizes more than all things else, the good that he can do.

I deem the man a nobleman, who stands up for the right,
And in the work of charity finds pleasure and delight;
Who bears the stamp of manliness upon his open brow,
And never yet was known to do an action mean and low.

I deem the man a nobleman, who strives to aid the weak,
And sooner than revenge a wrong, would kind forgiveness speak;
Who sees a brother in all men; from peasant unto king,
Yet would not crush the meanest worm, nor harm the weakest thing.
I deem that man a nobleman—yea, noblest of his kind,
Who shows by moral excellence his purity of mind,
Who lives alike, through good and ill, the firm, unflinching man,
Who loves the cause of brotherhood, and aids it all he can.
—*Selected.*

157

THE TIDE WILL TURN.

6,10,10,6

With many a stroke and strong,
Against the tide the boatmen ply the oar;
But little way they make, tho' lab'ring long,
Creeping along the shore.

Digitized by Google

But when the tide is turned,
And down the channel swiftly on they go,
No need for toil; their honest wage is earned,
Homewards the waters flow.

So there's a tide in life;
And bravely toil, if ye your rest would earn,
Though hard the struggle be, and long the strife,
The tide will have its turn. —*Anon.*

158

HOPE OF THE WORLD.

P.M.

May ev'ry year but draw more near
The time when strife shall cease,
When truth and love all hearts shall move
To live in joy and peace.
Now sorrow reigns, and earth complains,
For folly still her cause maintains:
But the day shall yet appear,
When the might with the right, and the truth shall be,
And come what there may to stand in the way,
That day the world shall see.

Though interest plead that noble deed,
The world will not regard,
To noble minds, when duty binds,
No sacrifice is hard.
In vain and long, enduring wrong,
The weak have strove against the strong.
But the day, etc.

Let good men ne'er of right despair,
Though humble efforts fail:
Oh! give not o'er, until once more
The righteous cause prevail.
The brave—the true may seem but few,
But hope has better things in view.
And the day shall yet appear,
When the might with the right, and the truth shall be,
And come what there may to stand in the way,
That day the world shall see. —*Charles Mackay.*

Digitized by Google

159

LAY ME LOW.

Lay me low, my work is done;
I am weary, lay me low,
Where the wild flowers woo the sun;
Where the balmy breezes blow,
Where the butterfly takes wing,
Where the aspens drooping grow,
Where the young birds chirp and sing,
I am weary, let me go.

I have striven hard and long
In the world's unequal fight;
Always to resist the wrong,
Always to maintain the right;
Always with a stubborn heart
Taking, giving blow for blow;
Brother, I have played my part,
I am weary, let me go.

Shield and buckle, hang them up,
Drape the standard on the wall,
I have drained the mortal cup,
To the finish, dregs and all.
When my work is done, 'tis best
To let all my troubles go,
I am weary, let me rest,
I'm weary, lay me low. —*Anon.*

160

NOBLE SIRES.

6s.

The world was ne'er improved
By timid fearful men;
Nor mighty wrongs removed
By slavish tongue or pen.

Our noble sires of old
Were dauntless and were brave;
Their hearts to truth not cold,
Dared prison-cell and grave.

Digitized by Google

They suffered for the right,
  They won the martyr-crown,
They fought the noble fight,
  They braved the priesthood's frown.

Help on what they began,
  And strive for objects great;
Let us their errors shun,
  Their virtues imitate. —*E. L.*

161

THOMAS PAINE.

AIR—"BONNIE DOON."

Hail, sacred light! auspicious morn,
  We hail thy coming once again,
That saw the soul of freedom born,
  The glorious, great, immortal Paine.
Awake ye sons of Liberty!
  Arise from city, mount and plain,
And send the shout o'er shore and sea,
  Of freedom's great asserter, Paine.

Come from the anvil, plow and loom,
  With songs and glee come haste amain,
From spade, and axe, and hammer come,
  And lift on high the praise of Paine.
Come Britons join the spreading song,
  Exalt, expand the glorious strain,
Let every nerve and tongue be strong
To celebrate the worth of Paine.

By him was freedom's flag unfurled;
  By him she first commenced her reign,
While wonder struck the astonished world,
  And tyrants feared the name of Paine.
We come, we hasten, far and wide,
  To stamp on slavery's shivered chain;
We come, our savior and our guide,
  Enlightener of our reason, Paine!

When despots banished freedom hence,
  Who raised the cherub's head again—

Digitized by Google

The magic power of "Common Sense,"
Wielded by thee, unconquered Paine.
Fill, fill the foaming goblet high,
To thee the sparkling bowl we drain,
Who dared the tyrant's scourge defy,
Great founder of our freedom, Paine.

While Reason's Age and Rights of Man,
T' illume our hearts and minds remain,
We'll laugh at every plot and plan
To shake our confidence in Paine.
Rise every nation, every land,
From field and forest, mount and plain,
A boundless, vast, unnumbered band,
To sing of Liberty and Paine. —*Anon.*

162

SAY A KIND WORD WHERE YOU CAN.

P. M.

What were life without some one to cheer us,
With a word or a smile on our way;
A friend who is faithfully near us,
And heeds not what others may say?
The bravest of spirits have often
Half failed in the race that they ran,
For a kind word life's hardships to soften;
So say a kind word when you can.
So say a kind word,
Say a kind word,
Say a kind word when you can.

Each one of us owns to some failing,
Tho' some may have more than the rest;
There's no good in heedlessly railing
'Gainst those who are striving their best.
Remember a word spoke complaining
May blight ev'ry effort and plan,
A kind word would help in attaining;
So say a kind word when you can.
So say a kind word, &c.

Oh! say a kind word then, whenever
'Twill make the heart cheerful and glad!

Digitized by Google

But chiefly—forget it, O never—
To one who is hopeless and sad.
There's no word so easy in saying,
So begin if you have not began;
Oh! never in life be delaying
To say a kind word when you can.
So say a kind word, &c. —*Anon.*

163

ON THE PROGRESS OF REASON.

AIR—"SCOTS WHA HAE."

Where oppression's iron hand,
Rose upon a blighted land,
Arms to weaken—hearts to brand,
Peace and joy shall reign!
On the pinions of the sun,
Reason's welcome tidings run—
Superstition's reign is done—
Man is free again!

As the storm rob'd icebergs frown,
Where the northern sun goes down,
So in icy robe and crown,
Sitteth bigotry!
Like the owl, at morning blind,
Hater of the noble mind,
Tyrant, who would chain the wind,
Morning dawns on thee!

Hide thee with thy raven hair
From the flashing golden air,
Seek again thy smoky lair,
Where thy victims lie!
Church and steeple, crown and throne,
Shall no more on earth be known,
Millions who in danger groan
Shall find liberty!

Priests of ev'ry age and clime—
Licens'd panderers—grey in crime—
All shall feel the scourge of time,

Digitized by Google

All shall fail their arts!
Welcome Reason! sun divine!
Manifold thy glories shine—
We will worship thee and thine,
Till our breath departs!

—*Abner Kneeland.*

164

FOGYLAND.

Of all the lands, from East to West,
I sing one stranger than the rest;
The sun finds not in all his round,
The winds within their ample bound,
Nor yet the peeping starry band
A place more strange than Fogyland.

The sun arises in the West,
And slowly creeps to find his rest;
While feebly dart his leaden rays
Through an eternal veil of haze;
The God who made it never planned
For sunshine bright in Fogyland.

No flowers grow, no gay birds sing,
But doleful bells are heard to ring;
The lambkins never dare to play,
The parroquets are taught to pray;
For piety is in demand
With all who live in Fogyland.

No sap on Sundays mounts the trees;
Within their hives sit moping bees;
The whistling winds are fast asleep,
And silence reigns o'er all the deep;
No wave dares dash upon the strand
When Sunday comes to Fogyland.

What people dwell within the place!
A rueful, woeful groaning race;
All pleasure is a deadly sin;
Of him who dares to walk therein,

Digitized by Google

The Devil waits to take the hand,
So say the folks of Fogyland.

A myriad priests within it dwell,
Who preach an awful, endless hell;
A Devil, master of the place,
Who takes three-fourths of all the race;
Their god cannot his arts withstand,
And he is king of Fogyland.

If ye would feel the glow of youth;
If ye would see the sun of Truth,
A joy receive all joys transcends,
Then break your bonds, and leave, my friends,
To owls and bats—night-loving band—
The gloomy vales of Fogyland. —*Wm. Denton.*

165

WAIT NO LONGER.

8's & 7's.

Oh for such an education—
Knowledge prosp'ring in the land,
As shall make this busy nation
Great in heart as strong in hand.

Knowledge free and unencumber'd,
Bound by no dogmatic cords,
Quick'ning minds that long have slumber'd
Doubling life by living words.

Knowledge that shall lift opinion
High above life's drifting sands;
Thought claims limitless dominion;
Men have minds as well as hands.

Shall we wait and wait forever,
Still procrastination rue;
Self-exertion trusting never—
Always dream and never do?

Digitized by Google

Wait no longer—hope, faith, labor,
Make man what he ought to be;
Never yet hath gun or sabre
Conquered such a victory. —*Anon.*

166

KINDNESS BEGETS KINDNESS.

8's & 7's.

There's a charm too often wanted,
There's a power not understood;
Seeds spring upward as they're planted,
Or for evil, or for good!
We forget that charm beguiling
Which the voice of sorrow drowns;
Smiles can oft elicit smiling!
Frowning can engender frowns.

There's a temper quick in sowing
Care and grief and discontent!
Ever first and last in showing
More in words than language meant:
Ever restless in its nature
Until sorrows set their seal
On each pale and fretful feature,
And the hidden depths reveal.

If a smile engender smiling,
If a frown produce a frown,
If our lips—the truth defiling—
Can the rose of life cast down!
Let us learn, ere grief hath bound us,
Useless anger to forego,
And bring smiles like flowers around us
From which other smiles may grow.
—*C. Swain.*

167

LET US ENJOY THE PRESENT MOMENT.

8, 7's, M.

Balmy seas of time and motion,
Bear me to thy soothing breast;

Digitized by Google

Cease thy roaring, foaming ocean,
Let me sleep in quiet rest.

Cease your frowns, old superstition,
Show no more an angry god;
For I see my true condition,
Borne aloft on Nature's flood.

On the banks are flowers blooming,
Let us cherish them as we pass;
For the wint'ry days are coming,
When such flowers cannot last.

See, the trees with fruits are bending
Richest clusters on the vine;
Happy hours with joy transcending,
Shall I call such transports mine?

Yes; while I my labor yielding,
All to help the common weal;
Each with arms his neighbor shielding,
Each for all like brothers feel,

Then, O then! each friend and neighbor,
All one object to obtain;
All partake in love and labor,
Through the vast, this wide domain.

—*Abner Kneeland.*

168

SUNSHINE.

CM.

I love the sunshine ev'rywhere—
In wood, and field, and glen:
I love it in the busy haunts
Of town-imprisoned men.

I love it when it streameth in
The humble cottage door,
And casts the chequered casement shade
Upon the red brick floor.

I love it where the children lie,
Deep in the clov'ry grass,

Digitized by Google

To watch among the twining roots
The gold-green beetle pass.

I love it on the breezy sea,
To glance on sail and oar,
Where the great waves, like molten glass,
Come leaping to the shore.

I love it on the mountain tops
Where lies the thawless snow,
And half a kingdom bathed in light,
Lies stretching out below.

Oh yes! I love the sunshine bright!
Like kindness or like mirth,
Upon a human countenance,
Is sunshine on the earth.

Upon the earth—upon the sea—
And through the crystal air—
On piled up clouds, the gracious sun
Is glorious ev'rywhere. —*M. Howitt.*

169

OUR DARLING.

TUNE—"AULD LANG SYNE."

Her merry voice is strangely hushed,
And closed the laughing eyes,
Her gentle, loving, tender heart
In solemn slumber lies.

O who could think that Death would take
The pearl beyond all price,
Whose gift it was to make of earth
A glorious paradise.

But gracious memories come fast,
Of word and smile so sweet,
That made the day and hour with joy
And happiness complete.

O snow, fall gently on the spot
That covers her dear face;

Digitized by Google

Blow gently, chilling winter wind,
Above her resting place.

The summer sun and summer rain,
Sweet flowers to life shall kiss;
And thoughts shall bloom that she is free
From sorrow such as this.

To miss a presence fair and sweet,
At morn, at noon, at night;
To see life's promise fade away,
Too soon in chilling blight.

But though the tears that fall for her,
Through sorrow-laden hours;
Through deep regret that clouds the day,
Shall blossom fragrant flowers.

For pain can never rack her form,
Nor sorrow bend it low;
The grief that crushes life and strength,
Her heart can never know.

—Susan H. Wixon.

170

FREETHOUGHT.

P.M.

Great word, that fill'st my mind with calm delight,
I love to feel, but cannot hope to tell,
How, like the noonday sun, thou dost dispel
The mists of error that impede our sight!
What noble dreams, what yearning hopes excite!
What mem'ries too awake at sound of thee,
Like myriad ripples on a wind-swept sea!
How full and irresistible thy might!
Thou causest to grow pale the tyrant's cheek;
Thou art the knell that loud proclaims the fall
Of despots and of priests, and those who seek
To crush the human mind beneath their thrall:
Thou dost avenge all wrong, make strong the weak—
Nobility and heritage of all!

—Edward H. Guillaume.

171

STAND FIRM.

C.M.

Still firm in purpose ever be,
  Wherever drifts the tide,
And bear in mind, whate'er we see,
  The world to all is wide.

Oh! heart, hold fast, though hard it be
  At first to win the way;
The darkest morning in the end
  May prove the brightest day.

As weak a boat has reached the port
  In spite of every tide:
Fear not that every course will fail
  Until the whole are tried. —*C. G. Leland.*

172

THE MEN WHO WORK.

7796,8786

Hurrah for the men who work,
  Whatever their trade may be;
Hurrah for the men who wield the pen,
  For those who plough the sea,
And those who earn their daily bread
  By the sweat of an honest brow!
Hurrah for the men who dig and delve,
  And they who reap and sow.

Hurrah for the sturdy arm,
  Hurrah for the steady will;
Hurrah for the workers's health and strength,
  Hurrah for the worker's skill.
Hurrah for those who gave us birth,
  Hurrah for the young and old,
The men of worth, all over the earth,
  Hurrah for the workers bold.

Hurrah for the men that work,
  And the trade that suits them best!
Hurrah for the six days' labor,

Digitized by Google

And the one of joyous rest!
Hurrah for the free and open heart!
Hurrah for the noble aim!
Hurrah for a loving, quiet home,
Hurrah for an honest name!

Hurrah for the men who strive!
Hurrah for the men who save!
Who do not sit down, and drink till they drown
But struggle and breast the wave.
Hurrah for the men on land,
And they who are on the sea;
Hurrah for the bold and the brave,
The good, the true, and the free!

—*J. Richardson.*

173

LABOR AND WAIT.

L. M.

Think not that martyrs die in vain;
Think not that truth so soon will fail;
We only break to form again,
We only bow before the gale.

There groweth up a mighty will,
And time will only give it force:
It tendeth to an object still,
Though somewhat swerving in its course.

Though vengeance were the battle-cry,
And fell revenge first drew the sword:
We seek a nobler victory,
More firm in act, more true in word.

And all the failures in the past
But make the future more secure;
The triumph of our cause at last
By bygone sufferings ensure.

Secure in truth, we wait the day
As watchers wait the morning light;
The false alone need dread delay,
For time will only strengthen right.

—*Robert Nicoll.*

Digitized by Google

174

BROTHERHOOD.

11,10

O brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother!
Where pity dwells, a heavenly peace is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps each great example
Of all whose holy work was doing good;
So shall the wide earth seem a sacred temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangor
Of wild war-music o'er the world shall cease;
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace. —*Whittier.*

175

THE SLUMBER OF DEATH.

P.M.

Peaceful and fair is the smiling repose
That the breast-cradled slumber of infancy knows;
Sound is the rest of the weary and worn,
Whose feet have been galled with the dust and the thorn;
Sweet is the sleep on the eyelids of youth,
When they dream of the world as all pleasure and truth!
Yet child, pilgrim, and youth shall awaken again
To the journeys of toil, and the trials of pain;
But, oh! there's a fast and a visionless sleep,
The calm and the stirless, the long and the deep;
'Tis the sleep that is soundest and sweetest of all,
When our couch is the bier, and our night-robe the pall.
No voice of the foe or the friend shall impart
The proud flush to the cheek, or warm throb to the heart:
The lips of the dearest may seek for the breath,
But their kiss cannot rouse the cold stillness of death.
'Tis a long, 'tis a last, 'tis a beautiful rest,
When all sorrow is passed from the brow and the breast:
And the lone spirit truly and wisely may crave
The sleep that is dreamless, the sleep of the grave.

—*Eliza Cook.*

Digitized by Google

176

HOSPITALITY.

C.M. (triple.)

We may not praise the good old times
For all that they record,
When Wrong was Right, if Saucy Might
Affirmed it with the sword.
The gate and bridge, the moat and tower,
Were best defenses then;
Rough hearts were served by sturdy hands,
And Force was king of men.
But though our sires had errors great,
Their virtues let us own;
They made the poor their welcome guests—
They hushed the widow's moan.

When redbreasts sought the garden plot,
To pick the scanty crumb:
When winds blew cold o'er frozen wold,
And all the groves were dumb;
When poverty and age were sad,
To see the drifting flakes;
When widows kissed their orphan babes,
And shuddered for their sakes;
Then glowed the fire upon the hearth
In many an ancient hall;
The tables shook—the platters smoked—
The poor were welcome all.

The Ancient Virtue is not dead,
And long may it endure;
May wealth in our land never fail,
Nor pity for the poor,
Though cold, inhospitable skies
O'er arch us as we stand,
They cannot dull the genial hearts
That glow within the land.
And evermore, when winds blow cold,
We'll imitate our sires—
We'll spread the board—we'll feed the poor—
We'll light the cottage fires.

—*Charles Mackay.*

177

REALM OF LOVE.

8,7

No more we look with yearning eyes
For a peace we may not know;
Sorrowing toil shall win the prize,
Win a realm of love below.

Distant yet but coming nearer
With each noble thought and deed;
Growing larger, growing dearer,
With the growth of human need.

The solemn sages of the past
Saw it in prophetic dreams;
The radiance of that kingdom vast
Came to them in fitful gleams.

We who look with wider vision
Full the future glory see;
Nor can fear nor blind derision
Veil from us the great to be.

The night no longer is supreme,
Though darkness makes the way obscure;
And what the infant world did dream
We know, and knowing, will secure. —*M. M.*

178

DAY OF DELIVERANCE.

L. M.

Ye toiling millions, led astray
By every errant meteor's blaze,
Bewildered, without hope or way,
In gloomy doubt's perplexing maze;

Of pride and superstition slaves
In two-fold bondage doomed to pine,
See, rising bright from sorrow's waves
The day of your deliverance shine.

The midnight shades, the meteor's blaze,
Of ignorance and error fly;

Digitized by Google

The morning star of science beams,
And truth illumes the mental sky;

The sons of night in darkening lines
To bar its progress vainly form;
The star of truth more strongly shines
And gathers brightness from the storm.

—*Anon.*

179

WHAT I'D SCORN.

C.M.

I'd scorn to have communion
With aught that's false or vile,
Or live in fellowship with those
Whose hearts are full of guile.
But I would seek at ev'ry time
To hail and aid each plan
That seeks to dignify this life,
And raise my fellow man. —*Selected.*

180

MEN OF GENIUS.

8,7

Men of genius, come, and aid us,
With your wealth of heart and mind,
With your lofty aspiration,
And your love of human kind.
For the sake of social progress,
And our future end in view—
For the cause we love and cherish,
And the good that you can do.

Too long we've fought and wrangled
O'er shadows light as air,
Causing endless disagreements—
Robbing earth of all that's fair,
For the sake of crooked notions.
And the splitting up of straws,
[illegible]ve uttered words offensive,
[illegible]r friends have turned to foes.

Digitized by Google

In the night-time and the darkness,
When no friendly aid is near,
We have censured one another,
And have sunk in doubt and fear.
But again the light is breaking,
And we see the dawn of day,
And we feel that love shall triumph,
And the gloom shall pass away.

Then come, aid us, men of genius,
With your wealth of heart and mind,
With your lofty aspirations,
And your love of human kind;
For the onward march of freedom,
And the cause of common good,
For each blessing you can render
To the bond of brotherhood. —*J. H.*

181

PAINE'S ANNIVERSARY.

TUNE—"GOD SAVE THE KING."

Hail! the auspicious day,
Hail, hail the natal day
Of Thomas Paine;
Ever his name shall be
Blended with liberty,
Revered by the great and free,
Immortal Paine.

Thousands in loud acclaim
This day his worth proclaim,
The worth of Paine;
While millions yet shall raise
Their voices in his praise,
In grateful melodies
Sound forth his name.

Cease, tyrants, cease to rail,
'Gainst truths that must prevail,
As taught by Paine;
His "Common Sense" shall be

Digitized by Google

The guide to liberty,
While nations great and free,
Shall bless his name.

Hark! 'tis fair Reason's voice,
That bids mankind rejoice;
Bids freedom reign;
While brooding o'er the past,
Foul priestcraft stands aghast,
To see the fraud at last
Destroyed by Paine.

Then hail! the auspicious day, etc. —*Anon.*

182

TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE.

TUNE—"CORONATION."

Come, sound the praise of Truth's fair name,
Sing loud on shore and sea;
Its worth has earned undying fame,
For truth makes all men free.

Before its lessons grand and bright,
Nations shall bend the knee,
And captives spring to meet the light,
For truth shall make them free.

Though Slavery's dull and rusted chain,
May tell its time-old plea,
And bind men's souls for gold and gain,
Yet truth shall make them free.

Though Error's mocking voice is heard,
And men to her still flee,
On God's white banner read the words—
The truth shall make you free.

Then sing again the joyful song,
Loud let our praises be;
For right at last shall conquer wrong,
And truth make all men free.

—*Susan H. Wixon.*

Digitized by Google

183

THE PARTING HOPE.

What power shall break that stern decree,
That all on earth must parted be
For ever?

Though love or kindred weave the chain,
They'll only for a while remain,
Then sever.

There's not a flower that scents the dell,
The perfume of whose dew-crown'd bell
We'd cherish;

There's not a morning rose-bud fair,
But may be doomed when evening's there,
To perish.

Thou still mayst prize the love now thine,
And in thy heart hope's lamp divine
Be keeping:

Yet time will steal thy shrine away,
And leave thee nought 'midst joy's decay
But weeping.
—*Charles Arnold.*

184

CORONATION.

We love no triumphs sprung of force;
They stain the brightest cause;
'Tis not in blood that liberty
Inscribes her holy laws.

Our spears and swords are truthful words,
The mind our battle plain;
We've won great victories before,
And so we shall again.

We want no aid of barricade,
To show a front to wrong;
We have a citadel in right,
More durable and strong.

Digitized by Google

No widow's groans shall load our cause,
No blood of brethren slain;
We've won without such aid before,
And so we shall again. —*Selected.*

185

TRUTH IS MARCHING ON.

TUNE—"JOHN BROWN."

Error's teachings shall moulder in the grave,
Error's teachings shall moulder in the grave,
Error's teachings shall moulder in the grave,
While truth goes marching on.

CHORUS—Glory, glory, hallalujah,
Glory, glory, hallalujah,
While truth goes marching on.

Let's be brave soldiers in the army of the good,
Let's be brave soldiers in the army of the good,
Let's be brave soldiers in the army of the good,
Now truth is marching on!

CHORUS—Glory, etc.
So truth is marching on!

Joyfully we'll strap life's burden to the back,
Joyfully we'll strap life's burden to the back,
Joyfully we'll strap life's burden to the back,
So truth is marching on!

CHORUS—Glory, etc. —*Selected.*

186

EACH FOR ALL.

8's & 7's.

Balmy sea of time and motion,
Bear me on thy soothing breast;
Cease thy roaring, foaming ocean;
Let me sleep in quiet rest.

Cease thy frowns, old superstition!
Show no more an angry God;

Digitized by Google

For I see my true condition,
Borne aloft on nature's flood.

See the trees with fruit are bending;
Richest clusters on the vine;
Happy hours, with joy transcending:
Shall I call such transports mine?

Yes; while I my labor yielding
All to help the common weal,
Every man his neighbor shielding,
All for all like brothers feel. —*Selected.*

187

WORDS THAT ARE KIND.

17,8

What a world of deep sweetness there is in the tone
That comes to us kindly when weary and lone;
Enwreathed with the laurel, what rest could we find,
If love never cheered us, with words that are kind?

The floating of music, when morning is bright,
May fall on the spirit like droppings of light;
For, oh, they are pleasant—the hymns of the birds:
But never, no, never, so sweet as kind words.

I've sat in the shadow of twilight's short wing,
And dreamed about fairies, and angels that sing;
They are lovely, these visions, by fancy combined,
But, oh, how much sweeter, are words that are kind.
—*Anon.*

188

FREEDOM.

7's.

Men! whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain,
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slave's indeed—
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Digitized by Google

Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

189

TO TYRANTS.

Go, still the heaving ocean's roar,
Go chain the viewless wind;
Then upward with the eagle soar
Till earth is left behind.

Pluck each bright star that shines on high,
And quench the sun in night;
Roll up the beauteous azure sky,
Then downward bend thy flight.

And when thou hast the ocean stilled,
And thou hast chained the wind;
When sun and stars are quenched in night,
Then turn and fetter mind. —*Selected.*

190

LIFE REVIEWED.

C. M.

When o'er the trodden paths of life
I backward cast my eyes,

Digitized by Google

What varied scenes throughout the road
Awaken my surprise!

Thousands to whom my natal hour
Imparted vital breath,
Just look'd on life, then clos'd their eyes
Fast in the sleep of death.

Thousands who rose to manhood's state
Safe through unnumber'd snares,
Travel'd not far before they sank
Amidst its thorns and cares.

Then may I spend each passing day
In what it brings to do,
In seeking with my own true good,
The good of others too. —*Selected.*

191

NOTHING LIKE AN EARNEST WILL.

C.M.

There's nothing like an earnest will,
To struggle through the world,
And to repel the arrows still
By fate against us hurled.

The bourne may be a distant one
Which we may wish to gain,
Our path may be a weary one
'Mid sorrow, want, and pain.

But if resolve be steadfast still
'Twill be our guiding ray;
For where there is an earnest will
We're sure to find a way.

Our night may be a starless one,
Our path a tangled maze,
But yet our eyes shall soon behold
The morning's golden blaze.

Keeping our gaze upon the east,
Leaving the night behind,

Digitized by Google

With will to find the light increased,
And strengthened in our mind,

The sun shall rise, the gloom depart,
Lost in the strength of day,
For earnest will, and trustful heart,
Are sure to find a way. —*Scott.*

192

NEVER LOOK SAD.

8,9

Never look sad!—nothing so bad
As getting familiar with sorrow;
Treat him to-day in a cavalier way,
And he'll seek other quarters to-morrow.

Long you'd not weep, would you but peep
At the bright side of each trial;
Fortune you'll find is often most kind,
When chilling your hopes with denial.

Let the sad day carry away
Its own little burden of sorrow;
Or you may miss half of the bliss
That comes in the lap of to-morrow.

When hope is wrecked, pause, and reflect
If error occasioned your sadness;
If it be so, hereafter you'll know
How to steer to the harbor of gladness.
—*T. H. Bayley.*

193

HOME OF OUR FATHERS.

9,8,13,8

America, thou home of our fathers,
How bright are thy hills and thy vales!
How enchanting, in youth, in thy green woods to wander,
Or bask in thy sun-gladdened gales!
Yet, land of our fathers, though sweet be thy smile
Though shady thy groves, and verdant thy fields,
The sons of thy bosom in blindness are pinning

Digitized by Google

The keen lash of torture which tyranny wields.
Mid the black air of mills they are hourly fading,
They pine, in the coldness of heartsick despair;
For them the gay smile of thy summer can thaw not
Keen poverty's frosts, or the law's icy snare.
But, sons of Columbia! our brothers! the season
Of nature's own order is nearing us fast
When error's sere serfdom shall fall before reason,
And truth dispel folly's dark clouds at a blast!

—*D. Gardiner.*

194

GLORY TO SCIENCE.

D.O.M.

Honor the heart at Freedom's call
That throbbing high and brave,
Dares for his blithesome hearth and home,
The dull and dusty grave!
Grand is the voice that, loud and clear,
Proclaims 'gainst despot's ban,
Defiant, stern, in words of fire,
The sacred Rights of Man!

But braver he, and grander far,
Who rings the warning bell,
To wake the freethought hosts to storm
The forts of heaven and hell.
All hail the morn when they awake,
Set not, O glorious Sun,
Till on the grandest victory
That earth has ever won!

Then forward, brothers, foot to foot—
Charge headlong on the foe,
And, with your sword-arm's mightiest swing,
Deal each determined blow;
Cleave superstition's shield of brass,
Showering your blows like hail,
And stab to priestcraft's inmost heart,
Spear through the triple mail.

Shame, brothers, on our craven ranks—
Black shame to you and me

Digitized by Google

If England's virtual king remain
The Man of Galilee;
If tales that pleased the infant world
When in its infant play,
Shall wither with their blight and curse
The manhood of to-day!

We'll let no priestly bribes or threats
Obscure our clearer sight,
But count as its own great reward
Our battle for the right;
Plant Freethought on the ruined creeds,
Till, in the world all o'er,
To Science, as the only Lord,
Be glory evermore. —*Saladin.*

195

STAND FOR TRUTH.

TUNE—"HOLD THE FORT."

Friends and comrades, hear the signal,
Raise our banner high;
Onward still, through toil and danger,
Truth can never die.

CHORUS—Stand for truth, where'er you find it,
Naught but truth is gain;
Seek for truth, your earnest effort
Shall not be in vain.

See our foeman yet before us
Superstition's throng—
Falsehood, Fashion, Pride and Error,
Greed and selfish wrong.

CHORUS—Stand for truth, etc.

Onward, then, till Error, wounded,
'Mid her followers dies;
Truth, tho' crushed, shall rise triumphant,
Ruling earth and skies.

CHORUS—Stand for truth, etc, —*Selected.*

Digitized by Google

196

TIME.

L. M.

When warm impetuous passions rise
And fame of pleasure lures our eyes,
Or, bent on Virtue's path sublime.
We chide the feather'd foot of Time.

In vain we war with Nature's force;
Time's rapid car pursues its course!
Nor wisdom's nor ambition's pow'r
Can stop the swiftly-moving hour.

The gay, the great, the good, the just,
Alike are journ'ying to the dust;
Then haste, the race of duty run,
Nor blame the quick revolving sun.

Days, months, and years, your rounds fulfill;
Witness our good intentions still;
Nor let one vagrant day pass by
Unbless'd by Reason's victory. —*Selected.*

197

PICNIC SONG.

Merrily every heart is bounding,
Merrily oh! merrily oh!
Joyfully now the news is sounding—
Joyfully oh! joyfully oh!
To the woods we go,
Where the violets grow,
Where the violets grow;
To the woods we go,
Merrily oh! merrily oh!
Merrily, etc.

Cheerfully every face is beaming,
Cherrily oh! cherrily oh!
Playfully every eye is gleaming,
Playfully oh! playfully oh!
In the fields away,

Digitized by Google

We will rove to-day,
We will rove to-day,
In the fields away,
Merrily every heart is bounding,
Merrily, etc —*Selected.*

198

NEVER SAY FAIL.

11s

Keep striving; 'tis wiser than sitting aside,
And dreaming and sighing, and waiting the tide;
In life's earnest battle they only prevail
Who daily march onward, and never say fail.

With an eye ever open, a tongue that's not dumb,
And a heart that will never to sorrow succumb,
You'll battle and conquer, though thousands assail;
How strong and how mighty, who never say fail.

In life's rosy morning, in manhood's fair pride,
Let this be your motto your footsteps to guide,
In storm and in sunshine, whatever assail,
We'll onward and conquer, and never say fail.
—*Anon.*

199

THIS WORLD IS NOT ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

ANSWER TO THOMAS MOORE'S, "THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW."

This world is not all fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
Who feels his heart with love aglow,
Dispelling fear, begins to know
The true delights of heaven.

Who lives in Nature's gospel ray,
From morn till dewy eve'n,
Beholding its sublime display
Of truth and beauty, well can say,
Earth *hath* the light of heaven.

Digitized by Google

Who looks with open eyes and mind,
Whence blinding mists are driven,
And goblin fancies cast behind;
With joy unspeakable doth find
That this—our earth—is heaven.

—*Caleb S. Weeks.*

200

A JOYFUL SONG.

L.M.

A joyful song now let us raise,
Our voices lift in Freedom's praise;
For men the brilliant truth now see,
That all are made by Nature free.

Free to examine various creeds,
And follow where conviction leads;
Free to embrace within their arms
The truth, in all its native charms.

Free to examine nature's laws,
And mark the inference reason draws;
And thus shall freedom lead the mind
The wrong to shun, the right to find. —*Anon.*

201

TAKE THE FORT.

NATURALISTIC ANSWER TO BLISS' AND SANKEY'S "HOLD THE FORT."

"Ho! my comrades, see the signal
Waving in the sky!"
Morning dawns, the fogs are breaking,
Light falls on the eye!

CHORUS—Take the fort from error's forces!
All their armor fails!
Superstition shrinks, retiring,
Nature's light prevails!

Waking from their night-mare dreaming,
Reason leading on,

Digitized by Google

Souls of men are now perceiving
Error's power is gone.

CHORUS—Take the fort, etc.

Nature's banner, see! 'tis streaming,
And her bugles call;
Soon shall waft triumphant music
To the ears of all!

CHORUS—Take the fort, etc.

Though it fiercely ruled for ages,
Superstition dies;
More and more the light is breaking
On the opening eyes!

CHORUS—Take the fort, etc. —*Caleb S. Weeks.*

202

GENTLE WORDS.

C. M. D.

Roses in the summer time
Are beautiful to me,
And glorious are the many stars
That glimmer on the sea:
But gentle words and loving hearts,
And hands to clasp my own,
Are better than the fairest flowers
Or stars that ever shone.

The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew the drooping flower,
And eyes grow bright and watch the light
Of autumn's op'ning hour;
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart:
But oh! if those who cluster round

Digitized by Google

The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth! —*Anon.*

203

WISDOM.

L. M.

Amidst a world of hopes and fears,
A wild of cares, and toils, and tears,
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat;

May I the false allurements shun
To which the thoughtless many run,
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.

May never pleasure, wealth or pride,
Entice my heart to turn aside;
But through the maze of moral ill,
May Wisdom's dictates guide me still.

Teach me all evil to suppress,
To rear the plant of happiness;
Thus, working for my fellow man,
May I fulfill great Nature's plan. —*Anon.*

204

A NEW FAITH FOR THE OLD CREEDS.

C. M.

Let superstition be destroyed,
And falsehood cast away,
That liberty may be enjoyed,
And truth hold sov'reign sway.

Let thought be free to all mankind,
And reason's light illumine
The long-benighted realms of mind,
Dispelling clouds of gloom.

Let conscience rule us every day,
That we may honor truth,

Digitized by Google

And her supreme commands obey
Through life, from early youth.

Let kindness fill the human heart
With sympathy for all,
And bid us knowledge to impart
The mind to disenthrall.

Let love prevail o'er every breast,
And happiness abound;
May all mankind be truly blest,
Humanity be crown'd. —*E. King.*

205

ONE OF BLISS AND SANKEY'S ASPIRATION HYMNS NATURALIZED.

More manliness give me,
More vigor within,
To rise above suffering
And fancies of "sin";
Let Reason—my savior—
His light, love and care
Show Nature unfolding,
To answer each prayer.

A larger faith give me,
To trust in our Lord;
His life, law and glory,
In Nature—his word;
That tears and vain sorrows,
And all morbid grief,
In Nature's revealings
May find their relief.

A consciousness give me,
That all life is pure—
That ne'er on the spirit
A stain can endure;
Then for thy great kingdom
More fitted I'll be,
And find blessed Nature
A heaven with thee. —*Caleb S. Weeks.*

Digitized by Google

206

THE BIBLE.

P. M.

What book is filled with tales so wild
That you would scarce believe a child
To think them true could be beguiled?
The Bible.

What book has been the pregnant cause
Of cruel and tyrannic laws,
And filled with victims death's wide jaws?
The Bible.

What doth each kingly knave befriend,
And slavery, which else would end,
Its countenance and sanction lend?
The Bible.

What's been a fruitful cause of cant,
Hypocrisy, deception, rant,
And madness oft, when brains were scant?
The Bible.

What eighteen centuries has stayed
The progress science else had made,
In rendering mankind her aid?
The Bible.

—*Selected.*

207

JOIN FREEDOM'S BAND.

D. S. M.

Come, join with Freedom's band!
All, all, who would be free;
Link, proudly link, both heart and hand,
And shout for Liberty!
Swift in its speed as light
The sound shall travel forth,
And men of every clime unite,
From east to farthest north.

Come, join with Freedom's band!
Nor rest, till those bright waves
Which flow around our native land

Digitized by Google

Shall cease to circle slaves.
On in your strength combined,
Concentrate all your power;
And thick as snow upon the wind,
Your mental arrows shower.

Come, join with Freedom's band!
Unite! the world is free!
Never could tyranny withstand
The shock of Liberty.
Let faction strive in vain
By treachery to divide:
A people leagued is like the main,
Resistless as its tide.

Come, join with Freedom's band!
For zealots and for kings,
Man's blood hath deluged every land
Where life and beauty springs;
But Mind, and Mind alone,
Shall conquer in our cause;
And all men soon the justice own
Of equal rights and laws. —*Anon.*

208

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I saw from the beach when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;
Each wave that we danced on at morning ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;
Give me back, give me back, the wild freshness of morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light.

O, who would not welcome that moment returning,
When passion first waked a new life through his frame,
And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in burning,
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame.

—*Thomas Moore.*

208

I SAW ON THE BEACH.

AN ANSWER TO MOORE'S "I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I saw on the beach, when the waters declining,
Had opened the depths to my wondering view,
Full many a gem with a rich lustre shining,
And joyed in the loss that brought treasures anew.

And such is the gain as youth's spring-tide ebbs from us;
Then loves all maturing, no more work alone,
But blending with reason, fulfilling life's promise,
Reveal the new soul-life before all unknown.

Yes, bright are the glories of life's opening morning,
And loves in wild passion asserting their might:
But give, in its time, the ripe wisdom adorning,
The spirit unfolded for its world of light.

O, let us all welcome the evening approaching,
When loves, strong, enlightened, in calmness abide,
Nor mourn the lost bubbles they caused when encroaching
Obstructions impeded life's uprising tide.

—*Caleb S. Weeks.*

209

KIND WORDS.

P.M.

What a world of deep sweetness
There is in the tone
That comes to us kindly
When weary and lone:
Enwreathed with the laurel,
What rest could we find,
If love never cheered us
With words that are kind?

Digitized by Google

The floating of music,
When morning is bright,
May fall on the spirit
Like droppings of light.
For O they are pleasant—
The hymns of the birds;
But never, no never,
So sweet as kind words.

I've sat in the shadow
Of twilight's short wing,
And dreamed about angels
And songs that they sing;
They're lovely—such visions
By fancy combined,
But O how much sweeter
Are words that are kind. —*Selected.*

210

CIVIL RIGHTS.

TUNE—"A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE."

A vote in the laws they make!
A home in the land I till!
Where the hearts of the many break,
The cup of the few to fill.
By the right of their laws I pine,
But what are their laws to me?
For I live by a right sublime,
And that's the right to be free.
A home in my native isle!
A share in the wealth I heap!
Where the rich in their revels smile,
And the poor in their anger weep.
We weep, we weep, we weep, in want and thrall!
They laugh, they laugh, they laugh, in tower and hall!

The strength that in numbers lies
Each hour is making known!
Pioneers of truth! arise!
And you shall not be left alone!

Digitized by Google

We'll scatter their knavish rule
Like a prisoned storm set free,
Till tyrant, and tyrant's tool,
Have vanished from sea to sea!
A home in my native isle!
A share in the wealth I heap!
Where the rich in their revels smile,
And the poor in their anger weep.
We know, we know, we know, the time has come!
They fear, they fear, they fear, approaching doom!

At the word of the cruel few
The clouds of the battle frown.
But long as the many are true,
We'll say let the storm come down!
And on as the masses sweep,
Our cry shall meet them still;
"A share in the wealth we heap!
"A home in the land we till!"
A home in my native isle,
A share in the wealth I heap,
Then the rich, if they like, may smile,
But the poor shall cease to weep.
Awake! awake! awake! each slumbering slave!
Unite! unite! unite! ye ready brave. —*Ernest Jones.*

211

NEVER RAIL AT THE WORLD.

AIR—"ERIN, MY COUNTRY."

Never rail at the world—it is just as we make it,
We see not the flower if we sow not the seed;
And as for ill luck, why it's just as we take it—
The heart that's in earnest no bars can impede.

You question the justice which governs man's breast,
And say that the search for true friendship is vain,
But remember this world though it be not the best,
Is next to the best we shall ever attain.

Never rail at the world, nor attempt to exalt
That feeling which question's society's claim;

For often poor friendship is less in the fault,
Less changeable oft than the selfish who blame.

Then ne'er by the change of fate be depress'd,
Nor wear like a fetter time's sorrowful chain;
But believe that this world, though it be not the best,
Is next to the best we shall ever attain. —*C. Swain.*

212

FREEDOM'S TRUTH.

8,7

Trust thyself! believe endeavor,
Try again, though hope should fail;
Hope is mortal; Faith for ever
Liveth—living, must prevail.

Trust thy fellows! work together,
Even the sun works not alone;
Whirling through the width of ether
Other suns their courses run.

Trust in truth! she is eternal;
Let thy will but fix its root;
Trust in truth, who in one kernel
Hideth centuries of fruit. —*Anon*

213

THE TRUTH IS MARCHING ON.*

AIR—THE "JOHN BROWN CHORUS."

The day our fathers waited for is dawning on us now;
We see the mantle falling on the prophet at the plough;
We hear the trumpet sounding where the victor strikes the blow,
The truth is marching on.

CHORUS—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
The truth is marching on.

* Published in Frank Moore's "Rebellion Record," entitled "Our Men are Marching On," by George W. Bungay. Deeming it too beautiful for mere special local use, as a war song, I have taken the liberty to make it general by changing the title and the words in brackets. C. S. W.

Digitized by Google

The breezes waft the chorus of the rivers to the sea;
Each wave swells like the bosom that is panting free to be;
The stars are lit in heaven for the coming jubilee—
While truth is marching on.

CHORUS—Glory, etc.

Sweet promises are written on the soft leaves of the flowers;
The birds of spring are jubilant within their leafy bowers;
A rainbow has been woven by the shuttle of the showers—
For truth is marching on.

CHORUS—Glory, etc. —*Changed by C. S. Weeks.*

214

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG.

When earth produces free and fair
The golden waving corn;
When fragrant fruits perfume the air,
And fleecy flocks are shorn;
Whilst thousands move with aching head
And sing the ceaseless song,
"We starve, we die, oh, give us bread!"
There must be something wrong.

When wealth is wrought, as seasons roll,
From off the fruitful soil;
When luxury, from pole to pole,
Reaps fruit of human toil;
When, from a thousand, one alone
In plenty rolls along,
And others ne'er a joy have known—
There must be something wrong.

When poor men's tables waste away
To barrenness and drought,
There must be something in the way
That's worth the finding out;
With surfeits one great table bends,
While numbers move along,
While scarce a crust their board extends,
There must be something wrong.

Digitized by Google

Then let the law give equal right
To wealthy and to poor:
Let freedom crush the hand of might,
We ask for nothing more;
Until this system is begun,
The burden of our song
Must and can be only one—
There must be something wrong. —*Selected.*

215

THE HOMES 'ROUND US HERE.

COUNTERPART TO BLISS AND SANKEY'S "HOME OVER THERE."

O! think of the homes 'round us here,
Which might all be made joyous and bright
If the "saints did but see and revere
God's great law of justice and right;

REF.—'Round us here, 'round us here,
O think of the homes 'round us here,

O! think of the souls 'round us here,
Who homeless life's journey must plod,
In despair which refuses a tear;—
Ever robbed in the name of our God.

REF.—'Round us here, 'round us here,
The poor homeless souls 'round us here!

Be saviors to these 'round us here;
Like Jesus denounce and expose,
Without the least favor or fear,
False piety propping the woes.

REF.—'Round us here, 'round us here,
Save these from the hells 'round us here!

Could all earnest piety here,
To God and his children be given,
Our earth from all sorrow 'twould clear,
And set up the kingdom of heaven.

REF.—'Round us here, 'round us here,
'Twould soon build a home 'round us here!

—*Caleb S. Weeks.*

Digitized by Google

216

THE PROGRESS OF FREEDOM.

AIR—"LIBERTY."

Oppression shall not always reign;
There comes a brighter day,
When Freedom, burst from every chain,
Shall have triumphant way.
Then right shall over might prevail,
And truth, like hero armed in mail,
The hoots of tyrant wrong assail,
And hold eternal sway.

What voice shall bid the progress stay
Of truth's victorious car?
What arm arrest the growing day,
Or quench the solar star?
What reckless soul, though stout and strong,
Shall dare bring back the ancient wrong,
Oppression's guilty might prolong,
And Freedom's morning bar?

The hour of triumph comes apace,
The fated, promised hour,
When earth upon a ransomed race
Her bounteous gifts shall shower.
Ring, Liberty, thy glorious bell!
Bid high thy sacred banner swell!
Let trump on trump the triumph tell
Of Heaven's redeeming power. —*H. Ware.*

217

NEW VERSION OF AN OLD HYMN, BY WATTS.

C. M.

Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle the flame of trustful love
In hearts which fear devours.

In vain they sing their dogma-songs,
In vain they strive to rise;

Digitized by Google

They languish, shrivel on their tongues,
And such devotion dies.

O! shall our brethren ever live
At this poor dying rate,—
With fears congealing love to thee,
While thine is still so great?

Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
And wake their nature's deeper love
That it may join with ours.

—*Caleb S. Weeks.*

218

AUTUMN.

P.M.

The dry leaves are falling—the cold breeze above
Has stript of its glories the sorrowing grove.

The hills are all weeping—the field is a waste;
The songs of the forest are silent and past.

And the songsters are vanished—in armies they fly,
To a clime more benignant, a friendlier sky.

The thick mists are veiling the valley in white;
With the smoke of the village they blend in their flight.

And lo! on the mountain the wanderer stands,
And sees the pale Autumn pervading the lands.

Then, sorrowful wanderer, O sigh not, nor weep;
For nature, though shrouded, will wake from her sleep.

The Spring, proudly smiling, shall all things revive,
And gay bridal garments of splendor shall give.

—*Selected.*

219

FREEDOM'S HOME.

D.C.M. TUNE—AULD LANG SYNE.

There is a dear beloved, spot
That's always near the heart,
Which time and space can never blot

Digitized by Google

From memory's living chart;
'Tis home, our native home so sweet;
Our first, last, wish is home,
Where youth and age together meet;
'Tis home, fair Freedom's home.

Here liberty and virtue meet,
And tyrants dare not come;
Be this our first, our last, retreat,
Our children's native home.
'Tis home, their native home so sweet,
Our chosen, happy home;
Thus may we ever fairly meet,
And bless fair Freedom's home.

Then, whereso'er through life we roam,
O'er mountain, wild, or wave,
The smiles of home, fair Freedom's home,
Shall light us to the grave.
'Tis home, our chosen home so sweet;
Fair Freedom's only home;
Where friends and kindred freely meet,
That spot alone is home. —*Anon.*

220

NATURE'S HOUR OF PRAYER.

NEW VERSION OF AN OLD HYMN.

Sweet hour of prayer! of Nature's prayer!
Of earnest work beneath her care:
Which, making all my wishes known,
Secures her work to aid my own.
When waking wants would cause me grief,
I turn to thee, and find relief,
And free myself from every care
By Nature's earnest labor prayer!

Sweet hour of prayer! of Nature's prayer!
Thy wings doth each petition bear
To Nature's living, loving cause,
And answers gain from Nature's laws;
Thus Nature bids me seek her face,

Digitized by Google

And gain her providential grace,
And raise triumphant o'er each care
By thy great power, sweet Nature's prayer!

Sweet hour of prayer! of Nature's prayer!
Thy aid supports me everywhere;
By thee I scale life's mountain height,
And gain a view in clearer light;
And in the rays there shed around
In future joys gain faith profound;
And on the earth a heaven prepare
By thy kind aid, sweet Nature's prayer.

—*Caleb S. Weeks.*

221

ANGRY WORDS.

8's & 7's.

Angry words are lightly spoken,
In a rash and thoughtless hour,
Brightest links of life are broken
By their deep insidious power.
Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
Ne'er before by anger stirred,
Oft are rent past human healing
By a single angry word.

Poison-drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison-drops are they,
Weaving for the coming morrow
Saddest memories of to-day.
Angry words—oh! let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip:
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them ere they soil the lip!

Love is much too pure and holy,
Friendship is too sacred far,
For a moment's reckless folly
Thus to desolate and mar.
Angry words are lightly spoken:
Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirr'd;
Brightest links of life are broken
By a single angry word.

—*Selected.*

Digitized by Google

222

BUILDING FOR THE FUTURE.

TUNE—THE HARMONIOUS BLACKSMITH.

For the future are we building;
For the future do we plan
How to-day may best be wielding
All the varied powers of Man—
Even the least one duly priz'd
All their differings harmonized.

For the future we are sowing,
On the common field of right,
So that each have room for growing
Freely to its utmost height—
All the garnered sheaves to be
Garnered for humanity.

For the future are we singing:
So sustain each one his part
That the chorus may be bringing
Sweet accord to every heart.
So the song of our essay
Shall uplift its wings for aye. —*Anon.*

223

ONE OF BLISS AND SANKEY'S HYMNS.

CHANGED TO A HUMANITARIAN VERSION.

Rescue the perishing,
Sorrowing, dying;
Ever assist the desponding to save;
Light give the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Teach them respect for the natures they have.

CHORUS—Rescue the perishing,
Sorrowing, dying,
Though from the Pharisees
Censure you have.

Though in the deepest sloughs,
Hopelessly sinking;

Digitized by Google

Loaded with scorn, disrespected by men,
Give them a brother's hand,
Lovingly, gently,
Then they will rise into manhood again.

CHORUS—Rescue, etc.

Down in the human heart,
'Neath the stained surface,
Feelings lie buried that love can restore;
Touched by a loving heart
Wakened by kindness,
Cords nearly broken will vibrate once more.

CHORUS—Rescue, etc.

Rescue the perishing;
Duty demands it;
Duty to self—to the life of the soul,
Love—true fraternal love,
Link'd with our fellows,
Only conducts to a heavenly goal.

CHORUS—etc. —*Caleb S. Weeks.*

224

HIGHER WILL WE CLIMB.

7,6,7,7

Higher, higher, will we climb
Up the mount of glory;
That our names may live through time
In our country's story;
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper, let us toil
In the mines of knowledge;
Nature's wealth, and learning's spoil,
Win from school and college;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward, may we press
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,

Digitized by Google

Excellence true beauty.
Minds are of celestial birth,
Make we then a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer, let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit,
In the wildest weather;
Oh! they wander wide who roam
For the joys of life from home. —*Montgomery.*

225

THE VIOLET.

C. M.

There is a flower, a little flower.
In modesty array'd;
It bloometh not in lady's bower,
But in the wild wood's shade.

Array'd in purple sheen it blooms,
And croucheth in the dale:
And sheds around its rich perfumes
On summer's balmly gale.

And oft I've deem'd that little gem
Would wither in the blast;
But meekly still its slender stem
Bow'd as the rough winds pass'd.

And still in solitude it rose;
In nature's wilderness;
Alike removed from winter's snows
And autumn's scorching kiss.

And when life's brightest days were past.
And summer's smiles had fled
It yielded to the noontide blast
And calmly droop'd its head.

And ye may still have seen the same,
Nor can ye e'er forget
The modest little beauty's name,
It is the Violet. —*R. Lipsham.*

Digitized by Google

226

"SALVATION."

C. M.

Salvation! O, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
Salvation from the gloom profound
Of superstitious fears.

Buried in fancies crude, of "sin"
And a wrath "Divine," we lay;
But raised by Nature's grace within,
We see a heavenly day.

Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound!

—*Caleb S. Weeks.*

227

THE BETTER CREED.

AIR—"THE BETTER LAND."

I hear thee speak of a better creed,
Where reason and science are taught instead
Of fasting, and prayer, and faith, and grace.
Mother, O where is this better place?
Is it richly endowed, and upheld by the State,
And only free to the rich and great?
Not so, not so, my child.

Is it far away 'neath the sunny sky,
And the balmy breezes of Italy,
Whose despot rulers are monkish knaves,
And the priest-ridden people wretched slaves?
Can it be from the halls of the Vatican
That truth and science are taught to man?
Not there, not there, my child.

Is it nearer home, where on Sabbath days
The hearers yawn while the minister prays,
Or nod assent while he dares to tell
That honest inquirers are doom'd to hell?

Digitized by Google

Is it truth they teach, dear mother, say,
From the Protestant pulpits on Sabbath day?
Not so, not so, my child.

Eye would not see it, could they prevent,
Ear would not hear with their consent,
The little band that struggles away,
Waiting the dawn of a brighter day.
When the hoary fabric of error shall fall,
Then shall flourish the Freethought Hall.
It is there, it is there, my child.

—*J. Wilson.*

228

TYRANNY IS FALLING.

TUNE—"BABYLON IS FALLING."

"Hail! the day so long expected!"
Dawning "day of full release;"
When from lawless laws protected,
Workmen all shall live in peace.
From the shores of all the nations,
Freedom's trumpets loudly roar:
Tyranny is falling! falling! falling!
Tyranny is falling, to rise no more!

Hail! ye long desponding toilers!
Now, uprising in your might,
To o'erthrow the world's despoilers,
And enthrone eternal right,
Ye shall gain your own true stations,
Crushing all that stands before;
Tyranny is falling! falling! falling!
Tyranny is falling, to rise no more!

Despots ask, in haughty madness,
What is this, that comes to pass?
Then, in deep'ning tones of sadness,
Murmur, O! alas! alas!
Hear them cry in deep vexation,
While they writhe in anguish sore,
Tyranny is falling! falling! falling!
Tyranny is falling, to rise no more!

Digitized by Google

See! the rays of truth are firing,
Outworn wrong of every name!
Let the people, never tiring,
"Clap their hands and blow the flame."
Now begins a new creation—
The old system's day is o'er;
Tyranny is falling! falling! falling!
Tyranny is falling, to rise no more!

—*Caleb S. Weeks.*

229

GORGEOUS DAWN.

7's

Freedom! gorgeous is the dawn
Of thy brightly coming morn,
Radiantly approaching now,
Flushing every manly brow
With a hue, from which decay
Coldly glancing, wings away,
Like a baffled bird of prey.

Hail, O people! hail that light,
Bordering the veil of night
With growing radiance; each hour
Gifts it with more potent power.
Hail its rising, every one,
As the Persian did the sun,
When of old the day begun.

'Tis the light that Freedom sheds;
As its glorious influence spreads,
Hearts shall gladden, souls shall know
Wisdom's intellectual glow;
Mind—immortal Mind—shall be
Bright with reason, cloudless, free;
Hail the dawn of Liberty! —*Anon.*

230

NEW VERSION OF AN OLD HYMN.

Nature, fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;

Digitized by Google

Streams of bounties, free, unceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
That my soul may rise above
Every care that weighs upon it,
Joyous in thy perfect love.

Then I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come,
Knowing that each needed treasure
Nature strews around my home.
Nature found me when a ranger,
Plunged in superstition's flood:
Then she rescued me from danger,
On her firm foundation stood.

To her dawning light a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
May it soon remove each fetter,
And from superstition free;
Prone to wander, (oft I feel it)—
Prone to live the light I love;
Fully to my soul reveal it,
Then triumphant it will prove.

—*Caleb S. Weeks.*

231

GENTLE WORDS AND LOVING SMILES

D. C. M.

Roses in the summer-time
Are beautiful to me,
And glorious are the many stars
That glimmer on the sea;
But gentle words, and loving hearts,
And hands to clasp my own,
Are better than the fairest flowers,
Or stars that ever shone.

The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew the drooping flower,
And eyes grow bright and watch the light
Of autumn's opening hour;

Digitized by Google

But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart:
But, oh, if those who cluster round
The sunny home and hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth. —*Anon.*

232

INTERNATIONAL SONG.

TUNE—"JOHN BROWN."

The morning star of freedom rises in the eastern sky,
While yet her brave defenders by the tyrants' hands oft die,
But though Rossel and comrades in their bloody graves now lie
Their souls are marching on.

CHORUS.—Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Their souls are marching on.

And onward with them moving, is the great immortal band
Of freedom's noble martyrs from each nation, clime and land,
Assisting in the mighty work they still have well in hand
As they go marching on.

Glory, &c.

They're starting up more lively freedom's dross-consuming fires,
Inspiring human nature with new life and new desires;
In battling with oppression this great army never tires
As they go marching on.

Glory, &c.

Digitized by Google

The people are enlisting, and across the foaming sea
The continents are clasping hands in full fraternity,
Their workmen dedicating all their lives to liberty
As they go marching on.

Glory, &c.

Before our rapid progress legal robbers stand aghast,
Monopoly begins to feel its day has nearly passed,
While Mammon quivers like a reed before the whirlwind's blast
As we go marching on.

Glory, &c.

And all the thrones are shaking as they feel our steady tread,
While despots and aristocrats are shuddering with dread;
As to a final victory beneath the banner red
Our braves are marching on.

Glory, &c.

—*Caleb S. Weeks.*

233

MOTHER NATURE.

10s

Oh mother Nature, still thy wonders bring
Illumination in the soul's despair;
Still dost thou speak of some supremer thing
Bidding the prisoned will sublimely dare.

Sternly the woe-charged hours their message speak,
The dread ambassadors of unknown fate;
Sternly they bid us know that we are weak,
That frowning circumstance alone is great.

Sometimes the skies seem veiled for evermore,
The comfort of the stars withdrawn for aye,
The inspiration lost that oft before
Filled us with hopes of some serener day.

But thou, oh mother, with the look benign,
Art with us still, in sorrow and in joy;
Of all our higher purposes the sign;
Robed in a light despair may not destroy.

Digitized by Google

Thou hast outlived the gods; we know thy might,
And how thou givest wisdom to the wise,
Endowing them with that serene delight
Which all the tangled woes of life defies.

Be thou our guide, sustain our doubtful will
With larger hopefulness and quickening fire;
Take from the soulless hours their power to kill
The proud suggestions of our high desire. —*M. M.*

234

8s & 7s p. **TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.**

High hopes that burn'd like stars sublime,
Go down the heavens of Freedom;
And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterliest need them!
But never sit we down, and say
There's nothing left but sorrow;
We walk the wilderness to-day,
The promised land to-morrow.

Our birds of song are silent now,
There are no flowers blooming!
Yet life beats in the frozen bough,
And Freedom's spring is coming!
And Freedom's tide comes up alway,
Though we may stand in sorrow;
And our good bark, aground to-day,
Shall float again to-morrow.

Oh! Youth! flame earnest, still aspire,
With energies immortal!
To many a heaven of desire,
Our yearning opes a portal!
And though age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow,
We'll sow the golden grain to-day—
And harvest comes to-morrow.

—*Gerald Massey.*

Digitized by Google

235

FREEDOM.

7s

Freedom's charms alike engage
Blooming youth and hoary age;
None are happy but the free;
Bliss is born of Liberty.

Though all other joys were mine,
'Midst those joys should I repine,
If the powers of my soul
Felt the harshness of control.

For one day with Freedom spent
Yieldeth more sincere content
Than a whole eternal round
In the chains of slavery bound.

Give me Freedom while I live;
For my guide pure Wisdom give:
Give me Goodness for my friend,
Happiness will then attend. —*Anon.*

236

NOT ALL THE BLOOD.

(IMPROVED FROM WATTS.)

Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace
Or wash away the stain.

Not Christ, the so-called lamb
Can take our sins away,
No sacrifice of others blood
Should on our altars lay.

Our own salvation we must earn
By purest thought and deed,
Then we shall find this earth will give
Whatever we shall need.

And a heaven here we'll build,
Where love and peace shall dwell;

And Wisdom be our only God,
Who doeth all things well.
—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

237

DEAR HOME.

8,7

"Home is the kingdom—love is king,"
That rules us where'er we roam;
And heaven's sweetest lays we sing,
Of the dear spot—our home.

Our home there are brighter skies,
And sunnier lands far away,
Where summer's soft breath never dies,
But at home, contented we'll stay.

Sweet home! how our pulses bound!
What a joy it sends to our heart!
The words have a musical sound
Of peace that will never depart.

Dear Home! what a haven of rest,
To feet long accustomed to roam,
Surrounded by what we love best,
We find in our own cheerful home.
—*Mrs. C. A. N. Smith.*

238

THE NINETY AND NINE.

OVERLOOKED IN BLISS AND SANKEY'S HYMN.

There are ninety and nine that helpless lie
'Neath the despot's greed and power,
That one may revel in luxury,
And squander each golden hour,
And poison the founts of human life
With want and disease, and bitter strife.

They ply their arts and build their shrines
In the sacred name of God.
As the justice and order of law Divine
They wield their dark sceptre-rod—

Digitized by Google

And bow to the dust the souls of men,
And the opening eyes soon blind again.

And rarely the victims realize
Their saddened condition here,
For their pious reverence blinds their eyes,
And each struggling hope joins trembling fear,
Which fetters and yields them up again
Like flocks of sheep for the slaughter-pen.

O, manhood! must forever thy way
Through groveling slavery lead!
The victims of these wolfish tyrants of prey?
No! the shepherd comes to thy need.
He comes in the opening light divine,
To save from the wolves the ninety and nine.

His name it is Wisdom; he comes in the night
Of Nature's all-conquering sweep.
With science, well armed, he strikes for the right;
Rejoice! he will save the sheep—
On their opening eyes shed the light divine,
And save from the wolves the ninety and nine,

—*Caleb S. Weeks.*

239

STAND FOR THE RIGHT.

Stand for the right and stand for the true!
Cowards take flight when foes are in view;
Stand for the beautiful, stand for the high!
Ever be dutiful, true till you die.

Bigots may sneer, malign and upbraid;
Timid souls fear and have thy course staid;
Fashion may slight thy truth and thy love,
Heaven's own light shall smile from above.

Earth is distressed; the weak and the poor,
Ever oppressed, thy succor implore;
Sickness and gloom cause thousands to weep,
Till in the tomb their poor bodies sleep.

Passion and strife, superstition and greed;
Stimulus, life of debauch, the foul weed;

Digitized by Google

Ignorance, vanity, priestcraft and fraud,
Folly, insanity ever abroad.

Plead for the cause of God and of man,
And for the laws of Nature's great plan;
Nature supernal, the bible of love;
Joys there eternal shall lift men above.

Stand for the right and stand for the true!
Manfully fight for the good, old and new!
Then in the end, with spirit made bright,
We shall ascend to spheres of light.

—*E. D. Babbitt, D.M.*

240

SCIENCE AND SUPERSTITION.

8 & 7 TUNE—"NETTLETON."

What a storm through earth is brewing!
Temples totter, churches fall;
Faith upbuilding, faith undoing,—
Science writing on the wall;
Law demands full recognition,
Truth is arming on her side,
Facts are ranging in position,
Nature's summoned to decide.

Rock-ribbed mountains, storm-tossed oceans,
Lonely valley, mine and cave,
Planet orbits, comet motions,
Darkling secrets of the grave;
Seers who've crossed the mighty river,
With the love beyond the sky,
Sons of God, who've lived forever,—
All are called to testify.

Startled ghosts of midnight pinion,
Hosts from dreamless realms below,
Croaking for long lost dominion,
When 'twas death for man to know;
Idols from their thrones are jumping,
Devotees are in dismay·

Digitized by Google

Buddha is with Brahma bumping,
While Mahomet stands at bay.

Fogies stare with big-eyed wonder,
Orthodoxy quakes in fear;
Progress thunders, "stand from under!"
Bigots shriek, "The devil's here!"
Creeds as old as Time, or older,
Tumble now before the storm;
Purgatory's growing colder,
While its friends are growing warm.

Earthly saints who by election
Claim first-class front seats in Heaven,
Now would sell that choice selection
Less than cost,—good titles given.
Man or monkey making faces
O'er the Darwin pedigree;
Monkey scorning all that traces
Man from monkey ancestry

Woman, too, the storm is riding,
Not as witches rode of yore,
But with visor up, and guiding
Where she followed just before.
Woman, stern as thunders rolling,
Lightnings flashing from her eye;
Man forlorn as church-bell tolling,
Sadly waits the by and by.

Woman freed from fear and fetters,
Onward, upward, how she flies!
War's domain, and law and letters,
Pills and potions, now her prize.
Tyrant man, by fear o'ertaken,
Seeks for some lone island, where
By all womankind forsaken,
He may soothe his sorrow there.

—*Ezra T. Leggett.*

Digitized by Google

241

LABOR'S MISSIONARY HYMN.

AIR—"GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS."

From all our mountain regions,
And every fragrant dale—
Where o'er earth's toiling legions
The tyrants still prevail;
Now struggling to resist them,
The victims in their pains,
Call on us to assist them,
In striking off their chains.

What though with plenty teeming
Our beauteous world o'erflows,
Greed, with its "legal" scheming,
Spreads o'er it want and woes;
"In vain, with lavish kindness,"
Fond Nature's wealth "is strown;"
While robbed and kept in blindness,
The workman has no home.

Shall we who know how blighting
Is foul monopoly,
E'er cease to aid in fighting
To set the people free?
Or heed the cynics ever,
Who as reformers seek
To slur each true endeavor
For freedom's cause to speak?

No! full emancipation
To all the world declare!
Till through each land and nation,
Its echoes fill the air!
Till every honest toiler
His rights shall fully gain;
And the would-be despoiler
Shall ply his arts in vain!

—*Caleb S. Weeks.*

142

WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR.

PARODIED FROM WATTS.

When I can read my title clear,
To truth, the greatest prize,
I'll bid farewell to myths down here,
And Gods above the skies.

Should priests against these truths engage
Anathemas be hurled,
I'll pity feel at their vain rage,
And love this beauteous world.

Let facts, like a wild deluge come;
And superstitions fall,
This earth shall be my only home,
My hope, my heaven, my all.

Here I shall bathe my wearied soul
In seas of peaceful rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my happy breast. —*Elmina D. Slenker.*

243

THE DAY IS DAWNING.

AIR—"TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP," ETC.

Come, awake, the daylight dawns,
Rise to meet the coming morn;
Hail, oh hail, the glorious light which now appears,
Darkness long has held its sway,
Now at last 'twill pass away.
Light is coming which will shine through endless years.

CHORUS.—Yes, oh yes, the day is dawning,
In the East the light appears;
It is driving night away,
And will shine in every place,
Ever growing brighter through eternal years.

Digitized by Google

Now, no longer need we walk
In the darkness of the night,
Led by those who falsely claim to know the way;
For this light will shine on all—
On the great and on the small,
So that now no one need ever go astray.

CHORUS.—Yes, oh yes, the day is dawning, etc.

Ignorance is dying out,
Wisdom coming in its place;
Superstition's falling down to rise no more.
Old theology must die,
For philosophy is born;
Science is the God whom all will now adore.

CHORUS.—Yes, oh yes, the day is dawning, etc.

Then rejoice to meet the morn,
Better times are near at hand;
Rise to meet the dawn with loud and happy cheers;
Love shall take the place of hate,
Happiness shall be our lot;
Hail, oh hail, the blessed light which now appears.

CHORUS.—Yes, oh yes, the day is dawning, etc.

—*J. A. Lindberg.*

244

THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death. The stars go down,
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

Digitized by Google

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved friends away,
And then we call them dead!

He leaves some hearts all desolate,
Who deem they've lost their fairest flowers;
But well we know they're blooming now
In bright, immortal bowers!

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad these scenes of care and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Amid the tree of life!

Regard not then, the vanished form,
Too fair for earthly sins or vice,
He left us for a holier sphere,
And dwells in Paradise!

Born into that undying life,
Our friends depart, but come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in strife and pain!

And ever near us, though unseen,
Their dear, immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead! —*Bulwer Lytton.*

245

NATURE'S GOSPEL TRUMPET.

C. M. OLD HYMN OF DR. WATTS NATURALIZED.

Let every human ear attend,
And every heart rejoice!
For Nature's gospel-trumpet sounds
With an inviting voice!

Digitized by Google

Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls
Who feed upon the wind,
Who with tradition's dogma-toys
Would fill an empty mind;

Eternal wisdom here prepares
A soul-supplying feast;
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry!

The gates of Nature's gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Here all may find complete supplies,
And drive their wants away.

—*Caleb S. Weeks.*

246

THE POETRY OF SCIENCE.

C. M. TUNE—"VARINA,"

Oh, say not science lacketh charms
To woo the poet's pen
To swell the pages of romance,
Or thrill the souls of men;
Her's is a realm of fairy land,
A scene of endless change,
Where eye and ear are all confused
With wonders passing strange.

She binds the eternal elements,
She yokes them to the plow,
And iron steeds with hearts of fire
Speed at her bidding now.
Deep in the ocean's solitude
She her bright name engraves,
Unscathed she treads its golden sands
And cleaves its surging waves.

Digitized by Google

She joins the nations of the earth
With mystic net-work bands,
Binding in common brotherhood,
The dwellers in all lands,
Whilst through these wondrous arteries
The lightning pulses thrill,
Bearing glad news of "Peace on Earth,"
To all mankind "good-will."

She binds their orbits, and the stars
Speed on their track of light,
Sparkling afar in heaven's dark hall
Like glories in the night;
The planets feel her lion grasp
As their bright paths they run,
And with relentless laws she guides
The chariot of the sun.

The trees relate their fairy tales,
The plants unfold their store
Of wisdom and design, and tell
Truths never dreamt before.
The lightning plays around her feet
And does her bidding well.
The very stones break forth in song,
List to the tales they tell:

They tell how chaos ruled—how earth
Lay wrapped in death-like sleep,
How silence reigned in majesty,
And darkness veiled the deep,
They tell how life uprose on earth,
How forests clothed the land,
And step by step reveal the work
Of his almighty hand.

Calmly in silence and in gloom,
In caverns of the earth,
They teach vain man the nothingness
Of his ephemeral birth;
Show him dread scenes of former life
Long to destruction hurled,

Digitized by Google

And on earth's pillars bid him read
The history of a world.

Behold another votary still—
The light her aid has given,
Light, whose bright beams of purity
Rushed angel-winged from heaven.
Then fair Aurora lit the north,
And shook her streaming bars,
Then earth awoke, awoke to life—
Then sang the morning stars.

Ages of dim futurity
Shall own thy powerful sway,
Till man with all his noble works
Shall pass from earth for aye.
Forever teach him Nature's laws,
Unfold his Maker's will,
Guide him in paths of light and truth,
And lead him upward still. —*Selected.*

247

MARCH OF MIND.

TUNE—"JOHN BROWN," &c.

Blind old ignorance stalks through the land,
Thwarting, opposing us on every hand;
But we're marching against him a mighty band,
For mind is marching on.

CHORUS—Glory, glory, etc.

Old ignorance has a forehead contracted and low.
His posterior and basilar predominate, and O!
He's but a selfish animal you know,
But mind is marching on.

CHORUS—Glory, glory, etc.

His features are repulsive and his manners are uncouth;
He misleads, degrades, contaminates our youth;
He's a foe to all progression and the reign of right and truth,
But mind is marching on.

CHORUS—Glory, glory, etc.

Digitized by Google

He marches mighty armies over earth's prolific plains,
And death and desolation ever follow in his train:
Universal education shall dissolve his fearless chain
As mind is marching on.

CHORUS—Glory, glory, etc.

In darkness and error he gropes his thorny way;
To slavery and knavery he's a sycophant and prey;
But the beams of Science shall dissipate his sway,
As mind is marching on.

CHORUS—Glory, glory, etc.

Then let us all battle, as long as we live,
Humanity's great enemy and no quarters give;
And more than earthly honors we all shall receive,
As mind is marching on.

CHORUS—Glory, glory, etc. —*J. H. Cook.*

248

VOYAGE ON.

TUNE—"JOHN BROWN."

Sleeps well the past, within its unremembered grave,
On that shore where time's billows cease to rave;
There too, error dies in her sepulchral cave;
Make sail and voyage on.

While dawns the morning where hangs the crescent Hope;
Brightly gleams the day-star adown the orient cope;
Spreads now the day-spring o'er all the heavenly scope,
Make sail and voyage on.

Lo! where the shining altitudes of the future rise,
Rarely pure and radiant with amethystine dyes,
To meet the holy ardor of the all-embracing skies;
Make sail and voyage on.

There walks religion, with truth and science reconciled;
There God the Father stands revealed to man the child;
There abide love and wisdom, pure and undefiled;
Make sail and voyage on.

—*Mrs. J. A. Cody.*

Digitized by Google

249

LOVE DIVINE.

NEW VERSION OF AN OLD HYMN OF WESLEY'S COL.

Love Divine, all love impelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down
Ever more within us dwelling,
All our lives with wisdom crown.
Father, Mother!—vital spirit,
Love's unbounded life thou art;
Let us more thy love inherit;
Fill to fullness every heart!

Let, O let life's richest treasure
Overflow from every breast,
Filling earth with heavenly pleasure,
Giving souls divinest rest:
Come, almighty to deliver!
Strife and darkness then will flee,
And the earth, matured, shall ever
Yield the fruits of harmony!

—*Caleb S. Weeks.*

250

ODE TO SCIENCE.

AIR—"AMERICA."

Glad voices let us raise,
And sing triumphant praise
This day to see;
For on our mental sight,
Now rising in its might,
Beams Science, glorious light,
Mankind to free.

All o'er our favored land
Old ignorance we command,
Our presence leave,
Truth, without church or state,
Be ours to consecrate;
And by it victory great
We will achieve.

Digitized by Google

The tree of knowledge spread,
Shall rear its peaceful head
On hill and plain;
Beneath its graceful bowers,
We'll pluck its fruits and flowers,
And strengthen all our powers,
Truth to proclaim.

Let us, a noble band.
The human mind expand;
Spread mental light.
Lo! science, calling, stands
With virtue hand in hand,
Their faces beaming grand
With truth and right. —*Prof. J. H. Cook.*

251

TRUTH OUR WATCHWARD.

C.M.

Truth is our watchword, let it be,
The pride of all to gain;
So let us work with faithfulness,
In pleasure or in pain.

We have a truth that will not shrink,
Though press'd by priest or foe
Who hurl their vengeance to our brink,
With superstition's woe.

No angry God can govern us,
Nor do we fear his name,
But look upon him simply thus
A shattered, worn-out frame.

Well throw these Gods and bleeding sons,
Forever in the shade,
With all their clergy, priest and craft,
Then will our debt be paid,

Then can we nobly carry on
Our grand and glorious work,
Of truth and happiness to all,
So all may freely talk.

Digitized by Google

O hasten on, sweet day of rest,
When love and truth shall dwell,
In every heart that breaths of life
And Infidels shall swell.

Then will it be the fight is fought,
And so the victory won;
Then we can die, no fear of death,
And pass off one by one. —*Zach Stokes.*

252

FORWARD.

TUNE—"ROMAINE."

Forward! the day is breaking,
Earth shall be dark no more;
Millions are now awaking
On every sea and shore;
With trumpets and with banners,
The world is marching on;
The air rings with hozannas,
The field is nearly won.

Forward! the world before us
Listens to hear our tread,
And the calm heavens o'er us
Smile blessings on our head;
Hope, like an eagle, hovers
Above the way we go;
The shield of patience covers
Our hearts from every foe.

Forward! as near and nearer
Draw we unto our rest—
Joyous, the light shines clearer
In every faithful breast.
The past has ceased to find us,
Its chains are hurled away;
The deepest gloom behind us
Melts in the dawn of day. —*Selected.*

Digitized by Google

253

NEW VERSION OF AN OLD HYMN, BY DUNCAN.

C.M.

All hail the Truth! behold, he comes!
See, errors prostrate fall!
He comes with royal diadem,
And crowned the Lord of all!

He comes to all—no chosen race
No partial remnant small;
He gives to all his sovereign grace;
He comes! the Lord of all!

Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all!

Then, with the mighty, joyous throng
Arising from their thrall,
We'll join in an exulting song
To Truth—the Lord of all!

—*Caleb S. Weeks.*

254

LET LOVE BE YOUR RELIGION.

Let love be your religion;
Let justice be your aim;
Let all that's good and noble
Your strict attention claim;
Do always unto others
As you'd have done to you;
Whatever you are doing,
Be always good and true.

Let truth be in your speeches,
And wisdom in each word;
Let all your words be gentle,
Let nothing else be heard;
Be kind to all around you,
And to yourself be true;
Then will the world respect you,
And honor what you do.

Digitized by Google

Let virtue be your helmet;
Let honor be your shield;
Then you need fear no weapons,
Your enemies may wield.
Let actions be your savior,
Humanity your God;
Live not your life in secret;
But send your light abroad.

Let reason and your conscience
Dictate your life to you;
Obey the laws of nature,
Its rod and laws are true;
Let love be your religion,
And walk in wisdom's ways;
And when this life is over,
You'll find your proper place.

—*J. A. Lindberg.*

255

OPENING SONG.

TUNE—"RETREAT.

L.M.

As brethren here again we meet,
In friendship's name each other greet,
And seek with earnest hearts to find
The truest blessings for mankind.

Our Liberal friends we welcome here,
Who bring kind words our souls to cheer,
Who seek salvation, one and all,
From ignorance and error's thrall.

May science lend her helping hand,
And shed her light o'er all the land;
Our minds with nobler aims inspire,
To climb the hill of knowledge higher.

Let peace and concord here abide,
With charity our thoughts to guide,
And truth and love and wisdom be
Our only creed and trinity. —*S. R. Shepherd.*

256

THE ADVANCE OF TRUTH.

AIR—"WORTHING."

Truth is dawning! see the morning
Kindled over sea and land!
And the gilded hills are warning
That the day-spring may not stand!

Far adown it flows and widens,
Souls are lighted by the blaze;
And the distant mountain summits
Stand transfigured with its rays.

Listen to the acclamation,
Borne along from step to step;
Nation calling unto nation
Like the surges of the deep.

Brothers, onward! lo, our standard
Soaring in immortal youth;
We're the vanguard of the nations,
Girded with the might of truth!

—*Selected.*

257

"HOLY BIBLE! BOOK DIVINE!"

SUPERSEDED.

Reason! glorious, divine!
Precious treasure thou art mine!
Mine to tell me whence I came,
Mine to teach me what I am.

Mine to chide me when I rove,
Mine to show kind Nature's love,
Mine thou art to guide my feet,
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.

Mine to comfort in distress,
And when weary me to bless;
Mine to show the way to truth,
And for age build up in youth.

Digitized by Google

Mine to tell of joys on earth
Joys in thee that have their birth;
Reason! glorious! divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

258

NEED OF ACTION.

TUNE—"HOLD THE FORT."

Lose no time in idle dreaming
Fold no more thy hands;
Banish for the real the seeming,
Break sloth's tyrant bands.

CHORUS—Earnest action! this our watchword,
Ever now must be!
If we care for true progression
If we would be free.

Up and doing! no to-morrow
Can replace to-day;
From no future hope to borrow
Time thou can'st not pay.

CHORUS—Earnest action, etc.

Strength is nurtured by exertion,
Sluggish streams soon fail,
Of this law there's no reversion,
It speaks in every gale.

CHORUS—Earnest action, etc.

The whole Universe doth speak it
If we care to hear;
And the silence, what can break it,
Around the dreamer's ear?

CHORUS—Earnest action, etc.

Each one of us, however lowly,
Has mission to fulfill,
Mission high, and pure and holy
Dare we lack the will?

CHORUS—Earnest action, etc.

—*Sara A. Underwood.*

Digitized by Google

259

"PRAISE BE TO GOD."

While praising my maker (?) O, Christian we'd ask
A question or two thy patience to task;
Who, which, or what does that maker compose?
Is she spirit and flesh? and does she wear clothes?
Is it matter, with powers and potencies grand?
Is he sea, air, or ocean, or firm, solid land,
We are anxious to know very soon, if you please,
If your maker is all or any of these.
And does he, she, or it, apppreciate your praise,
And make them all happy, your nights and your days?
Prove this to be fact, and we're forced to believe,
And Infidel principles at once we will leave,
And turn right about, do all that we can
To benefit (?) God and regenerate man.
We want but the truth, the facts plain and clear,
That our bark in the future we safely may steer.
We'll search for the truth till that gem shall be found,
If again and again we tread the whole ground,
And dive to the bottom of the deep fabled well,
Where once it was hidden, as philosophers tell.
What! no reply, when we've waited so long?
Then we'll bid you good-bye and wind up our song;.
And search Nature's volume, its vast plain and clear,
And certain we are the truth to find here.

—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

260

A BRIGHTER DAY.

AIR—"HOLD THE FORT."

Comrades! see o'er yonder hill tops
Gleams of light appear;
Brighter, stronger, clearer growing,
Day will soon be here.

CHORUS—Faithful be to Reason's standard,
Fear not Error's powers;
Truth is strong and sure to conquer,
Victory must be ours.

Digitized by Google

Not the light from pious altars,
Red with scenes of death,
But the light of reason breaking
Through the gloom of faith.

CHORUS—Faithful be, etc.

Long the night of superstition
Wrapped the earth with gloom;
Now the glorious rays of Reason
Slow her vales illume.

CHORUS—Faithful be, etc.

Slowly, surely, brightly, grandly,
Spreads the glorious light,
Harbinger of all that's precious,
Freedom, Truth, and Right.

CHORUS—Faithful be, etc. —*Chas. Stephenson.*

261

A CALL TO ACTION.

AIR—"WORTHING."

We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand eventful time,
In an age of ages telling;
To be living is sublime.

Hark! the waking up of nations,
Truth and error to the fray.
Hark! what soundeth? 'tis creation
Groaning for its latter day!

Will ye play, then, will ye dally,
With your music and your wine?
Up! it is Jehovah's rally!
God's own arm hath need of thine.

Hark! the outset! will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up, O up, thou drowsy soldier,
Worlds are charging to the shock.

Digitized by Google

Worlds are changing—heaven beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding.
On—right onward for the right.

On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God. —*A. C. Coxe.*

262

WATTS IMPROVED.

Now let fair Reason and bright truth,
Be worshiped and adored;
Where gods once sat, we'll these enthrone,
We need no Christ or Lord.

—*Elmina D. Slenker*

263

REASON'S REIGN.

A PARAPHRASE.

TUNE—"JESUS, MY ALL, TO HEAVEN IS GONE."

Gods, Christs, and Bibles, all are gone,
That once I fixed my hopes upon;
Their track I see, I'll not pursue,
A fairer way I have in view.

The way the good and truthful went,
O! this is where my steps are bent;
Here only can we walk at ease,
For all thy paths are paths of peace.

This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long had been
Because I was not saved from sin.

Now that I learn Gods have no power
I feel that weight of guilt no more;
Hark! I hear bold Reason say,
"Come hither, all! I am the way."

Digitized by Google

I gladly come her ranks to swell,
And bid good-bye to heaven and hell;
Though but little have I to give!
I trust the more I shall receive.

I'll tell the news the world around,
The happiness that I have found,
Since losing faith in Jesus' blood,
Preferring reason's truth to God.

—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

264

THE VICTIM OF PLUNDER.

AIR—"THE EXILE OF ERIN."

There came to the beach a poor victim of plunder,
The look on his features the soul could but chill;
And deeply he sighed, for he still struggled under
The "law" of old despots, who robbed him at will.
But the day-star of freedom now rose o'er the ocean;
Its rays soon attracted his eyes sad devotion;
And then, in the glow of new-kindled emotion,
He sung the bold anthem of justice for all.

Though hard is my lot, said the poor wandering stranger,
Despoiled and enslaved from the day of my birth;
I shall have a refuge from famine and danger—
The workman shall yet have a home on the earth;
Then, never again, shall his soul cringe and cower,
And bow to the despot and yield to his power;
But in peace and plenty shall spend each sweet hour,
And sing in full freedom of justice for all!

Ah! long have I dreamed of the day which is nearing!
And long have I wondered if e'er it should be:
But lo, and behold! now, its dawn is appearing;
The workmen are rising in true majesty!
Hurrah! see! their banners now proudly float o'er us!
See! in wild dismay tyrants shrink from before us!
While truth in her might now aids to restore us,
The rights of the people—true justice for all!

—*Caleb S. Weeks.*

Digitized by Google

265

WORKMEN ROUSE!

AIR—"BRUCE'S ADDRESS."

Workmen rouse! in every land!
Ye who toil with head or hand—
Sons and daughters take your stand,
If you would be free!

Legal robbers, men of prey,
Steal your heritage away,
To support their pomp and sway;
This is slavery!

Who at their behest would toil—
Never once attempt to foil
Despots who their homes despoil—
Let them bow the knee!

Who would battle for the right—
Who for equity would fight,
Let him rise, and with his might
Strike monopoly!

Though in rage the tyrant raves,
Swear by all your martyred braves,
You his meek submissive slaves
Never more will be!

Banish plund'ring laws from earth,
And enthrone its real worth;
Give to every child from birth,
Perfect liberty! *Caleb S. Weeks.*

266

HERE AND NOW.

When for us this life is o'er,
And we are then ourselves no more;
Our flesh and blood and bones decay,
And mingle with their kindred clay.

Digitized by Google

And where say you, then, goes the soul?
Bones, flesh and blood is not the whole;
The mind that thinks, that gives us sense,
Where goes this when we go hence?

Bones and flesh and blood combined,
Form what we call the human mind;
'Tis only mind while life remains,
Till mother earth, our dust regains.

Then mind and life, and thinking soul,
Have reached their end, and final goal,
The closing eye, the parting breath,
Put soul and mind and self to death.

We come, we live, and then we pass
Away like simple blades of grass;
So let us try the best we can
To make the most of life's short span.

We'll live for joy, we'll live for truth;
We'll build for age while yet in youth,
And make our earth so fair and bright,
That all shall live in love and light.

—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

267

TO REASON.

C. WESLEY IMPROVED.

S. M.

O, Reason! full of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

Thy willing servant, I
Restore to thee thine own;
And, from this moment, live or die,
I serve but thee alone.

—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

268

TRIUMPH OF LABOR.

AIR—"DAUGHTER OF ZION."

Children of labor, the day-dawn is breaking!
The day when the despots can plunder no more;
See! in all lands, how the people are waking!
Rejoice! for the night of oppression is o'er!

Strong are their forces, but ye shall subdue them,
And scatter their legions, and sweep them away!
Behold! they retreat ere ye start to pursue them!
As light falls upon them they shrink in dismay.

Children of labor, the day breaking o'er us
Shall know only justice and full liberty!
Shout! for the foe shall no more stand before us,
But all live like brothers in true equity.

—*Caleb S. Weeks.*

269

MAKE A HEAVEN ON EARTH.

9's

Perchance by some beautiful river.
Where the feet of bright angels have trod,
We shall meet some time, and forever
Rejoice in the radiance of God.
But though happ'ly our heart strings quiver
In that far away region of bliss,
Methinks 'twere more wise to endeavor
To make such a paradise of this.

No harp strings attuned by the angels
In those mystical regions above,
Compare with Truth's holy evangels
And the soul-thrilling anthems of love.
And bright though the pearl-studded portals
Of celestial palaces may be,
More dear to the spirits of mortals
Are the homes of the pure and the free.

What a glorious garden to live in
This terrestrial home of ours might grow,

If all who for heaven are striving,
Would strive to make a heaven below!
Were this man's only endeavor,
This earth's dreariest deserts would bloom
With blossoms of bliss such as never
Have been dreamed in dreams of the to-come.

—*Charles Stephenson.*

270

THE AWAKENING BEGINS.

AIR—"OLD HUNDRED."

"Though darkness long has veiled the earth,"
And despots ruled for many years;
Fair liberty shall soon have birth—
The dawn of day at length appears.

The frightened hordes of tyrants quake,
While now before their wond'ring eyes,
The working masses start and wake,
And in the strength of manhood rise.

Monopoly shall soon give way,
And hide its horrid demon face;
No more on earth to hold its sway:
And justice then shall take its place.

Then lift your labor-banners high!
Exalt your standard everywhere!
The day of triumph draweth nigh,
Equality to all declare!

Caleb S. Weeks.

271

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

A PARAPHRASE.

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn straight from Nature's veins;
And thinkers, bathed within that flood,
Shall sing in joyous strains.

And all the longing world shall see,
This fountain shoot and play;

Digitized by Google

If each but strives that he will be,
For truth and right alway.

Then silly talk of "precious blood"
At once shall lose its power,
And man be ransomed from his God,
And falsehood's reign be o'er.

We'll cleanse for aye this "bloody" stream,
And drink from Nature's spring,
Where crystal waters silvery gleam,
And cadenced sweetness sing.

There is no nobler, loftier song
Than this we sing to-day;
Strive for the right, forsake the wrong,
Glad Nature's voice obey.

—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

272

GENERATIONS COME AND GO.

AIR—"SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER."

The Spring which this year clad the earth,
Was not the Spring of last year's birth;
The fruits which Autumn now outpours,
Are not of last year's golden stores;
The winter snows which soon will fall,
Are not of last year's feathery pall;
And even thus, and even so,
Earth's generations come and go.

The dew drop erst on yonder bough
Is not the dew drop sparkling now;
The rose that yester cheered our way
Is not the rose that blooms to-day;
The bird that last night charmed our ears
Is not the bird this morning hears;
And even thus and even so,
Earth's generations come and go.

The sun to-morrow 'll shed his ray,
But not the one he sheds to-day;

Digitized by Google

A rose to-morrow 'll breathe perfume,
But not the rose that's now in bloom;
A friendly face to-morrow 'll know,
But not the face so precious now;
And even thus and even so,
Earth's generations come and go.

—*Charles Stephenson.*

273

NEARER TO TRUTH.

6's 7's TUNE—"BETHANY."

Nearer O truth to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be sorrow
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer O Truth to thee!
Nearer to thee!

Through life a wanderer,
Far up and down,
Troubles come over me,
Weary alone!
Yet day and night I'd be—
Nearer, O Truth to thee!
Nearer to thee!

Clear let the way appear,
Unto me given;
Path of true wisdom bright,
Tending to heaven;
Bright guides now beckon me—
Nearer, O Truth to thee!
Nearer to thee!

Then let my brightest thoughts,
Glow with thy praise,
Out of my sore troubles,
Gladly I'll raise;
Thus 'twill be joy to be—
Nearer, O Truth to thee!
Nearer to thee!

Digitized by Google

So if on joyful wing,
Upward I fly,
Like light in the sunbeam,
Starward I fly;
And on my spy glass be—
Nearer, O Truth to thee!
Nearer to thee! —*Changed by D. Jenkins.*

274

MY CREED.

I hold that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

I hold all else, named piety,
A selfish scheme, a vain pretense;
Where center is not, can there be
Circumference?

This I, moreover, hold and dare
Affirm where 'er my rhyme may go:
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
Love makes them so,

Whether it be the lullabies
That charm to rest the nursling bird,
Or that sweet confidence of sighs
And blushes made without a word.

Whether the dazzling and the flush
Of softly sumptuous garden bowers,
Or, by some cabin door, a bush
Of ragged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactory,
Nor stubborn fact nor stated prayer,
That makes us saints; we judge the tree
By what it bears.

For when a man can live apart
From works, on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust. —*Phoebe Cary.*

Digitized by Google

275

ULTIMATUS.

Rescued at length, the whole round earth
Shall bear a fairer fauna,
And perfect races, larger-browed,
Shall with their works adorn her;
Building no more the bigot's shrine,
And piles ecclesiastic,
But Academies where Truth can show,
Unveiled, her face majestic.

To young and old, to man and maid,
To all the happy people,
Grovelling no more in homage to
The cross and parish steeple,
Then shall begin the order new,
Unfolding grander ages,
Needing no more historic pens,
But only bards and sages—

Hierophants of Truth to lead
To vistas brighter, greener,
Wherein the nations, unified,
Shall breathe a breath serener;
And roaming through the fields of air,
Have wider scope and margin,
Not tenants of a few trite spots,
But all their bounds enlarging.

Cosmopolites of earth and sky
Through noon and sunset sailing,
O'erlooking continents and isles,
While heights ethereal sailing;
The old strait-lacings of the past
Shall all be burst and riven,
And creeds and dogmas to the winds
Like threshed-out chaff be given.

Then love shall be celestial fire,
Not merely pottage boiling,
Its torch to kindle at the beck
Of church and state recoiling;

Digitized by Google

But lambent lightning of the heart,
Round youth and beauty playing,
The Satyr's hoof no more amid
Its fruits and blossoms straying.
The hymn of love shall be upraised
Beneath the lamp of Hesper,
And youths and virgins purer vows
In softer moonlight whisper.

—*B. W. Ball.*

276

REVOLUTION.

8887.

Truth is shining, earth's awaking;
Freedom rising, chains are breaking;
Tyrants on their thrones are quaking,
For their reign is nearly done.
Knowledge coming, error leaving;
Pen and press their past retrieving,
Swiftly fly their shuttles, weaving
All the nations into one.

Priests and creeds are retroceeding;
Men the guide within are heeding;
Every one his garden weeding,
Headlong bigotry is hurled.
Love upspringing, hate is dying;
Men rejoicing, knaves are sighing;
Deadly curses fast are flying
From a renovated world. —*Wm. Denton.*

277

CONFIDENCE IN NATURE.

AN OLD HYMN NATURALIZED.

Nature, mother of my soul!
Let me on thy bosom lie
When the surging billows roll—
While life's tempest rages high!
Guide me, glorious mother, guide,
When the storms are sweeping past;

Digitized by Google

Then from duty ne'er I'll hide,
But the helm control at last.

"Other refuge have I none,"
I no other need but thee;
Let, O let thy life enthrone
Manly energy in me!
All the help my nature needs,
To my aid thy working brings,
Till my groping soul succeeds
In developing its wings.

Plenteous light in thee is found
To illumine all within,
Showing love and truth abound,
Freeing from the dream of "sin."!
Shed, O shed it over all,
Till they know their natures "pure,"
And old superstition's thrall
Shall no more on earth endure.

—*Caleb S. Weeks.*

278

HYMN TO NATURE.

AIR—"AMERICA, MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE."

Spirit of Nature! Thou
To whom the heaven's bow
In silent praise.
Thou who art from sun to sun,
Never ending, ne'er begun,
To Thee, the Eternal One,
Our hymns we raise.

Source of all life and light,
Of all things fair and bright,
All beings spring.
Thou who on Earth's broad floor
With bounteous hand doth pour
Nature's exhaustless store,
To thee we sing.

Digitized by Google

We urge thee not, nor ask
That thou perform thy task
Or change thy ways.
Not ours, the lips to dare
Offer to thee a prayer,
But thine shall be fore'er
Our hymns of praise.

Not 'fore some despot's throne,
Defiling heaven's zone,
We thus applaud,
But only Thee alone,
Thou all encircling one;
Boundless, endless and unknown,
The only God. —*Charles Stephenson.*

279

STAND FOR THE RIGHT.

C.M. AIR—"AULD LANG SINE.

Be firm, be bold, be strong, be true,
And dare to stand alone;
Strive for the right whate'er ye do,
Though helpers there are none.

Nay, bend not to the swelling surge
Of public sneer and wrong;
'Twill lead thee on to ruin's verge,
With current wild and strong.

Stand for the right, though falsehood rail,
And proud lips calmly sneer;
A poisoned arrow cannot wound
A conscience pure and clear.

Stand for the right, and with clean hands
Exalt the truth on high;
Thou'lt find warm, sympathizing hearts
Among the passers by.

Men who have seen, and thought, and felt,
Yet could not boldly dare

Digitized by Google

The battle's brunt, but by thy side,
Will every danger share.

Stand for the right! proclaim it loud,
Thou'lt find an unswerving tone
In honest hearts, and thou'lt no more
Be doomed to stand alone. —*Selected.*

280

THE TRUMPET SHALL SOUND.

Soon shall the trump of freedom
Resound from shore to shore;
Soon taught by heavenly wisdom,
Man shall oppress no more;
But ev'ry yoke be broken—
Each captive soul set free,
And every heart shall welcome
The day of jubilee.

Then tyrants' crowns and sceptres,
And victor's wreaths and cars,
And galling chains and fetters,
With all the pomp of wars,
Shall in the dust be trodden,
And rule the world no more;
And peace and joy from heaven
On all the earth shall pour. —*Selected.*

281

FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

AIR—"BRUCE'S ADDRESS."

Friends of freedom! ye who stand
With no weapon in your hand,
Save a purpose stern and grand,
All men to set free;
Welcome! freedom stands in need
Of true men in thought and deed—
Men who have this only creed,
That they will not flee!

Digitized by Google

Though we were but two or three,
Sure of triumph we should be;
We our promised land shall see,
  Though the way seem long;
Every fearless word we speak
Makes sin's stronghold bend and creak—
Tyranny is always weak,
  Truth is always strong!

All the hero-spirits vast,
Who have sanctified the past,
Bearing witness to the last,
  Fight upon our part;
We can never be forlorn;
He, who, in a manger born,
Bore the priest's and Levite's scorn,
  Gives us hope and heart.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

282

MARRIAGE.

When virtue and beauty,
  Are wedded in one;
And strength and true manhood,
  Are blended with fun:
All united together,
  With rapture and song,
The lives will be happy,
  And healthy and long.

When children to bless them,
  Arrive on the stage,
And labor and study,
  Attention engage:
Ascend as near heaven,
  Permit me to teach
As mortals on earth
  Are permitted to reach.

The joys of a home,
  The great blessing attends,
And sums up the whole in

Digitized by Google

Wife children and friends.
Now my benediction
Unto you is given;
Your lives may be long,
On earth, not in heaven.

Your home ever happy,
Of glory and love,
And blessings flow on you,
Around and above.
May you still be happy
Repeat it again,
And all glory be yours,
Amen and Amen. —*D. Jenkins.*

283

ANSWER TO ONE OF BLISS AND SANKEY'S HYMNS.

C.M.

"I heard the voice of Jesus say"
"Ye love me? freely feed
My tender lambs—the famishing—
Destroy the reign of greed."

I looked to Jesus, and I saw
A loving brother there,
Who for the weak and sorrowing
Wrought ever labor's prayer.

My soul responded earnestly
To his fraternal call,
And nations I beheld profess
To crown him lord of all.

I said, behold, the time has come!
Heaven's kingdom now is born!
I sought their aid to work for him;
They laughed my thought to scorn.

Then to the circle of the saints—
The church—with hope I turned,
It rated me an "Infidel,"
My aspiration spurned.

Digitized by Google

With saddened soul I turned again,
And listened for his word,
Are these thy friends? He answered, "no!"
"Not all who say Lord! Lord!"
—*Caleb S. Weeks.*

284

THE MORN OF PEACE.

TUNE—"ROMAINE."

The morn of peace is beaming—
Its glory will appear;
Behold its early gleaming,
The day is drawing near;
The spear shall then be broken,
And sheathed the glittering sword—
The olive be the token,
And peace the greeting word.

Yes—yes, the day is breaking!
Far brighter glows its beam!
The nations round are waking
As from a midnight dream:
They see it's radiance shedding,
Where all was dark as night
'Tis higher—wider spreading,
A boundless flood of light. —*Mrs. Colburn.*

285

HOW TO "STAND UP FOR JESUS."

ANSWER TO BLISS AND SANKEY'S HYMN.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Be soldiers of the right!
Withstand the haughty legions
Which manhood's life would blight!
Stand firm for love fraternal,
The brotherhood of man,
'Gainst greed and ruling magnates—
The Pharisaic clan.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
His gospel still proclaim,
Of God the common father,
Our good his ceaseless aim!
When selfish ruling magnates
Of states or churches, bind
On man their heavy burdens,
Cast all their "laws" behind!

Stand up! stand up for Jesus
'Gainst foul monopoly—
The robbing of the people,
Of homes and liberty!
Let not the craft of despots
Your piety control,
But boldly stand with Jesus
For every trampled soul! —*Caleb S. Weeks.*

286

BLOW YE THE TRUMPET, BLOW.

OLD HYMN—NATURALIZED.

Blow ye the trumpet, blow
With loud exulting sound!
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound!
The dawn of jubilee has come!
Return, ye wanderers, return!

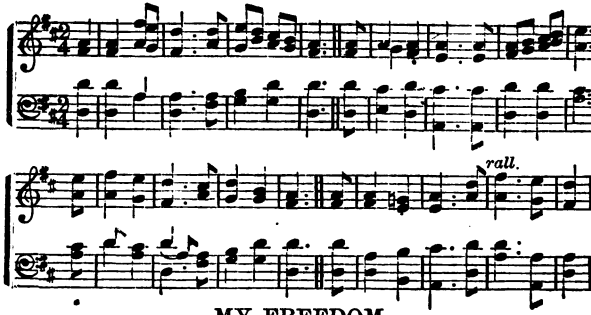
Ye slaves of dogma-creeds
And superstition's fright,
Now, answering your needs,
See! Nature sends her light!
The dawn of jubilee has come!
Return to freedom's light, return!

Ye who from priestlings think
To gain a heavenly day,
See! from their creeds they shrink
Explaining them away!
The dawn of jubilee has come!
Return to Nature's light, return!

—*Caleb S. Weeks.*

Digitized by Google

287 *Music by Prof. Wood.*



MY FREEDOM.

O, joy! at last my soul is free!
In ruins lie its prison bars!
My bark hath gained the open sea,
And sails beneath the eternal stars!

I languish in the clutch no more
Of superstition's palsied hand;
Behind me fades the narrow shore;
Beyond, the sea of Truth expands!

Henceforth no fettering, church-wrought creed
The freedom of my thought shall chain!
The truth alone my steps shall lead
Through reason's limitless domain.

The awful nightmare of despair,
Which first the trembling soul appals,
That sees old faiths dissolve in air,
And marks tradition's crumbling walls,

Hath long since passed away the time;
Their wonted strokes my pulses keep,
While nearer on their course sublime
The coming waves of Freedom sweep.

Reproachful voices now are hushed,
The conflict's angry murmurs cease;
With dawning hope my sky is flushed,
And o'er me waft the airs of peace.

Digitized by Google

Not long can dogma's gloomy night.
In darkness hold its captive souls;
For ever into broadening light
The earth with sun-born impulse rolls.

—*J. L. Stoddard.*

288

EVENING OF LIFE.

L.M. AIR—"ROTHWELL."

O thou true life of all that live!
Who dost, unmoved, all motion sway;
Who dost the morn and evening give,
And through its changes guide the day.

Thy light upon our evening pour,—
So may our souls no sunset see;
But death to us an open door
Of an eternal morning be. —*Selected.*

289

THE DAY OF FREEDOM.

L.M. AIR—"WARD."

When, from each temple of the free,
A nation's song ascends to heaven,
Host holy Father, unto thee
Now let our humble prayer be given.

Sweet peace be here; and hope and love,
Be round us as a mantle thrown,
As unto thee, supreme above,
The knee of prayer is bow'd alone.

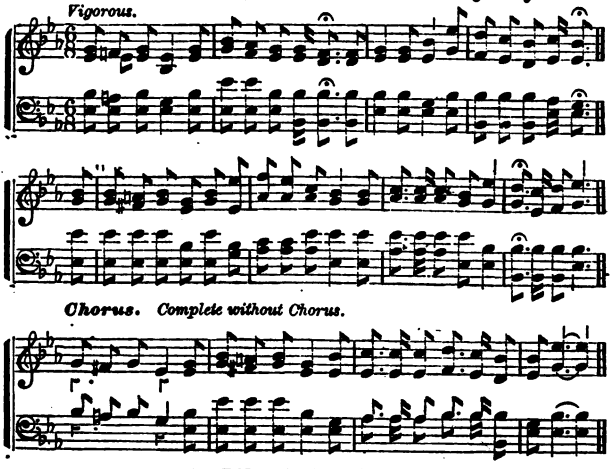
And grant, O Father, that the time
Of earth's deliverance may be near,
When every land, and tongue, and clime,
The message of thy love shall hear;—

When, smitten as with fire of heaven,
The captive's chain shall sink in dust,
And to his fettered soul be given
The glorious freedom of the just.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

Digitized by Google

290 *Music by Prof. Wood.*



DARE TO BE TRUE.

Dare to be true, whatever your station,
No matter what your name or your station,
Undaunted and fearless be every thought,
Your earnest conviction, honestly wrought.

Dare to be true—though the fierce scorners rail,
And your brave conduct revile and assail,
Let the scoffers scoff, and the haters hate;
Be steadfast and firm whatever your fate.

Dare to be true—all unshackled and free,
Unfettered and bold, on land and on sea;
Determined ne'er to let soul-blinding error
Inspire with dread or fill you with terror.

Dare to be true—wherever you are,
Though the curse comes bitter, near and afar;
Though fair-weather friends are far away fled,
And unthinking people wish you were dead.

Dare to be true—and mark strictly your way,
By the truth's steady light, day after day;

Digitized by Google

Safe it will lead you all dark dangers past,
And Heaven's sweet glories on earth will forecast.

Dare to be true—though public opinion
Would make you a cringing, slavish minion;
Would as it rattles its numberless seals
Crush out your life with its juggernaut wheels.

Dare to be true—let no blinding passion
Lead you astray, or give you occasion
To blush for yourself, or weep bitter tears,
Because of a stain on your manhood's years.

Dare to be true—never let clanking chain
Hold you its victim for greed or for gain;
For freedom and right your banner unfurl,
All forms of oppression away to hurl.

Dare to be true—in this great world of ours,
Where deceit and falsehood blacken the hours,
Where millions of cowards ever arise,
The true, honest soul is a gem to prize.

Dare to be true—in each word and deed
That love to brotherhood be your great creed;
Be true to yourself, whether young or old,
For the wealth of truth is better than gold.

Dare to be true—and forever obey
The spirit within—that leads not astray;
To nobody born for praise or for help,
But aim to be ever, LORD OF YOURSELF.

—Susan H. Wixon.

291

MEMORY OF THE PAST.

L.M. AIR—"ROTHWELL."

How blest is he whose tranquil mind,
When life declines, recalls again
The years that time has cast behind,
And reaps delight from toil and pain.

Digitized by Google

So, when the transient storms are past,
The sudden gloom and driving shower,
The sweetest sunshine is the last;
The loveliest is the evening hour. —*Selected.*

292

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

8&7.

Honor him whose hands are sowing
Seed for harvest in their time—
Reverence those whose thoughts are growing
Up to ultimates sublime.

All the progress of the ages
May be traced back to their hands—
All the illuminated pages
Of the books, into their plans.

Lo, the humble flower that's lying
In your pathway, may contain
Some elixir, which the dying
Generation sought in vain.

In the stone that waits the turning
Of some curious hand from sight,
Fiery atoms may be burning,
That would fill the world with light.

Let us then, in reverence bowing,
Honor most of all mankind.
Such as keep their great thoughts plowing.
Deepest in the field of mind. —*Alice Carey*

293

THERE'S NO DEARTH OF KINDNESS.

6s & 5s AIR—"STARLIGHT."

There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
Take we thorns for flowers;
Onward, we are spurning—

Digitized by Google

Trampling one another,
Yet are inly yearning
At the name of 'Brother!"

There's no dearth of kindness
Or love among mankind,
But in darkling loneness
Hooded hearts grow blind!
Full of kindness tingling,
Soul is shut from soul,
When they might be mingling
In one kindred whole!

As the wild rose bloweth,
Runs the happy river,
Kindness freely floweth
In the heart forever;
But we so much hanker
For the golden dust,
Kindliest hearts will canker,
Brightest spirits rust.

There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
Take we thorns for flowers!
Cherish heaven's giving,
Falling from above!
Life were not worth living,
Were it not for Love. —*Gerald Massey.*

294

DREAMING IN THE SWING.

In the quiet orchard, where the blue grass grows,
Where its wind-made wavelet, like a sea-tide flows,
Where the graceful breakers sweep so far away,
And the clover seemeth, bubbles on the spray—
Where sweet thoughts come floating idly down the stream,
There I love to linger in the swing and dream!

Or, when comes the moonlight, in the dying even,
Stealing in her night clothes, silvery bright, from heaven,

Digitized by Google

How my heart seems shining, bathed in her pure light—
In it no dark comes, in it no black night.
Thus, the hours pass sweetly, for the angels bring
Rest unto my spirit—dreaming in the swing!

—*Mrs. Jacob Martin.*

295

WHO WOULD NOT BE?

TUNE—"I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL."

Who would not be a Radical!
Since they alone have wrought
The greatest transformations
For which men ever fought?

Who would not be a Radical!
Since due to them alone
The greatest earthly blessings
Mankind have ever known?

Who would not be a Radical!
With pulses strong and warm,
And join the mighty army
That ushers in reform?

Who would not be a Radical!
Though all the world deride,
And 'stead of drifting with the stream,
Row up against the tide?

Then let us all be Radicals!
And join the restless throng
Who seek to usher in the Right
And usher out the Wrong. —*O. Fred Falkner.*

296

MAY.

Bosomed in the valleys of fragrance,
Pillowed on mountains of green;
Waking in half-opened flowers,
Springs May, through their splendor and sheen.
Her form is shining with dew-drops,

Digitized by Google

Her eyes are moistened with love;
We hail her coming, and call her
Summer's sweet carrier-dove.

See her face radiant with kindness,
And hear her low voice 'mid the trees;
Drink in her breath's luscious nectar
As it floats on the winsome breeze.
She's here from the couch of morning,
Preceding the slumbering day.
Here, on the lap of creation,
Rests the beautiful maiden, May,

She speaks to the sleeping flowers,
She wakes them with sunny caress;
She comes to perfect the spring time;
She comes to be blest, and to bless.
Lightly she shines o'er the meadows,
Blossoms she drops on their breast;
Gently her musical rustlings
Are rocking the mocking-bird's nest.

Here, in her tenderest beauty,
Her promises bloom into truth;
Here, from the heart of dame Nature,
May, in her innocent youth,
Month in whose infant sweetness
My own life bloomed out here.
Fairer and dearer art thou to me
Than each other child of the year!

—*Mrs. Jacob Martin.*

297

INVITATION TO NATURE'S GOSPEL FEAST.

C.M. OLD HYMN, BY MRS. STEELE, NATURALIZED.

Ye starving, superstitious souls,
Behold a royal feast,
Where Nature spreads her bounteous store
For each accepting guest!

She stands with open loving arms,
And bids you freely come,

Digitized by Google

Nor fear old dogmas' false alarms;
Behold! how wide the room!

Come then, and with us freely taste
The joys of light and love;
And, nourished by the sweet repast,
In manly fullness move.

Then each expanding soul shall voice
With an exulting tone,
The songs of those who now rejoice
With joy so long unknown.

Thy waking spirit's opening eyes.
Shall then in Nature see
Thy God affording full supplies
To all mankind and thee. —*Caleb S. Weeks.*

298

C.M. SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently, it is better far
To rule by love than fear:
Speak gently, let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.

Speak gently to the young for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let them in peace depart.

Speak gently to the erring ones,—
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
O, win them back again!

Speak gently,—'tis a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell. —*Selected.*

Digitized by Google

299

ONE BY ONE.

8s & 7s TUNE—"ELENDORF."

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Strive not thou to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what those can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven,)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain;
Truth will help thee for to-morrow,
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly,
Has its task to do or bear:
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

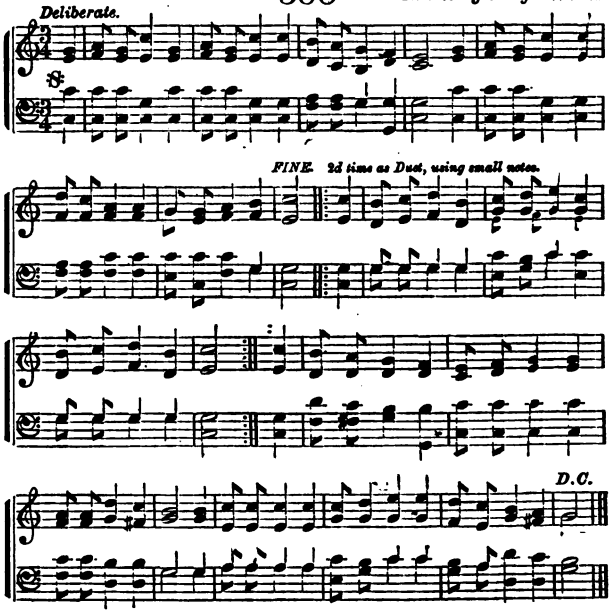
Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passion hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, life's token,
Reaching heaven; but one by one,
Take them lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

—*Selected*

Digitized by Google

300 *Music by Prof. Wood.*



ETERNAL JUSTICE.

Tha man is thought a knave or fool,
  Or bigot plotting crime,
Who for the advancement of his kind
  Is wiser than his time.
For him the hemlock shall distill;
  For him the ax be bared:
For him the gibbet shall be built,
  For him the stake prepared:
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men,
  Pursue with deadly aim;
And malice, envy, spite and lies
  Shall desecrate his name.
But truth shall conquer at the last,
  For round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost,
  And ever is justice done.

Digitized by Google

Pace through thy cell, old Socrates,
Cheerily to and fro;
Trust to the impulse of thy soul,
And let the poison flow.
They may shatter to earth the lamp of clay,
That holds a light divine,
But they cannot quench the fire of thought
By any such deadly wine;
They cannot blot thy spoken words
From the memory of man,
By all the poison ever was brewed
Since time its course began.
To-day abhorred, to-morrow adored,
So round and round we run,
And ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

Plod in thy cave, gray Anchorite;
Be wiser than thy peers;
Augment the range of human power,
And trust to coming years.
They may call thee wizard and monk accursed,
And load thee with dispraise;
Thou wert born five hundred years too soon
For the comfort of thy days,
But not too soon for human kind:
Time hath reward in store;
And the demons of our sires become
The saints that we adore.
The blind can see, the slave is lord:
So round and round we run;
And ever the wrong is proved to be wrong,
And ever is justice done.

Keep, Galileo, to thy thought,
And nerve thy soul to bear;
They may gloat o'er the senseless words they wring
From the pangs of thy despair;
They may veil their eyes, but they cannot hide
The sun's meridian glow;
The heel of a priest may tread thee down,
And a tyrant work thee woe.
But never a truth has been destroyed,

Digitized by Google

They may curse it and call it crime;
Pervert and betray, or slander and slay
Its teachers for a time.
But the sunshine aye shall light the sky,
As round and round we run,
And the truth shall ever come uppermost,
And justice shall be done.

And live there now such men as these,
With thoughts like the great of old?
Many have died in their misery,
And left their thoughts untold;
And many live and are ranked as mad,
And placed in the cold world's ban,
For sending their bright, far-seeing souls,
Three centuries in the van.
They toil in penury and grief,
Unknown, if not maligned;
Forlorn, forlorn, bearing the scorn
Of the meanest of mankind.
But yet the world goes round and round,
And the genial seasons run,
And ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done. —*Charles Mackay.*

301

I STAND OUTSIDE OF YOUR HEART.

9's & 8's.

I stand outside of your heart, dearest,
And about me the night-clouds fold—
Outside of your heart, that was once so warm,
Your heart that is now so cold.
Oh! tell me why I am exiled now,
And what made the change that I see!
There is warmth, and beauty and joy within;
But alas! there is none for me!

I stand at the door of your heart, dearest,
At the door that shuts out my light,
But you do not see through its iron bars,
How I pause in the blinding night!
The door of your heart—where I stand alone,

Digitized by Google

In my sorrow and misery;
I knock as of yore, but I wait in vain,
There comes no welcome for me!

—*Mrs. Jacob Martin.*

302

JUDGE NOT!

L.P.M

Judge not: the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see,
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air that frets thy sight,
May be a token that below
The soul has closed its deadly fight
With some internal, fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face.

The fall thou darest to despise—
May be the slackened angel's hand
Has suffered it that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost, but wait, and see
With hopeful pity, not disdain;
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain,
And love and glory that may raise
The soul to God in after days!

—*Selected.*

303

THE NEWSBOY.

The New Year's youth-time is blooming now,
And he wears a crown on his smiling brow—
A golden crown, of exquisite mould,
Whose brightness falls from the sunlight's gold;

And his cheeks are flushed with a rosey hue,
And his lips breathe words that are sweet and new.

I come, dear friends, in my youth-time, too,
Though from my garb no gems flash through,
Though no gladsome song, from my lips may flow,
And health, a rich vigor, I may not know;
For toil has stolen its wine-red blush,
And sorrow frozen my heart's warm flush.

Ah, oft in the reign of the dead old year,
My weary footsteps have wandered here;
Through summer's dews, or winter's roar,
My visits were punctual to your door;
And the rains and wind I did not heed,
But brought you my humble news to read.

Though no glories cling to my boyish name,
Yet with hopeful heart I am here again;
An earnest wish from my soul shines through
That the New Year may all be bright to you!
That your life-sea have a silver strand,
Whose rays reflect in the newsboy's hand!

—*Mrs. Jacob Mertin.*

304

OUR NEEDS.

TUNE—"WE NEED THEE EVERY HOUR."

We need it every hour,
A purpose high
To give us strength and power
To do or die.

CHORUS—We need it, oh! we need it,
Every hour we need it;
Since coming ages call us
To aid and guide.

We need it every hour,
A firm brave will,
That tho' hate's clouds may lower
Shall conquer still.

CHORUS.

Digitized by Google

We need it every hour
A calm strong mind,
Eariched by Reason's dower,
Not warped or blind.

CHORUS.

We need it every hour,
To use with skill,
Speech to make bigots cower,
Or hearts to thrill.

CHORUS.

We need it every hour
A patient love,
Which shall all souls endower
From heights above.

CHORUS.

We need it every hour,
A conscience clear,
That shall be as a tower
Of strength and cheer.

CHORUS.

We need it every hour,
A true pure life,
Which failure cannot sour
Or turn to strife.

CHORUS. —*Sara A. Underwood.*

305

C.M. OVER THE HILLS.

With a forest of green around it,
And a sea of blue above,
Here, over the hills, is a cottage—
Is a home I dearly love.
The willows droop gracefully near it
Till their slender trailings meet;
And the locust blossoms are drifting
In a white cloud at my feet.

Digitized by Google

From the highest limb of the beech-tree
The mock-bird swings her nest;
And through the green foliage below it
Shines the robin's crimson vest.
The wild-rose climbs o'er the lattice,
And a brown bird chirps within;
She is carrying sticks and mosses,
Where her last year's nest has been.

Around spread broad acres of meadow,
Like a great and glorious sea;
And the rolling hills seem wild billows
That swell in their majesty;
And the wind-waves across the red clover
Are changeable, red and green—
Like sunsets that fall on the waters,
With crimsons and darks between.

—*Mrs. Jacob Martin.*

306

FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

Friends of Freedom, sons and daughters
Of this great and happy land,
Lift your voices in an anthem
Echoing from strand to strand.
'Tis a day of great rejoicing
In this land we call the free,
'Tis the day that marks the era
When it found its liberty.

CHORUS—Friends of freedom, sons and daughters
Love this land of liberty,
Freedom here for mind and body,
Love this land so truly free,

Friends of freedom, sons and daughters,
On this birthday of our land,
Pledge your love, your aid and honor
For the States' unbroken band.
Banish hate and strife and envy,
Cherish love from East and West,

Digitized by Google

Give the north and south your prayers
That the earth be richly blest.
CHO—Friends of freedom, etc.

Friends of freedom, sons and daughters,
Let your voices fill the air,
Singing of this land of freedom
And the joys you here may share.
Here you know no priestly bondage,
Here you know no narrow creeds,
But your thoughts are free to follow
Where your own conviction leads.
CHO—Friends of freedom, etc.

Friends of freedom, sons and daughters,
Of this great and happy land,
Lift your voices in an anthem
Echoing from strand to strand.
Now upon the nation's birthday
Vow to hate all slavery;
On this day of great rejoicing
Pledge your love for liberty.
CHO—Friends of freedom, etc.—*J. A. Lindberg.*

307

OUR ANGEL SIDE.

C.M. TUNE—"LOGAN."

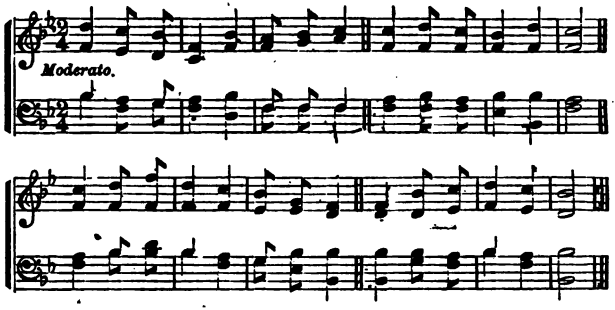
There's good in everything we view,
The truth we none can hide,
In ev'ry heart there's goodness too,
We've all our angel side.

Although from sight it may be hid
By worldliness and pride,
'Twill show itself when it is bid,
This same sweet angel side.

There never yet was found a heart,
Where virtue all had died;
'Twas lurking in some unseen part,
We've all our angel side. —*Selected.*

Digitized by Google

308 *Music by Prof. Wood.*



WHAT OF THY LIFE?

What of thy life, O friend of mine?
I will not ask thy creed,
Or whether plant of grace divine
In thy heart scatters seed.

The form of faith that fills thy want
I do not care to know;
Nor whether at the baptismal font
Christ's love to thee did flow.

How oft it is you fast and pray
Alone on bended knee,
Or by what chart you shape your way,
You need not tell to me.

But tell me if the inborn good
Stands forth in bold relief;
If virtue ne'er misunderstood,
Of jewels all, is chief?

And dost thou own from hour to hour,
Truth's ministrations sweet;
And does her matchless living power
Make all thy life complete?

Are all thy days so thickly strewn
With pure and loving deeds,
That, making others' cares thine own,
Thou hast forgot *thy* needs?

Digitized by Google

Hast thou no quarrel with thy friend,
Nor strife or bitterness?
Dost see in *all* much to commend,
And much to prize and bless?

Dost keep the peace with all mankind,
Knowing no dread or fear;
Striving in every act to find
Thy conscience sweet and clear?

In all thy ways hast thou e'er done
The *best* thy hand could do?
If so, I'm sure thy crown is won,—
Fadeless, and pure, and true.

As *conduct* is from day to day,
This is the test of man—
The inside life, the outside way,
Conform to Wisdom's plan!

Who makes his rule of life by this,
Must walk with angels here;
On earth must live in peace and bliss,
With Love's evangels near.

—*Susan H. Wixon.*

309

UP, MAN OF REASON!

C.M. AIR—"CHRISTMAS."

Up, Man of Reason, rouse thee up!
This is no slumbering age;
Begird thyself, unbare thy arm,
And for the right engage.

Stern Duty's voice demands thine help,
Arouse thee for the strife.
Be up and doing—for the world
With mighty change is rife.

Already much has been achieved,
There's much more to be done;
But aid the work with all your strength,
The good shall yet be won.

Digitized by Google

O'erleap the barriers Prejudice
May set in your way;
Hope on—take courage—persevere,
And yours shall be the day. —*Selected.*

310

10's CHRISTIANITY CONDENSED.

Heaven is the home of an orthodox ring,
Where a divine enigma reigns as king,
Where whitewashed souls from this mundane shore,
Shall sing hallelujah forevermore.

Hell is a boiling brimstone pit,
Where poor, damned souls forever sit,
And burn, and bake, and roast, and fry,
And are gnawed by worms that never die.

Mankind may avoid that fiery flood
By bathing within the Nazarene's blood;
They can find it where tickets for heaven are sold,
Then walk over hell on a bridge of gold.

No Atheist, Infidel, Pagan, or Jew
Shall ever acquire the precious boon;
None but an orthodox rosewater few
Shall dance with the angels in Heaven's saloon.
—*Anon.*

311

LET US LIVE TO DO WHAT THE TRUTH MAY DEMAND.

MELODY—"ONWARD AND SEAWARD."

With banners unfurled to the breezes of heaven,
Let us press on to conquer the errors of time;
Let us shout in the van till the welkin is riven,
And Truth stands revealed in its beauty sublime.
Let us beard the old Error that mutters its hate,
And curses the men who would turn to the light
The errors of churches, of parties, of State:
Onward, push on, let us rush to the fight.

We may fall, but the banner we dauntlessly bear
Shall fall not; but taken by mightier hands.
Victoriously float on the dark sulphur air,
Proclaiming the triumph of Truth's eager bands.
Let us live but to die in the struggle 'gainst wrong;
Let us live but to do what the truth may demand:
Then onward forever, forever! our song;
Press on to the struggle with true heart and hand.

—*Hudson Tuttle*

312

OH! MAY IT SPEAK OF ME!

I know 'tis but a simple flower,
I gathered in a thoughtful hour—
Half hidden where the woodbine grows,
This little timid clustering rose.
'Tis pure and fair, I send it thee—
Oh, may it sometimes speak of me!

In my loved home it brightly grew—
This morn 'twas filled with pearly dew;
And zephyrs softly came to-day,
To steal its fragrance all away.
I plucked it, and I send it thee,
That it may kindly speak of me!

Oh, keep it, though its beauty die,
So may our heart-flowers, faded lie;
And when this rose is worn and old,
My heart, perhaps, is hushed and cold,
Look on this memory given thee,
And let it gently speak of me!

—*Mrs. Jacob Martin*

313

9's & 8's

COWARDICE.

It takes no courage to run in a rut
That is worn by many ages,
Or to sit in a bright and sheltered room,
While the fierce storm outside rages;
True courage will make a road of its own,

Google

314

Though it lead o'er rock and mountain;
True courage will battle the howling storm,
Though it rush down like a fountain.

It is easy for many to sit in a church
And list to the sermon meekly;
No difference what subject be discussed,
Nor yet how poorly or weakly;
For policy sweetens the heavy dose,
And fashion nods her bright feathers,
Approving the sycophants firmly bound,
Too often by selfish tethers.

To no honest Christians do I allude—
'Tis not to them I indite this;
But to you, dissemblers and hypocrites,
To you I earnestly write this.
You, who say "us," to the party you're with,
And "we," when the other comes near you,
Who dare not raise one unpopular thought,
Lest even a mouse should hear you.

Your cowardly fears bespatter life's page,
Engraving it with their stigmas;
They stunt and deform your immortal souls,
To the merest, meanest pigmies.
Arouse! and soar in untrammeled thought,
From bondage your spirit freeing;
Be firm, be useful, and be yourselves,
Have real, personal being.

—*Mrs. Jacob Martin.*

315

WATCHMAN TELL US OF THE NIGHT.

7's. AIR—"WATCHMAN."

Watchman! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are,
Traveler o'er yon mountain height,
See that glory-beaming star.

Digitized by Google

Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveler! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.

Watchman! will its beams alone,
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler! ages are its own;
See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

Watchman! joy o'er every land
Bids us Good, all good adore.
Traveler! join we heart and hand,
Worship, praise it, evermore. —*Browning.*

316

MORAL COURAGE.

Stand up for the right, though you stand alone,
Remember, the fewer the number,
The greater the need that you wake and work
While others tremble or slumber.
However unpopular be your belief,
Be honest enough to own it;
And store your heart with the harvest of truth,
Whatever hand may have sown it.

You who never uttered a yes or no,
Until some one else first said it;
Nor dare sign a plea for your own poor lives
Unless your superiors head it;
You are but slaves—poor, cowering slaves,
Your master, public opinion;
And the little circle 'round which you run
Is the whole of your dominion.

Digitized by Google

There's something better for you to do than
Carry a pail on each shoulder;
Be men, be women, be honest and true,
Grow better as you grow older.
When you know a truth that promises good,
Be bold enough to declare it;
And if your utterance bring you but scorn,
Have courage and strength to bear it!

—*Mrs. Jacob Martin.*

317

HOPE ALWAYS.

Struggling heart, hope ever;
Life is toil, and "work is prayer."
Toil in hope, and ne'er despair;
Hope on, hope ever.

Brave heart, faint never;
The battle may rage with fiercest might;
God is good: dare do the right;
Trust—thy bonds to sever.

True heart, sink never,
Clouds may be dark that shadow thy sky;
Light will beam forth when the clouds pass by—
Darkness lasteth not ever.

Faithful heart, fail never,
Though rough the journey, full many a mile,
"Faithful till death," then a welcoming smile;
Love endureth forever. —*Mrs. C. A. N. Smith.*

318

TYRANNY.

Thou friend of every clime,
I give to thee my rhyme,
Dark tyranny!
Often in fair disguise,
Thy hated form doth rise,
And earnest hearts surprise
With misery.

Digitized by Google

In God's name, through all time
Thou hast committed crime
  Upon the weak;
Sanctioned by holy creed,
Was each inhuman deed—
Innocent hearts must bleed
  For every freak.

Why call this country free
While force and bigotry
  In her are met?
While man, with iron hands,
Binds woman's helpless hands,
And rights which she demands,
  Denies her yet?

Shame on the flag that waves
Over so many slaves,
  Boasting them free.
Not till for every one
Justice and right are done
Can victory e'er be won
  O'er tyranny! —*Mrs. Jacob Martin.*

319

SYMPATHY WITH THE AFFLICTED.

C.M. AIR—"DEDHAM."

Blest is the man whose generous heart
  Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
  Is never raised in vain;

Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
  A brother's woes to feel,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
  He wants the power to heal.

He spreads his kind, supporting arms
  To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows
  And brings unasked relief.

Digitized by Google

To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe. —*Mrs. Barbauld.*

320

ALL MEN ARE EQUAL.

C.M. TUNE—"BEACON HILL."

All men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies,
All men are equals when that earth
Fades from their dying eyes.

All wait alike on him, whose power
Upholds the life he gave;
The sage within his starry tower,
The savage in his cave.

'Tis man alone who difference sees,
And speaks of high and low;
Who worship those and tramples these
While the same path they go.

Ye great! renounce your earth-born pride;
Ye low! your shame and fear;
Live, as ye worship, side by side,
Your common claims revere.
—*Harriet Martineau.*

321

WORK IS PRAYER.

7s. AIR—"HOPPER."

Brothers! be ye who ye may—
Sons of men, I bid ye pray!
Pray unceasing—pray with might!
Pray in darkness—pray in light!—
Life hath yet no hours to spare—
Life is toil—and toil is prayer.

Life is toil, and all that lives,

Digitized by Google

Sacrifice of labor gives;
Water, fire, air, and earth,
Rest not, pause not from thy birth—
Sacred toil doth nature share—
Love and labor!—work is prayer!

Patriot! toiling for thy kind!
Thou shalt break the chains that bind!—
Shape thy thought, and mould thy plan,
Toil for freedom—toil for man;
Sagely think and boldly dare—
Labor! labor! work is prayer!

Brother! round thee brothers stand—
Pledge thy truth and give thy hand—
Raise the downcast—help the weak,
Toil for good—for virtue speak;
Let thy brethren be thy care—
Labor! labor!—work is prayer. —*Duganne.*

322

STAR OF PROGRESS.

8s & 7s AIR—"WILMOT."

Star of Progress, guide us onward,
By thy ever glorious light,
May our motto e'er be—'Onward,'
Swerve not to the left nor right.

Oh, illume our souls when sorrow
Gathers clouds around our hearts,
Show to us the joyous morrow
Which but life and joy imparts.

Oh we greet thy beams with gladness,
Promise of a brighter day,
Which shall chase away all sadness,
While bright glories round us play.

Shine thou on, thou starry token
Of the joys that are to come,
When by love's bright chain unbroken,
We shall all be gathered home. —*Anon.*

Digitized by Google

323

P.M. **MERRILY.**

Oh, why should we moan
Over life's little sorrows,
Its past, or its present,
Its dreaded to-morrows?
Let the past be forgotten
If it brings thee but pain,
While the present and future
Unclouded remain.
On life's sea, wafting so cheerily,
Glides our life-bark, merrily, merrily.

Away with dark thoughts,
Or lingering tear,
'Tis our weakness to love,
Our duty to cheer;
Struggle on, faithful heart,
Thou heavenward bound,
Where thy light falleth,
Angels are found.
On life's sea, wafting so cheerily,
Glides our life-bark, merrily, merrily.

—*Mrs. Jacob Martin.*

324

THE PRESENT.

8s & 7s AIR—"ABBOTT."

Do not crouch to-day and worship
The old Past whose life is fled;
Hush your voice to tender reverence;
Crown'd he lies but cold and dead:
For the present reigns our monarch,
With an added weight of hours;
Honor her, for she is mighty!
Honor her, for she is ours!

See the shadows of his heroes
Girt around her cloudy throne;
And each day the ranks are strengthened
By great hearts to him unknown;
Noble things the great past promised,

Digitized by Google

Holy dreams both strange and new:
But the present shall fulfill them,
What he promised she shall do.

She inherits all his treasure,
She is heir to all his fame,
And the light that lightens round her,
Is the lustre of his name;
She is wise with all his wisdom,
Living on his grave she stands;
On her brow she bears his laurels,
And his harvests in her hands. —*Selected.*

325

8s. & 7s. ANTHEM OF THE FREE.

There's a song the rills are singing
As they ramble through the glen;
Echoes from the hills are rolling
Their sweet voices back again;
There's a hymn the birds are chanting,
As they flit from tree to tree;
Nature loves its joyous music;
'Tis the anthem of the free.

Roll the wild waves to its numbers,
As the free winds o'er them sweep;
Gambol gayly in its spirit,
All the tenants of the deep;
To its notes the bees are humming,
Working on the verdant lea;
Everywhere is Nature ringing
With the anthem of the free.

Start, we then, from death-like slumber,
As its heart-tones reach the ear;
Spring to life resolves long lying
In our bosoms, cold and sear;
Henceforth we are slaves no longer;
Up, on unchained pinions flee!
Swell the everlasting chorus,
Nature's anthem of the free. —*Wm. Denton.*

Digitized by Google

326

LIFE AND LABOR.

8s & 7s AIR—"TRIVOLI."

Labor fearless, labor faithful,
Labor while the day shall last;
For the shadows of the evening
Soon the sky shall overcast;
Ere shall end thy day of labor,
Ere shall rest thy manhood's sun,
Strive with every power within thee,
That th' appointed task be done.

Life is not the traceless shadow,
Nor the wave upon the beach,
Though our days are brief, yet lasting
Is the stamp we give to each:
Life is real, life is earnest,
Full of labor, full of thought;
Every hour and every moment
Is with living vigor fraught. —*Selected.*

327

8s. THE TIME HAS COME.

The time has come to stand erect
In noble, manly self-respect;
To see the bright sun overhead,
To feel the ground beneath our tread
Unled by priests, uncursed by creeds,
Our manhood proving by our deeds.

The time has come to break the yoke,
Whatever cost the needed stroke;
To set the toiling millions free,
Whatever price their liberty;
Better a few should die, than all
Be held in worse than deadly thrall.

The time has come for men to find
Their statute-book within the mind;
To read its laws, and cease to pour

Digitized by Google

The musty tomes of ages o'er;
Truth's golden rays its page illume;
Her fires your legal scrolls consume.

The time has come to preach the soul;
No meagre shred, the manly whole.
Let agitation come; who fears?
We need a flood; the filth of years
Has gathered round us. Roll, then, on;
What cannot stand had best be gone.

—*Wm. Denton.*

328

NATURE'S TRIUMPHANT LEAD.

ANSWER TO A BLISS AND SANKEY HYMN.

Every where kind Nature leads us;
What have we to ask beside!
All around and here within us
Nature's laws our footsteps guide.
What though in our childish efforts
Pain from stumbles oft proceeds?
Thus her law within is gaining
Light for eqilibrium-needs.

Every where kind Nature leads us—
Well embodied, here in man,
Is her laws, in germ unfolding;
Here the God who shapes the plan:
"Sins"—our crude mistakes—are serving
As the monitors to teach,
Till, in manliness completed,
Wisdom's balance we shall reach.

Everywhere kind Nature leads us
On to life of manly joy,
Though disturbing life-conditions,
Present pleasures may alloy;
Nature's vital-force within us
Struggles till the "woe" has pass'd
And triumphant, will secure us
Harmony—a heaven—at last. —*Caleb S. Weeks.*

Digitized by Google

329

8s. & 7s.

TRUTH AND ERROR.

Not an error, firm as Andes,
Deep as lie her granite roots,
High as soars the bird of thunder,
Wide as autumn sheds her fruits,

But can feel the heave of progress,
Like an earthquake at its core;
And can hear the tempest roaring
That shall sweep it from the shore.

Let it spread as spreads the banyan,
Thousand-trunked o'er hill and dell;
Truth's an axe whose edge of lightning
Shall the giant Upas fell. —*Wm. Denton.*

330

NO EFFORT FRUITLESS.

C. M. AIR—"DORCHESTER."

Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
Waiting its natal hour.

A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid ill depart,
And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be;
Nor what results enfolded dwell
Within it silently.

Work, and despair not; bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
Peace is with all who serve the right,
The holy, true, and free. —*Selected.*

Digitized by Google

331

TO GRUMBLERS.

8s & 7s

'Tis true the world is very bad,
No mortal soul can blink it;
But then, it is not so deadly vile
As some fault-finders think it.

No doubt, dark shadows cross the earth,
Scarce liven'd by a stray light;
But how is it, these shades are seen?
We live in virtue's daylight.

The deeds at which our fathers smiled,
Nor thought a man the worse for,
We look upon with deep disgust,
And give our direst curse for.

The world is but a school-boy yet,
Its daily lesson learning;
Its teacher life, to make it wise,
New pages ever turning.

Then cease this everlasting growl;
Be gentle, kind, and tender;
And since the world is bad, lets join
And do our best to mend her. —*Wm. Denton.*

332

12's & 11's

BE TRUE.

With the bright sword of Truth go forth unto battle,
The banner is waving in light o'er your head;
Fear not, though loudly the cannon may rattle,
And around lie thickly the dying and dead.

Ever be true to the cause you have wedded,
And shrink not though forms like monsters appear;
Many such forms the truth has beheaded,
Now onward, and banish forever all fear.

—*Jennie H. Foster.*

333

HOPE ETERNAL.

C.M. AIR—"LIVERPOOL."

The world may change from old to new,
From new to old again:
Yet hope and heaven, forever true,
Within men's hearts remain.

The dreams that bless the weary soul,
The struggles of the strong,
Are steps toward some happy goal,
The story of Hope's song.

Hope leads the child to plant the flower,
The man to sow the seed,
Nor leaves fulfillment to her hour,
But prompts again to deed.

And e'er upon the old man's dust
The grass is seen to wave;
We look through falling tears—to trust
Hope's sunshine on the grave.—*S. F. Adams.*

334

JOY IN ALL THINGS.

C.M. AIR—"LOGAN."

There is a spell in every flower,
A sweetness in each spray,
And every simple bird hath power
To please me with its lay.

And there is music on the breeze
That sports along the glade;
The crystal dew-drops on the trees
Are gems by beauty made.

O, there is joy and happiness
In everything I see,
Which bids my soul rise up and bless
The God who blesses me.

—*Mrs. A. O. Dinnies.*

Digitized by Google

335

P.M. **MY DARLING.**

My darling is coming to see me,
And the waves of hope are high,
For the hours are dull, and slowly drag on,
And scarcely welcome the coming dawn
Of day, when my treasured one is gone,
So lonely, so sad am I.

My darling is coming to see me,
And my thoughts are pure and white,
For I know that wherever my dear one be
His heart is loyal and true to me,
And this is my soul's sweet melody:
"He's coming, coming to-night."

My darling is coming to see me,
And I banish each idle fear,
For I see a figure spring in the door,
Hear a voice that has blessed me o'er and o'er,
I clasp a hand I have clasped before,
And my darling, darling's here!

—*Mrs. Jacob Martin.*

336

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

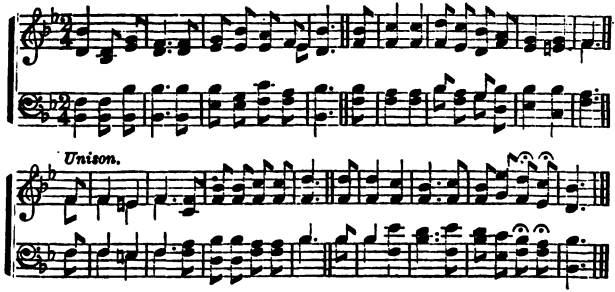
Ever there floats before the real,
The bright and beautiful ideal;
And, as to guide the sculptor's hand,
The living forms of beauty stand,
Till from the rough-hewn marble starts
A thing of grace in all its parts.

So ever stands before the soul
A model, beautiful and whole,—
The perfect man that each should be,
Erect in true integrity.
Keep this, O soul! before thy sight,
And form the inward man aright.

—*Wm. Denton.*

Digitized by Google

337 *Music by Prof. Wood.*



ISOLATION.

Sadder than death, to souls that once could find
A perfect bond of sympathy in thought,
Is that cold isolation of the mind
By differing creeds and changed opinions wrought.

O friend with whom we counselled in the past!
Ye clasp our hands, ye greet us as before;
Yet some dark shadow on our love is cast,
The old, sweet chain of friendship is no more.

Though ye are pleased to passively receive
Your father's creeds without a questioning thought,
Yet chide us not if we cannot believe
Those gloomy dogmas down the ages brought.

Ye in whose minds the early faiths have lain
Undoubted and untroubled through long years,
Know little how their loss has cost us pain,
See not our pillows wet with bitter tears!

Our faith is not dependent on our will;
We follow only as we see the light;
Yet though our creeds so widely differ, still
Our aims of life, like yours, may all be right.

O, sacred truth! in fealty to thee
We hold our minds obedient to thy call;
From error strive we ever to be free,
Though we should thereby lose the love of all.

Digitized by Google

Yet in the struggle of our changeful time
We are at one with all who, joyful, see
The glorious dawning of the day sublime,
Which ushers in the faith that is to be!

—*J. L. Stoddard.*

338

8's & 7's. **BE THYSELF.**

Be thyself; a nobler gospel
Never preached the Nazarene.
Be thyself; 'tis holy scripture,
Though no Bible lids between.

Dare to shape the thought in language
That is lying in thy brain;
Dare to launch it, banners flying,
On the bosom of the main.

What though pirate knaves surround thee?
Nail thy colors to the mast.
Flinch not, flee not; boldly sailing,
Thou shalt gain the port at last.

Be no parrot, idly prating
Thoughts the spirit never knew;
Be a prophet of the God-sent,
Telling all thy message true.

Then tho' coward world will scorn thee;
Friends may fail and fiends may frown;
Heaven itself grow dark above thee,
Gods in anger thence look down.

Heed not; there's a world more potent
Carried in thy manly heart.
Be thyself, and do thy duty;
It will always take thy part.

If the God within says, "Well done,"
What are other gods to thee?
Hell's his frown; but, where his smile is,
There is heaven for the free. —*Wm. Denton.*

Digitized by Google

339

THE PLAN TO DIE.

C.M.D. AIR—"WILLARD."

How little recks it when we die,
When once the moment's past,
In which the dim and glazing eye
Has looked on earth its last;
Whether beneath the sculptured urn
The coffined form shall rest,
Or in its nakedness, return
Back to its mother's breast!

Death is a common friend or foe,
As different men may hold,
And at its summons each must go
The timid and the bold.
But when the spirit free and warm,
Deserts it as it must,
What matter where the lifeless form
Dissolves again to dust?

'T were sweet, indeed, to close our eyes
With those we cherish dear,
And wafted upward by their sighs,
Soar to some calmer sphere;
But whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die,
Is where he dies for man! —*Selected.*

340

8's & 6's. WHAT I ASK FOR.

I ask not, Nabobs, for your halls,
Your coffers, or your state;
I ask not for the menials,
That at your pleasure wait;
I ask not for the cringing bow,
That fawning spaniels give,
Whose servile spirits never knew
The aim for which I live.

Digitized by Google

I ask but for my share of land,
With honest hands to till,
Supplying thus my daily needs,
From Fortune as she will;
Give me but this, I'll gain all else—
Contented, healthy, free;
Then Nature's ministers are mine,
And all her wealth for me. —*Wm. Denton.*

341

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest in the road of life,
If we would only stop to take it;
And many a tone from the harp of hope,
If the querulous heart would make it.
To the soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green, and the bowers are bright,
Though the winter's storm prevaileth.

Better hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the omnious clouds are rifted.
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to submit with a cheerful heart,

Digitized by Google

And hands that are ready and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, minute thread
Of our curious lives assunder,
And then blame Fortune for tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

—*Charles Mackay.*

342

8's & 6's **FREEDOM'S STRENGTH.**

I had rather wear a crown of thorns,
With souls who dare be free,
Than own the costliest diadem
At the price of liberty.

Let folly scoff, and cowards creep,
The strong must walk alone;
There's a secret joy in freedom's strength,
The weak have never known.

The valiant-hearted fear no storms
That beat 'gainst freedom's side;
Or shrink before the foeman's steel—
Scars are the hero's pride. —*Jennie H. Foster.*

343

LABOR IN LOVE FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE.

11s.

While ignorance darkens our heaven-made soul,
While bigotry holds o'er a mortal control,
While slavery robs men of virtue and will,
And war has his gory hand lifted to kill,
While want can a brother's heart sorrowful make,
We'll labor in love for Humanity's sake.

Though some that were friends in affliction may fail;
Though bigots may frown, and like tigers assail;
Though felons may seek with the despot to bind us,
And ignorant priests with their errors to blind us;
Though stealthy assassins our lives fain would take,
We'll labor in love for Humanity's sake.

Digitized by Google

Till Freedom arise in her might from the grave,
And claim as her child every down-trodden slave,
Till plenty shall gladden each dwelling on earth,
And sadness and sorrow are banished by mirth;
Till no bond remains for the freemen to break,
We'll labor in love for Humanity's sake.

No storms shall discourage, no dangers repel;
All goodness is with us; it can but be well.
No angel shall tempt us our duty to shirk;
No demon shall scare us from doing the work;
No mortal shall coax us our covenant to break,
To labor in love for Humanity's sake.

—*Wm. Denton.*

344

EXALTATION.

AIR—"LENOX."

H.M.

Ye realms below the skies,
Your Maker's praises sing;
That boundless honors rise
To Nature's eternal king;
O bless his name whose love extends
Salvation to the world's far ends.

This be the mountain's crown
With forests waving wide;
'Tis he old ocean bounds,
And heaves the roaring tide;
He swells the tempest on the main,
Or breathes the zephyr on the plain.

Still let the waters roar,
As round the earth they roll;
His praise for evermore
They sound from pole to pole.
'Tis Nature's wild, unconscious song,
O'er thousand waves that float along.

His praise ye worlds on high,
Display with all your spheres
Amid the darksome sky,

Digitized by Google

When silent night appears,
Behold his works declare his name
Through all the universal frame.

—*Hosea Ballou.*

345

C.M. DEDICATION HYMN.

Let monumental pillars rise,
In majesty sublime—
Their lofty columns shall decay,
Before the touch of time!

But mind, enlightened and refined,
Shall soar beyond the sky,
And heavenly sciences explore,
Though time itself should die!

This temple now we dedicate
To Truth's supreme control—
To virtue and progressive thought,
The riches of the soul!

—*Selected.*

346

THE WORLD IS YOUNG.

The world is young, my brothers;
We're all here in good time.
Cease groaning, foolish preacher,
The earth is in her prime.

When did the sun shine brighter?
Who saw the moon more fair?
Who knows Spring's breath more balmy?
More sweet the fragrant air?

Still sing the flowing rivers,
Still chant the rolling seas;
And anthems rise to heaven
From budding forest trees.

In Nature's face no wrinkle;
Care writes not on her brow;

Digitized by Google

When "sang the stars of morning,"
Less fair was she than now.

Still lives the tree of freedom,
Whose boughs bear fruit for all,
And poison for the tyrant
Who would a soul enthrall.

We'll sing the old world young then,
With beauty on its brow:
No Adam saw as fair a globe
As blooms around us now. —*Wm. Denton.*

347

NOBILITY.

8s & 7s

What is noble? That which places
Truth in its enfranchised will!
Leaving steps—like angel traces—
That mankind may follow still!

E'en though scorn's malignant glances
Prove him poorest of his clan,
He's the noble—who advances
Freedom and the cause of man! —*Anon.*

348

ECHOES OF LIFE.

8s & 7s AIR—"CUSHING."

Hark! through Nature's vast cathedral,
Blended echoes ever rise,
Swelling in a mighty anthem
To its over-arching skies.

Every music-dropping fountain,
Every softly murmuring rill,
Every dark and foaming torrent,
Every water-guided mill;

Every rain drop on the house top,
Every beetle's noisy drone,

Digitized by Google

Every foot-fall on the pavement,
Wakes an echo of its own.

Sobs of woe and songs of gladness,
Each responsive echoes find,
Words of love and words of anger,
Leave their echoes far behind.

Every great and noble action
Is re-echoed o'er and o'er;
Life itself is but an echo
Of the lives that were before. —*Selected.*

349

DO RIGHT.

11s

'Tis wisest and best at all times to do right,
In brightness of sunshine, or darkness of night;
For sorrow and woe are companions of sin,
When virtue walks out they fly readily in;
No rest is there henceforth, by day or by night,
For him who has wandered away from the Right.

Do right in each heart says a sweet angel voice;
Obey, and in sorrow you still may rejoice;
A rill in your wand'rings, will always be nigh,
And there you may drink when the fountains are dry,
For joy, like an angel, is ever in sight,
To bless with her presence the doer of Right.

Do right, though the wrong may seem pleasant and good.
Though right my seem hard, it is well that it should;
The harder the right is, the sweeter 'twill be
To know we have conquered, and henceforth are free;
The glorious warrior, boldest in fight,
Is he who in trial abides by the Right.

Do right, though a crowd of mean cowards do wrong;
A child, in the right, is as Hercules, strong;
The pathway is steep, and few trav'lers are there;
The prospect, how pleasant! how balmy the air!
Then up, like the eagle that soars in his flight;
Heaven's mansions are built on the mountain of Right.

—*Wm. Denton.*

350

8s. & 7s.

RISE FOR RIGHT.

Rise for Right, O man of valor,
Raise thy standard fearlessly;
Rise for Right! thy foes stride over;
Lead great truths to victory.

Rise for Right, though small in statue,
Weak and puny in men's eyes;
Show them by thy deeds of courage
Thou 'rt a hero in disguise.

Rise for Right, though but a shepherd,
Thou may'st be a mighty king;
Rise, slay every giant Error
With a sure unswerving sling.

Rise! but let not war's fierce passion
Lead thee forth with unsheath'd knife;
Science, Reason, Truth and Wisdom
Be thy allies in the strife.

Stand amid the booming thunder
Of denunciation loud,
And in tones of soft persuasion
Calm the angry, surging crowd.

Rise for Right! the voice of freedom
With a half-despairing cry,
Calls on thee to her deliver
From the bonds of bigotry.

Like a nightmare sits upon her
Hydra-headed Ignorance;
Rise! and free her from the monster,
Now's the time and thine the chance!

Strike and free her from oppression,
And the sons of Liberty
Shall bring leaves to bind thy forehead
From her fair, wide-spreading tree,

While the Sisters, white-robed Virtue
And fair Peace with grace replete,

Digitized by Google

Bearing palms and fruitful olives,
Lay their offerings at thy feet.
—*Mrs. Annie E. DeFriese.*

351

L.M. **O LET US TRUST.**

O let us trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood.

Behold we know not anything;
We can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring. —*Tennyson.*

352

8's & 6's. **SURSUM CORDA.**

Through realms of earnest, lofty thought,
Which seers and sages knew,
I seek the Trine that Plato sought,
The Lovely, Good and True.

I greet the silence deep and grand,
The solitude profound,
The mystic, breezy Upper-Land
With Peace and Beauty crowned.

Beneath—the war of angry sects,
The clash of hostile creeds;
Above—the joy that love perfects,
The rest that strife succeeds.

Earth-bound, the millions toil and creep
'Neath shadows cold and dense;
Spell-bound, earth's weary children sleep
Enthralled by brutish sense.

No more Tradition's husks and shells,
The solemn altar's gloom—

Digitized by Google

The ancient forms, the mystic spells,
The darkness of the tomb.

The truths that seers and prophets saw
Are choked by bigot-schools;
The majesty of righteous Law
Defied by Mammon's tools.

No more for me the weary strife,
The chains by fashion wrought;
Not here the soul's perennial life—
The springs of happy thought.

Up, heart! and seek the shining rays
That flood the azure height—
The mountain-tops and golden days,
Freedom and Strength and Light! —*Selected.*

353

7,67688 CLOSING HYMN.

Come, let us join and sing,
Each in a joyful mood;
And make this temple ring,
In praise of all that's good.
And let our tongues true love proclaim,
And chant the honors of its fame.

Here in this spacious Home,
Our joyful hearts have met;
Here paid our willing vows,
And felt our union sweet;
For this our tongues true love proclaim,
And chant the honors of its fame.

The truth, like ointment shed,
Hath breathed a choice perfume;
The light in darkness spread,
Our minds doth all illume;
For this our tongues true love proclaim,
And chant the honors of its fame.

Now may we dwell in peace,
The pilgrim's sure defense;

Digitized by Google

And may our love increase,
Till death shall call us hence;
And e'en in death we'll truth proclaim,
And chant the honors of its name. —*Selected*,

354

THE RIVER TIME.

O, a wonderful stream is the River Time!
And it flows through the realm of Tears;
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broadening sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow
And the summers like buds between;
And the ears and the sheaves how they come and go
On the River's breast with its ebb and flow,
As they glide in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magic isle up the River Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a voice as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying;

And the name of that isle is the "Long Ago,"
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow,
There are heaps of dust, but we loved them so,
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a harp unswept and a lute without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments she used to wear.

There are hands which are waved when that fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air,
And sometimes we hear through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we've heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the River is fair.

Digitized by Google

O, remembered for aye be that blessed Isle
All the day of life till night;
And when evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closed in slumber awhile;
May that greenwood of soul be in sight!

—*B. F. Taylor.*

355

7s

MAN.

Man is more than house or town,
More than palace, temple, crown;
More than all the sage's lore,
Counted Wisdom's precious store;
More than telescope has seen.
More than all that man has been;
More than Bible, world-adored;
Man's a greater name than Lord.

For him the fiery, primal globe,
With moon-high flames, its golden robe;
For him the elemental strife,
And peace that brought the dawn of life,
Which broke through fogs and clouds its way,
'Till ages brought that radiant day,
In which man ripened on Life's tree,
Whose roots o'er spread the Cambrian sea.

Jehovah bows before man's name,
And Jesus has no higher claim;
No God to whom men bend the knee,
So good or great as he shall be;
Within his comprehensive soul,
The planets of all systems roll;
And in him lies the boundless sea,
Whose islands are the nebulæ. —*Wm. Denton.*

356

STAND FIRMLY.

8s & 7s AIR—"ABBOTT."

There are moments when life's shadows
Fall all darkly on the soul,

Digitized by Google

Hiding stars of hope behind them
In a black, impervious scroll;
When we walk with trembling footsteps,
Scarcely knowing how or where
The dim paths we tread are leading,
In our midnight of despair!

Stand we firm in that dread moment—
Stand we firm, nor shrink away;
Looking boldly through the darkness,
Wait the coming of the day;
Gathering strength while we are waiting
For the conflict yet to come;
Fear not, fail not, light will lead us
Yet in safety to our home.

Firmly stand—though sirens lure us;
Firmly stand—though falsehood rail,
Holding justice, truth and mercy,
Die we may—but cannot fail;
Fail!—it is the word of cowards,
Fail!—the language of the slave;
Firmly stand, till duty beckons;
Onward then, e'en to the grave. —*F. D. Gage.*

356

THE VIEW IN NATURE'S LIGHT.

C. M. AN OLD HYMN NATURALIZED.

In Nature's opening light I stand,
And with discerning eye,
Survey the fair, the blooming land
And the effulgent sky.

O the inspiring glorious scene
That opens to the sight,
When fogs no more are found between
The eyes and Nature's light!

Sweet fields, surviving error's flood,
And robed in Nature's green—

Digitized by Google

Where superstition's marshes stood
The fruits of truth are seen.

All o'er the well-enlightened ground
In unobstructed play,
The rays of truth, reflected round,
Enliven every day.

Here dogma-creeds with poisonous breath
Can cast their blight no more;
The victory and sting of death,
And triumphs, all are o'er.

I see our mother's loving grace,
In Nature's law, behest;
I see in all her smiling face,
And on her bosom rest. —*Caleb S. Weeks.*

357

OLD HYMN NATURALIZED.

C. M.

Am I a soldier of the cause
Of truth, and its campaign?
And shall I swerve to win applause,
And Error's favor gain?

Shall I life's higher summits scale
On flowery beds of ease—
Against old Error's force prevail
By honied flatteries?

Are there no foes for me to face—
No superstition-flood?
Will Pharisees sustain the grace
Of truth and Nature's God?

Sure, if I would the cause maintain
Of truth and Nature's light,
I must through earnest toil and pain
Still struggle for the right.

Truth's soldiers, in her glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;

Digitized by Google

They see the triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye.

When truth's effulgent sun shall rise,
Its armies will combine,
And in its beaming light-supplies
As victors ever shine. —*Caleb S. Weeks.*

358

L. M. EDUCATION.

'Tis Education's potent arm
That shields us from oppression's harm;
That guides our feet in freedom's way,
And fabrics rear that ne'er decay.

One gem derived from Learning's store
Serves to create a thirst for more,
And never can rude hands bereave
Mankind of joys they thus receive.

Then let us all with one accord,
Unite our hearts to shed abroad
The precious gifts of mental light
That teach us all to think aright.

Unchain the powers of the mind,
And bid them seek to bless our kind
With knowledge that shall ever be
A safeguard to our liberty. —*Selected.*

359

COMMON SENSE.

Let orthodoxy gloat and grin,
Let pious fools deride;
Call every human act a sin
That leaves the Church aside;

The Church may wrap its virgin robes
Around its whining crew,
And advertise to all the world
How poor its chosen few.

Digitized by Google

While we outside the magic ring
Are drifting hellward down,
They'd nought to do but chant and sing
And on us sinners frown.

Now when in judgment all must sit,
The sinner by the saint;
When all accounts are balanced up,
Who'll make the most complaint?

We don't expect to find the streets
McAdamized with gems;
We don't believe celestial sweets
Are all of prayers and hymns.

Our friends while dwelling here below,
Have been so duped and sold,
That when the gates are opened wide
They'll scramble for the gold.

Such avaricious curses then
From deacons old and gray,
To find their glorious, golden dreams
In sadness melt away.

Let us maintain on our defense,
While on the downward slope,
Reliance firm on common sense,
Which is our only hope. —*D. G. Palmer.*

360

8s & 7s

ACTION.

Action! action! all is action,
In this restless world of ours;
He who'd gain health or glory,
Must not doze in idle bowers.

Motion! motion! all is motion—
Worlds and atoms run their course;
Suns and systems wheel their circles,
Guided by an unseen force.

Digitized by Google

Action! action! without action
Wisdom droops, and virtue dies;
Would'st thou wreath thy name with laurel,
Mark each moment as it flies.

Action! action! bold and manly,
Is the watchword of the free;
'Tis the ægis that protects us,
On the land and on the sea.

Action! action! it alone can
Break the fetters of the slave;
'Tis the only road to freedom—
Action, fearless, prompt and brave. —*Selected.*

361

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Where search for truth ye seek?
Where find its place of birth?
Think ye, 'twas born on Sinai's peak,
There given to the earth?

Think ye its eternal fire,
Flame first on Hebrew pages?
Think ye it could alone inspire,
The priests of by-gone ages?

Hath it a record true,
Save in the ancient time?
Could none but pagan Jew,
Receive the word sublime?

Was God asleep till then?
And through the eternal years
Could none but Hebrew pen
Record the birth of years?

Nay, far back beyond their ken,
Beyond the reach of story,
This grand old earth gave birth to men
Whose lives were filled with glory,

Digitized by Google

Their voices joined in morning hymn,
They, too, knelt low on bended knee.
And reverently prayed to him—
The God they could not see.

They sought for truth, and found it, too,
For it is written everywhere,
And we can read its record true
In earth, sea and viewless air.

Each soul can kindle its altar fires,
No other need we call,
And as our souls to truth aspire,
So on us will its mantle fall.

—*Horace M. Richards.*

362

8s. & 6s. **A SONG FOR LIBERALS.**

We want no counsel from the priests,
No bishop's crook or gown,
No sanctimonious righteousness,
No curse or godly frown.

We want no Bibles in the schools,
No creeds nor doctrines there;
We want no superstition's tools
The children's minds to scare.

We want the rights of liberty,
With reason's lamp to try
Each word and thought of other men
To solve our destiny.

We want the wrongs of life to have
A cure that's felt to-day—
A savior, not beyond the grave,
To work, and not to pray.

We want to reverence the right
That's felt and understood,
And not with superstition's blight
To fear an angry God.

Digitized by Google

We want our paradise on earth—
Not saints, but honest men,
Whose lives shall need no second birth,
Nor savior rudely slain.

And having these, the work shall grow;
Each effort shall set free
A thinking man, whose voice shall go
To shout for liberty. —*Selected.*

363

8s & 7s

THE BUDDHIST'S HOPE.

On the roaring sea of Adar,
We shall see them come and go;
We shall see them cross the river,
Where the silvery waters flow.

In our lives we loved each other;
And the night watch tells us true,
That no cunning, stealthy weasel*
Bit them—e'er our last adieu.

Thus we guarded well the treasures,
When the witch sought to elude—
In the dim light of our chambers,
Stealing through the solitude.

So we know when Buddha calls us,
We shall shout our glad refrain;
And upon the stormy mountain,
Hunt the Ermine there again.
—*Carlos Tewksbury.*

*It is said when a Buddhist dies the friends watch the corpse to prevent its being bitten by a witch, which usually comes in the character of a white weasel. If it succeeds the souls of the watchers are lost.

364

8s & 7s

THE WORLD IS MARCHING.

Oh the world is marching onward,
With a grand resistless tread,

Digitized by Google

While the anthems of the living
Drown the mourners of the dead.

Yes! humanity is waking
From error's gloomy night;
Christian forms and shams are breaking
While the cause of truth grows bright.

God and man forever blending
In the human form divine,
Give us trust in life unending
That must Christian hopes outshine.

—*Selected.*

365

WHAT IS EARTHLY GLORY?

Oh, what is earthly glory? ask Cæsar when he fell,
At the base of Pompey's statue, slain by those he loved too well;
Ask the Carthegenian hero who kept his fearless vow;
Ask Napoleon in his exile; ask the dead before you now.

And one answer, and one only in the light of truth is given,
Man's highest earthly glory is to do the will of heaven;
To rise and battle bravely with dauntless moral right,
In the holy cause of freedom and the triumph of the right.

—*Lizzie Doten.*

366

HEAVEN ON EARTH.

The parson may preach and the fanatic rave
Of existence eternal beyond the dark grave;
Their heaven they say is far up above,
But mine is on earth and I call it love!

The love of a parent, the love of a child,
Who with fond caressings has hours beguiled;
The love of a homestead free from all care,
With dear ones around me—my heaven is there.

The love of a brother—and hourly strive
With heart and with hand to help him to thrive;

Digitized by Google

To say to the hungry—my dinner is thine;
To make others happy, that heaven is mine.

If we acted as conscience dictated our course,
There'd be no occasion for grief or remorse;
If we judged not by *Gold*, but by a man's worth,
Then indeed we should find a heaven on earth.

—*T. L. Brown, M.D.*

367

ASHES.

I read all those letters, I read them again,
And my heart drinks each joy-note, or desolate strain,
And a kind of sweet agony thrills through my soul,
As I see how a change o'er my spirits first stole.
First misunderstanding, then sorrow, then blame,
Till icicles hung where there once glowed a flame.

Here's one that she wrote me, 'neath sorrow's black wing,
A hopeless, a darkened, a miserable thing;
And here is another, whose voice like a song
Or the gurgling of waters, flows gracefully on;
And these verses I met with a shower of tears—
These beautiful relics of happier years!

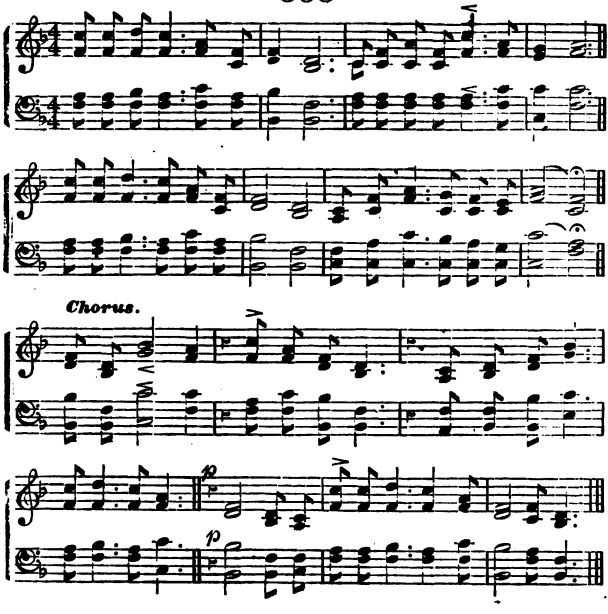
These flowers, when she sent them—though now they are dead,
Glowed with colors, and scented each line that I read.
What an emblem of *her* they all seem to me now,
For the fresh bloom of joy sits no more on her brow,
And the breastworks of friendship are falling apart,
That I tried to make strong in the warmth of my heart.

And so did affection's rich blossoms all fade
Just where in the grave of cold silence they laid,
And nought but these letters, now old and so worn,
Tells the tale of a love that we secretly mourn.
Slowly dropping each one in the heart of the blaze,
Let me bury these faces of sunnier days!

—*Mrs. Jacob Martin.*

Digitized by Google

368



THE BROOK AND I.

All Summer long the happy brook
Has warbled songs of joy and glee,
And hidden in a leafy nook,
I thought its music meant for me.

CHORUS—The brook and I,
The brook and I,
The brook and I sang merrily, merrily,
The brook and I sang merrily.

For in my heart a sweeter song,
From its deepest depths come welling,
In mirth and laughter all day long
Gladsome stories ever telling.

CHORUS—The brook and I, etc.

Digitized by Google

But now the Summer days are fled,
Forsaking meadow, rock, and tree;
Cold Autumn smites the wild flow'rs dead,
As are the hopes that dwelt in me.

CHORUS—The brook and I, etc.

The leaves are falling, one by one,
For chilling winds have touch'd them all,
The swelling brook doth widely run,
And will not answer to my call.

CHORUS—The brook and I sigh wearily, etc,

And now the drear November rain
Falls cold where once the sunbeams lay;
Perhaps we sung our songs in vain;
Both brook and I feel sad to-day.

CHORUS—The brook and I sigh wearily, etc.

Words and Music by Jennie B. Brown.

369

8s. & 7s. **THE NEW YEAR.**

Years steal on with noiseless footstep,
Months on silent wings flit by;
Hours and moments on Time's ocean,
As uncounted sand-grains lie.
On the rough or mirrored surface,
Braving every storm or fear,
White-winged life-boats passing swiftly,
Go to greet the new-born year.

Ah! what space for thought to wander,
Lies within the twelve months past;
Many flowers then brightly blooming
Drop beneath the chilling blast!
Many friends then loved and trusted,
Have forgotten words of cheer;
And the joys we yet remember.
Fill not every bright New Year!

Digitized by Google

Wreathed in clouds, a hidden blessing
Often comes to every heart;
Though the heaven's midnight blackens,
Brightest stars will sometimes start.
Then away with all repining,
'Rouse not memory's buried tear;
But with hearts fresh, pure and thankful,
We'll begin the glad New Year!

—*Mrs. Jacob Martin.*

370

C.M.D.

SONG OF PROGRESS.

What! shall the future fate of man
Be likened to the past:
And disregard of human rights
Continue to the last?
Shall power, ambition, and deceit
Still warp, and crush, and bind
The mind and body dark'ning still
The future of mankind?

Shall ignorance, in fetters dire,
The masses still enslave;
And bigotry in bitter ire
Its dreary dogmas rave?
Shall wealth and wretchedness for aye
Their glaring contrast find;
And crime and creeds be rife through all
The future of mankind?

Shall Toil produce, but ne'er partake,
Complain, but yet endure?
Is there no physic for the ill,
No remedy to cure?
Yes, there's much that might be solved
Freedom's amount to find,
For in the present is involved
The future of mankind.

The task to learn, the past to take.
The duty to discharge,
The obstacle to overthrow,

Digitized by Google

Advantage to enlarge;
Justice, and Truth, the finger-posts,
To guide the ardent mind;
The present earnest helper works
The future of mankind. —*Selected.*

371

CLOSE OF LIFE.

All the children of God to the devil oft go,
Tho' the prayers of his offspring, forever may flow;
But Nature's dear children, wherever they roam;
When weary with wandering, ever come home.

He may wander in sunshine, or travel in gloom:
Our course in each pathway, but ends in the tomb.
Our brother grown weary thro' all the long hours;
Now lies down to sleep, 'neath the grass and the flowers.
—*D. Jenkins.*

372

A PARODY.

I'm not a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the clan
Who have the parson for their boss
Upon the Gospel plan.

Must I be thrust in gospel-shops,
And there on bended knees
Be crammed and stuffed with gospel slops
An unknown God to please?

Is there no way for me to shun
This blood-washed, pious crew?
I must decide to fight or run,
Else they will put me through.

Sure I must fight in self-defense
'Gainst this religious mob,
And shell them out with common sense,
These Christians and their God.

Digitized by Google

We Infidels in this great strife
Will conquer by and by;
We would not change the present life
For one beyond the sky.

Soon mental liberty shall spread
Her blessings everywhere,
Then parsons will not eat our bread
And pay us off in prayer.

We'll have no God in our laws,
No priestly institution;
We want no Christ to plead our cause,
None in the constitution. —*Not by Watts.*

373

NOBLE LIVES.

There are hearts that never falter
In the battle for the right;
There are ranks that never alter
Watching through the darkest night.
And the agony of sharing
In the fiercest of the strife,
Only gives a nobler daring,
Only makes a grander life.

There are those who never weary,
Bearing suffering and wrong;
Though the way is long and dreary,
It is vocal with their song.
While their spirits in Truth's furnace,
Bending to its gracious will,
Are fashioned in a purer mould,
By its loving, matchless skill.

There are those whose loving mission
Is to bind the bleeding heart,
And to teach the calm submission
Where the pain and sorrow smart.
They are angels bearing to us,
Love's rich ministry of peace,

Digitized by Google

When the night is nearing to us,
And life's bitter trials cease.

There are those who battle slander,
Envy, jealousy and hate,
Who'd rather die than pander
To the passions of earth's great;
And no earthly power can crush them,
Neither fear nor favor hush them.

These alone are truly great,
These are the conquerors of fate,
These truly live; they never die,
But clothed with immortality
When they lay their burden down,
Shall enter and obtain the crown. —*Anon.*

374

8s & 7s

QUESTIONS.

When I ask myself the question,
"Is the Bible true or false?"
Then I feel there is within me
Something powerful that calls—
Calls upon my very nature,
On my love of truth and right
To dispel such idle doubtings
And behold the newborn light.

When I ask myself the question,
"Is the story that we read
Of the six days of creation
Is this true? Is it indeed?"
Geology springs up and answers,
'Tis plain as it can be,
This world has rolled countless ages,
For your proofs come back to me.

When I ask myself the question,
"Is the story of the sun
Standing still among the heavens
Worth to place belief upon?"

Google

Astronomy springs up and answers,
"No; such things can never be,
For the mighty laws of Nature
Always work in harmony."

When I ask myself the question,
"Is the story of the fall
And the cursing of creation,
Covering earth as with a pall—
Is that true?" then all my feeling
Better feelings broken free
In the tones of real conviction
Answer that "it cannot be."—*J. A. Lindberg.*

375

8s & 7s

HOLD YOUR HEAD UP LIKE A MAN.

If the stormy winds should rustle
While you tread the world's highway,
Still against them bravely tussle,
Hope and labor day by day;
Falter not, no matter whether
There is sunshine, storm, or calm,
And in every kind of weather,
Hold your head up like a man.

If a brother should deceive you,
And should act a traitor's part,
Never let his treason grieve you,
Jog along with lightsome heart;
Fortune seldom follows fawning.
Boldness is the wiser plan,
Hoping for a better dawning,
Hold your head up like a man.

Earth, though e'er so rich and mellow,
Yields not for the worthless drone,
But the bold and honest fellow,
He can shift and stand alone;
Spurn the knave of every nation,
Always do the best you can,
And no matter what your station,
Hold your head up like a man. —*Selected.*

Digitized by Google

376

8s & 7s THE DAY IS BREAKING.

The day is breaking in the East,
Hurrah! the day is breaking;
From the fevered dream of ages
At last the world is waking!
Lo! Freedom shakes the darkness
With her anthem and her lyre,
And bigotry is dying now
Beside her martyr fire!

Lo! the world is up and doing,
And determined to atone
For the blood and gloom that circled
The altar and the throne;
And kingcraft, with its attributes
Of flame and gore and lust,
And the mitre and the priesthood
Are trampled in the dust.

Superstition's baleful spectres
Are back to chaos hurl'd,
The sun-burst of intelligence
Streams o'er the waking world;
And, in the orient splendor
Of the refulgent morn,
Arises, grand with love and light,
The glory that was scorn.

And the glory that was scorn
Shall have an endless reign,
When the world shall strew her roses
Upon the grave of Paine;
And, among the sacred relics
Of the noble, true, and fair,
Shall cherish in her heart of hearts
The memory of Voltaire.

We few, who climb the flinty steep
Of obloquy and hate,
May see our feeble lamp go out
While yet we toil and wait;

Digitized by Google

But we'll dare the hosts against us
And face them, firm and brave,
That our ranks may yet shout "Victory!"
On our forgotten grave.

A noble deed, a noble thought,
A motive pure and high,
The throbbing of a great warm heart
Can never, never die;
They pass on through the ages—
Through their dim and troubled flow—
And fling a ray of happiness
Upon the hills of woe. —*Selected.*

377

C.M. A PARAPHRASE.

Who blesses now thy servants, Lord.
And who is their defense?
Where is the wisdom for their guide,
Their God's omnipotence?

In foreign lands and realms remote,
They need some watchful care;
In burning climes they leave their bones,
And die in tainted air.

When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the fearful wave,
They find that thou art slow to hear
And impotent to save.

The storm is o'er and winds retire,
Not caring for thy will:
The sea that roars without command,
Is roaring onward still.

In midst of dangers, fears and deaths,
Thy greatness men adore,
And praise thee for the little done,
And scarcely hope for more. —*D. Jenkins.*

Digitized by Google

378

8s & 7s THE GOD OF BATTLES.

God hath blest the warrior nations,
And hath sanctified the sword;
Blest the bloodshed of his Christians,
Those who magnify his word.

Blest are all who call on Allah,
And Jehovah great and small;
Victory o'er the heathen nations,
Songs of triumph one and all.

God of old was "God of Battles,"
"Lord of Hosts" his holy name;
And his foes have learned in sorrow,
"Beareth not the sword in vain."

Glorious were his bright evangels,
With their glittering sword in hand,
O'er the plains of pagan Europe;
And the far-famed Holy Land.

Great for flames and great for slaughters;
Great in torture and in woe;
Great for persecution ever,
To each person deemed his foe.

Peaceful are the sons of Buddha,
India, China, and Japan;
Brahmins fight not, Thibet 's peaceful;
Peaceful do these nations plan.

But the glory of God's nations,
All established by the sword;
And are written high in terror,
"Names of those who love the Lord."

Thunderers are the Christian common,
Flaming see their fires from far;
Wrecks of cities, wrecks of nations;
All for Jesus truly are. —*D. Jenkins.*

Digitized by Google

379

DEATH.

Through darkness and silence,
Through cloud and through gloom;
We're threading our pathway,
Alone to the tomb.

We follow like mourners,
No crucified king;
But truth and devotion,
To love's altar bring.

We seek in the darkness
A place for to dwell:
But aim for no heaven,
And fear for no hell.

From kind mother Nature
We've wandered away;
But now we are coming,
At home long to stay.

We now bid you farewell,
'Neath Love's sweet bowers,
And lie down to sleep
'Neath the grass and the flowers.

—*D. Jenkins.*

380

L. M.

WORDS NOT DEEDS.

Bound fast to creed who can be free
And feel the joys of Liberty?
He is in thralldom of the soul
Whose life both church and creed control.

For to be free, aye, free indeed,
One must throw off the chains of creed,
And let the soul untrammeled soar,
Free as the winds forevermore.

Digitized by Google

To read the laws of life and love,
In rolling earth—the worlds above,
For Nature's face unerring gives
A "Holy writ" that ever lives.

No records of the misty lore,
Can teach me what I must adore,
Nor worded *Revelation* given,
Can point my soul the way to heaven.

For as upon this rock I stand,
I read God's Scriptures plowed in land;
When night come on with world's outspread,
I read them on that radiant bed.

And when my soul looks up to thee,
Thou endless space, *Infinity;*
I humbly bow for God has given
Yon burning worlds to light to heaven. —*R. Lapham.*

381

BETTER THAN GOLD.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Their rank and title a thousand fold,
Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please;
A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe,
And share his joys with a genial glow,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere;
Doubly blest with content and health,
Untried by the cares of lust or wealth,
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's lot;
For man and morals, or Nature's plan,
Are the genuine test of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labors close;

Digitized by Google

Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep;
Bring sleeping draught to the downy bed
Where luxury pillows his aching head;
His simpler opiate labor deems
A shorter road to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in the realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore,
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires past away;
The world's great drama will thus enfold
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside charities come;
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble that home may be,
Or tried by sorrow with Fortune's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And centre there are better than gold. —*Selected.*

382

WEDDING.

This joyous assembly, here gathered to-day;
To greet and be joyful, to sing, dance and play:
And beauty and fragrance. with strength will unite;
And crown in their glory, our mission to-night.

All glory and freedom, all joy and all love,
We ask for this union, beneath and above.
And happiness ever, with purity goes,
We see its protection encircle the rose.

A kiss for a blow is the doctrine we love,
'Tis a creed good enough for the angels above
But a terrible blow which could one of us vex,
We hope will but come from the opposite sex.

—*D. Jenkins.*

Digitized by Google

383

THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

O, Truth, thy triumph is tardy,
The reign of Error is long;
The weak are oppressed by the mighty,
And the arm of Injustice is strong.

In vain do the friends of mercy
For helpless humanity plead;
The strong and selfish still revel,
Nor the cries of the perishing heed.

In vain do the hands of freemen
The banner of Liberty raise,
The grey-bearded tyrant, custom,
His time-honored sceptre sways.

Oh! when will the time be present,
That faith through the future descries,
When might shall cease to be cruel,
Nor the rights of weakness despise?

Though slow is the good time coming,
Which hope has promised so long,
When love shall supplant all hatred,
And right shall prevail o'er wrong.

Yet still, through the mist of the future,
The dawn of its morning we see,
And the darkness and chaos around us
From the light are beginning to flee.—*H. C. Neville.*

384

10s

NEVER YIELD TO DESPAIR.

Gird on your armor, the conflict draws nigh,
March boldly to battle, with banner raised high.
Fling its folds to the breeze, let it float on the air,
With this, for its motto, never yield to despair.

What though the storm clouds burst over your path,
And the lightnings fierce gleam, seems an emblem of wrath,
The lightning and storm-cloud are fast passing by,
Then the rainbow of Hope, will arch your dark sky.

—*Horace M. Richards.*

385

THOUGHT.

We see it, feel it, know its power,
  Its voice has long been heard;
Oppression cannot make it cower,
  It sheaths the mighty sword.

It glistens in the pearly tear
  Which dims the sparkling eye;
We hear it in the school-boy's shout,
  His loud laugh ringing high.

It flashes in the statesman's speech,
  As truth and right together blend,
And as he writes those burning words,
  'Tis Thought that guides his pen.

Our history's page is written o'er
  With many a daring deed;
Thought brought Columbus to our shore,
  And thought our nation freed.

And thought will break the tyrant's rod,
  Enslaved it will not be;
'Twill give humanity one God,
  And set the nations free.

—*Miss Frances L. Wilson.*

386

THE TRUE LIFE.

While on this earth ye stay,
  Oh, nobly live!
Strive ye from day to-day
  Some joy to give,
Some hopeful word to speak,
Fresh strength to give the weak,
By constant effort seek
  Nobly to live.

Digitized by Google

Turn ye with generous heart
  Toward those who need,—
Eager to sow some part
  Of Life's good seed.
Forego mere selfish gains;
Think ye of others claims;
Make e'en your simplest alms
  Noble indeed.

Listen to conscience' voice,
  Thy surest guide;
Its teachings make thy choice,
  By them abide;
Walk ye with earnest feet,
Holding all duty meet;
So shall contentment sweet
  Walk by thy side.

And when the end draws near,
  The dreamless rest,
All labor finished here,
  Ended all quest,
Calmly turn ye to sleep,
Though loving hearts shall weep;
Immortal they shall keep
  Thy noblest—best. *C. Godfrey.*

387

THE TRUE WOMAN.

Her name shines not in bannered field,
  Where Right and Wrong so boldly war;
Nor rings her voice in any cause
  Which men and women battle for;
Yet in her presence, subtle, sweet,
You long to kneel and kiss her feet.

No wondrous romance wreathes her life;
  Nor has she led a martyr train;
Nor beautiful, nor rich is she,
  But poor—and some would call her plain;
Yet in her two dear eyes you see
A beauty burning constantly.

Digitized by Google

No silken robe enfolds her form,
No dainty leisure has her hands;
Her jewels are a simple ring;
A ribbon binds her head's smoothe bands;
Yet in her garment's simple grace
Her soul's regality you trace.

No gift hath she to shake and thrill
A thankless world with warbled songs;
And art that wakes the ivory keys
To other hands than hers belongs;
Yet in her words of tender cheer
A richer music charms the ear.

She walks in humble ways of life
That lead oft times through gloom and shade,
And cares and crosses not a few
Are on her patient shoulders laid,
Yet smiles and drinks each bitter cup,
And keeps her brave eyes lifted up.

And homely ways she wreathes with grace,
Harsh duty turns to lovely zest;
And cheery hope and steadfast will
Are at her side, in work and rest;
But never dreams she you can spy
The angel looking from her eye. —*Selected.*

388

WHAT I DON'T KNOW, AND WHAT I DO.

8s. & 6s.

I do not know if future life
Has weal or woe for me;
I only know his laws of love
Forever more shall be.

I do not know that for my sake
A Jesus bled and died;
I think of all who for truth's sake
The world has crucified.

I do not know where God abides,
Nor of his great white throne;

Google

I stretch my hand in darkness,
And, childlike, touch his own.

I do not know if works of faith
Will buy me heaven's joy;
The holy right to bless mankind
Is heaven without alloy.

I do not know that all earth's ones
In endless pain shall moan;
I only know that God is love,
And he will claim his own.

I know not that for one man's sin,
All men to grief are born;
I only know the truth of *this*
"Blessed are they that mourn."

I do not know that wrong and might
Will wrap the world in sin;
For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win.

I do not ask that for truth's sake
I constant praise shall find,
If no reproach come to my name,
The blessings were not mine.

Among the pitfalls round our way
We all of us blindly move;
Be careful if thy brother fall,
Give him thy hand in love. *Miss D. L. Hussey.*

389

12s LET US LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Let us love one another, when flowers are in bloom,
Let us love one another, in winters chill gloom,
Let us love one another, when fortune smiles fair,
Let us love one another 'mid grief and despair.

Let us love one another, wherever we go,
Let us love one another, while we tarry below,
Let us love one another, from morn until even,
Let us love one another, and loving find Heaven.

Horace M. Richards.

Digitized by Google

390

8s & 7s

THE SITUATION.

Let craven cowards shirk the fight,
And treachery sneak to dens away;
Let guilty falsehood shun the light
Of e'en the stars' remittent ray.

The brave shall breast the danger nigh;
The innocent unfaltering stand;
The faithful lift the banner high;
That bears the motto: "Free the Land!"

While holy Truth, with sinless head
Uncovered, to the front shall run;
And with her own white hands shall spread
Her record to the shining sun. —*Selected.*

391

THE RADICALS.

O, quiver 'neath the morning sun,
Ye arrows, in your speeding;
The Radicals have ever won
Their laurels in the leading.
Ye champions of freedom, hail
Each law your forces molding,
While yet our purpose may unveil
Some wisdom in unfolding!

Most graciously within its sphere,
Old Earth is onward moving;
Conservatism in the rear
The backward march is proving.
The Radicals are found ahead,
Grouped in a mass together,
Who test, as by a science led,
Its mettle, weight, and tether.

It is an age of will and steam,
Of energies gigantic,
Whose minor forces madly teem
With powers wild and frantic.

Digitized by Google

Then quiver through the noisy din,
Ye arrows, upward glancing.
The Radicals shall ever win
Their laurels in advancing.

Speed Justice with her golden scales,
And freedom, with thy teaching;
And speed the law that never quails
Before despotic preaching.
Speed mind to wisdom, and to mind
Speed on the sweet communion,
Until a silver cord may bind
The two in heavenly union.

Speed, women, till the future brings
Its mission to ensphere her,
And speed the poetess who sings
The crowning of her era.
Oh, speed the music of each tone,
To a world-wide destination,
Until each clime, domain and zone
Give back its inspiration.

Speed, speed the car of progress on,
Ye Radicals, unheeding
Aught save the creed wherein ye won
Your laurels in the leading,
Speed earth to heaven, and heaven to earth;
Speed light and revelation;
And let the love of freedom girth
The limits of creation. —*Eliza A. Pittsinger.*

392

THE COMMON SCHOOL.

The common school, the common school;
We sing its praise forever;
O! not from its ennobling rule
Can our affections sever.
How memory hallows every hour
Along its flowery mazes,
And consecrates anew each power
Of thought to sing its praises.

Digitized by Google

The common school, a holy charm
On all its scenes reposes;
Here wisdom stands with open palm,
To crown us with her roses.
Here mind is might, nor can you buy
Diplomas here with dollars;
The marks of true distinction lie
In being earnest scholars.

The common school, O! let its light
Shine through the country's story;
Here lies her wealth, her strength, her might,
Here rests her future glory.
The past a living witness stands
On all this truth impressing;
The common school is to our land
A source of priceless blessing.

While rallying round the flag, we ring
Loud pæans to our banner;
For common schools, O! let us sing
One deep, heartfelt hosanna,
For what would flag or country be
To all our sons and daughters,
If learning's font were sealed, and we
Might never quaff its waters?

Far as our starry banner flies,
Repeating Freedom's story,
O! bid the common school arise,
A benison of glory.
The common school our hope shall be;
On this and truth relying,
We'll onward march, the brave and free
With all our colors flying. —*Selected.*

393

LEARN A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

Tiny seeds make boundless harvests,
Drops of rain compose the showers,
Seconds make the flying minutes,
And the minutes make the hours.

Digitized by Google

Let us hasten, then, and catch them,
As they pass us on the way,
And with honest, true endeavor,
Learn a little every day.

Let us read some striking passage,
Cull a verse from every page;
Here a line and there a sentence,
'Gainst the lonely time of age.
At our work or by the wayside,
While the sunshine's making hay,
Thus we may by help or study,
Learn a little every day. —*Selected.*

394

8s & 7s

WHY BELIEVE?

I live not with the men of old;
No signs and wonders saw,
As when on Sinai's burning mount
In thunder came the law.

God has not been revealed to me,
Nor Jesus have I seen,
There are no prophets here to ken;
And none have ever been.

No miracle have ever seen,
No prophet seen or heard,
No seas nor rivers riven been
By prophet, priest, or Lord.

I have not wrestled with my God,
As Jacob did of old,
Except by preacher on his knees,
As we are often told.

No God has walked in garden mine;
In morn or evening cool;
And if I said I'd seen him there,
They'd take me for a fool.

I never saw exhaustless oil

Digitized by Google

In cruise or any dish;
Nor man when crossing o'er the sea,
Take passage in a fish.

My dead were never brought to life,
When friends around them grieve;
Such wonders I have never seen,
Then why should I believe? —*D. Jenkins.*

395

TO THE BIGOT.

You tell me I'm conceited—blind,
Because I cannot see with you—
That I am Infidel to God,
Because your creed meets not my view.

You tell me I can't judge of truth,
Because I've not been "born again,"
Like you who've passed that mystic change.
And claim to teach your fellow men.

You tell me I blaspheme his name,
Because I scout your "Three in One,"
And that I surely must be damn'd
Because I treat such thoughts with fun.

The mountain streamlet laughs and leaps
O'er rocks in wild derision down;
It cuts a channel of its own
Though crags of sober granite frown.

It minds its own, its natural way;
Its laughing waters gaily sing
As down the glen it cheerly runs,
And o'er stern precipices spring.

They say it is a "ruined child,"
'Twill in some awful gulf be lost;
It dares to take its own wild way—
'Twill "on the fiery waves be toss'd."

But on the laughing streamlet goes,

Digitized by Google

The stronger for each cursing blast;
It has the sunshine on its way,
And find its ocean home at last.

Turn now and see your locked canal—
A staid invention of proud man—
Keeps a dead level all the time,
And never laughed since it began.

If it attempts to break its banks,
'Tis damned more strongly than before—
Bears heavy burdens on its breast—
Is roiled, and dare not even roar.

Each craft is free to roil it up,
And vex it to the last degree;
It fogs, and steams, evaporates,
But never gains the grand old sea.

I would not be a thing like that—
Locked, caged, and hampered all my way—
For all the tinsel of its marts,
And all its stately, grand array.

I'd rather be just what I am—
All free to think outside your creeds—
To spread my wings and soar away
Where superstition ne'er impedes. —*Selected.*

396

11s

ILLUMINATION.

The heavens are opening, the light shining forth;
'Tis seen in the South, too, and seen in the North;
Kind Nature's revealing her treasures of love;
Disclosing her wonders beneath and above.

The microscope offers its wonders to view;
The spectroscope's given, and telescopes too;
We enter our heavens, see no wall nor gate;
Decrees cannot hinder, and progress won't wait.

Jehovah 's retreated to regions afar;
Has flown in his terror past planet and star;

Google

Folly's inspiration no longer is true
And hell is old chaos receding from view.

And minds are expanding and soaring bold;
Ascending, surmounting the nations of old;
And bold science subdues and examines all things,
And its giants in mind are our priests and our kings.

—*D. Jenkins.*

397

SCIENCE AND THEOLOGY.

Science in ancient days
Scarce dared to lift her head;
Soon for her sons the fire did blaze,
And soon their doom was said.

For those "Religion" deemed
The enemies of faith
Quickly the sword of vengeance gleamed,
And hushed their voice in death.

'Twas nought their lives were pure,
'Twas nought their aim was good;
With vengeance only yet more sure
She thirsted for their blood.

But changed is now the case,
Science no longer need
To fear "Religion's" angry face,
Nor sees her children bleed.

Her sway is widely owned;
"Religion," cap in hand,
Waits in the courts of her she stoned,
Whose noble work she banned.

"Give me," she cries, "some grace;
Let me retain mine own;
Why should my children seek thy face?
Why should'st thou reign alone?

"Have I not thrown away
My dogmas, one by one?

Digitized by Google

The few I still hold, leave, I pray,
Else is my throne undone."

But answers Science stern:
"'Religion' (falsely named!),
My end is Truth, which thou dost spurn,
And ever hast defamed.

"In chains thou still would'st hold
The reason of mankind;
The time is past! man now is bold—
He sees, though he was blind.

"I cannot share my sway
With thee, for sure thy doom;
More bright my star from day to day,
But thine must set in gloom."

"Religion" heard with shame;
Downward her mask did fall,
Theology, (her rightful name)
She stood revealed to all. —*T. A. T. H.*

398

THE POWER THAT ENDURES.

Amidst the changing scenes of time,
'Mid Artic cold and Tropic clime,
Unmoved by hate or fear;
Though nations rise, or nations wane,
Though seas recede, or mountain chain
Dissolve and disappear—
There dwells a power that's still serene,
Though time grows old; for hale and green,
It feels immortal youth;
This power that measures time and space,
Nor mortal knows its natal place,
Is Truth—unchanging Truth.

It saw carved out the Theban gates,
The wonder of the world's estates,
And crumble all alone;
It ground more firmly than the mills

Digitized by Google

Of all the gods on Rome's proud hills;
It knew the Cæsar's throne;
It walked with Patriarchs of yore;
'Twas with the Judges when they wore
Their robes from passion free;
Time's scroll to Prophets it unrolled,
When they of wonders great foretold,
The distant years should see.

Its heritage is with the just;
Its guidance they securely trust
Who battle for the Right;
It is the pillared cloud by day,
The shaft of flame that leads the way
Through Error's sombre night;
It is the compass and its star;
'Tis Fame that slander cannot mar;
'Tis Wisdom's solid ground;
For it the student's oil burns low,
With it Art's grand creations glow;
'Tis Music's perfect sound.

It is the ring of metal pure;
It is the landmark, firm and sure;
The beacon on the hill;
It is the fountain, strong and clear;
'Tis day and night, each season, year,
That Time's processions fill.
As grandly on it speeds its sway,
The sounds of discord die away,
Nor ancient feud remains;
It guards the weak, controls the strong,
Defends the Right, condemns the wrong,
And each just cause maintains. —*Selected*

399

10s FRIENDSHIP, SCIENCE, ART.

A triple health to Friendship, Science, Art,
From heads and hands that own a common heart,
Each in its turn the others' willing slave—
Each in its season strong to heal and save.

Google

Friendship's blind service, in the hour of need,
Wipes the pale face and lets the victim bleed;
Science must stop to reason and explain;
Art claps its fingers on the streaming vein.

But Art's brief memory fails the hand at last;
Then Science lifts the flambeau of the past,
When both their equal importance deplore,
When Learning sighs and skill can do no more—
The tear of Friendship pours its heavenly balm,
And soothes the pang no anodyne may calm.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

400

THE WORLD IS GROWING BETTER.

8s & 7s

Hear ye the cry, O men of earth?
O'er sea and land 'tis sounding;
Old formulas are breaking up
And new-born hopes are bounding.
The dawning day shall strike away
From tawny slave his fetter,
O happy hour, oh glorious time,—
The world is growing better!

Old musty churchmen cease to prate
About long-faced profession,—
And seem inclined to own this truth,
That better is possession.
Oh, sure are we the day-star dawns
On error's clanking fetter;
Then sound the chorus long and high,
The world is growing better!

'Tis said the world is growing old,
'Tis rather growing youthful—
Old fogyism melts away
Before a wisdom truthful.
If Ignorance still frown and scold
At coming times, why let her!
Mankind no more shall own her sway,
The world is growing better!

—*Lita Barney Sayles.*

401

THE CONFLICT FOR RIGHT AND TRUTH.

7s & 6s

The willing mind will ever
Deem heavy burdens light,
The noble spirit never
Cease struggling for the right.
Though the conflict may increase,
And might should brave the strife,
Right's champion shall release
The prison bars of life.

On, on, the banner speedeth,
The battle-cry of right,
No blood-stained fields it needeth,
No cannon's thundering might,
(Whence red-eyed fury dashes
His storms of deadly rain,)
No cities laid in ashes,
No mangled heaps of slain.

But dauntless minds that fail not
To strive in fadeless youth,
That falsehood may prevail not
Against the cause of truth,
Lead on, the darkness breaking,
Their beacon light to spread,
Unnumbered hearts awaking
From mingling with the dead.

On, on, the war-cry speedeth,
"Soldiers of truth, arise!"
The simple peasant heedeth,
And error's ranks defies,
The veteran, grey and hoary,
The beardless, noble youth,
Swell back that shout of glory,
And arm, and strike for truth.

Fiercely the conflict rages,
For soul is matched with soul,
The battle fields are pages,

Digitized by Google

And thoughts the artillery's roll.
Oppression, crime, and error,
Marshall'd in added might,
Strike on, yet shrink with terror,
When met by truth and right. —*Selected.*

402

8s

GOD IS LOVE.

The records of the olden time
Give place to truths far more sublime;
The mists and darkness will away
Before the light of dawning day.

God's mighty power o'er all the land
Will break old Superstition,s band
Till not an error shall remain
Or e'er be worn by souls again.

Truth's mighty flow is ocean wide,
Its power as great as ocean's tide;
Resistless as the march of time,
Its tidal wave so grand, sublime—

Shall sweep old errors from its path,
And for the old time God of wrath
Shall open wide the doors above,
And show us all that God is love.

—*H. M. Richards.*

403

8 8 5

INDIAN SUMMER.

Its voice rings out, and Autumn mild
Looks on her dusky, dark-eyed child—
The Indian Summer.

Its life is fair, and yet there lies
A hazy blue upon its skies
To veil their splendors.

Its shadows moving o'er the ground,

Digitized by Google

From earth awakes some sleeping sound
Its steps to echo.

Its brown feet rustle through the leaves,
Its brown hands bind them up in sheaves
Of glowing colors.

Its rich voice ever runs along
The quiet days, with touching song
Of melancholy.

Its strong arms gather up the thread
Of Autumn's gold, and overhead
Hang clouds of purple.

Its tender song and beauty sweet
Will die when Fall and Summer meet
Outside the Winter. —*Mrs. Jacob Martin.*

404

DOUBT.

You say, but with no touch of scorn,
Sweet-hearted, you whose light blue eyes
Are tender over drowning flies,
You tell me doubt is devil-born.

I know not; one indeed I knew,
In many a subtle question versed,
Who touched a jarring lyre at first,
But ever strove to make it true.

Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out,
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind,
And laid them: thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own,
And Power was with him in the night,

Digitized by Google

Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone. —*Tennyson.*

405

BLISSES NOT CAUGHT IN NETS.

True worth is in being, not seeming—
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in dreaming
Of great things by and by.
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kindly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—
We cannot do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and feel pleasure,
For injustice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
And sometimes the thing our life misses
Helps more than the thing which it gets.
For good lies not in pursuing,
Nor of gaining of great nor of small,
But just in doing, and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hating,
Against the world early and late,
No jot our courage abating—
Our part is to work and to wait;
And slight is the sting of his trouble
Whose winnings are less than his worth;
For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortune or birth. —*Selected.*

Digitized by Google

406

THE HALCYON TIME.

I will fashion a rhyme
For that halcyon time
When truth shall triumph and love shall reign;
When honest endeavor
Shall serve as a lever
To raise mankind to a loftier plane.

When the nobles of earth
Shall bow to the worth
Of lusty yeomen whose hearts are true;
And they who inherit
Not gold, but merit,
Shall reap reward for the deeds they do.

Then all that is good
Shall grow as it should;
And evil shall steal away like a thief;
And lofty desire
The soul shall inspire,
And sympathy silver the clouds of grief.

No charlatan then,
With malice toward men,
Shall mount to fame by the ladder of fraud;
Nor tricksters shallow,
Nor hypocrites hollow,
Be able to cozen the world to applaud.

Contented to work,
Disdaining to shirk,
The worthy shall labor the best they can;
And the marvelous beauty
That lies in duty
Shall dawn in the clearer vision of man.

No prejudice blind
Shall warp the mind,
Nor bigotry darken and narrow the soul;
The sweetness of living
Shall be in forgiving,
And each rejoice in the good of the whole.

Digitized by Google

In that good time,
Which I sing in rhyme,
No rogue shall fatten in slothful ease;
Nor the poor be oppressed,
Nor ignorance dressed
In the linen and purple of snug pharisees.

Not pompous with pride,
On the opposite side,
Shall the rich pass deaf to charity's call;
Nor the wounded and dying
Be left to their sighing,
But the sorrow of one be the sorrow of all.

And the spirit of love,
Which comes from above,
Shall rule with a power that all shall own;
And Magdalen pleading,
With bruised heart bleeding,
Shall find none ready to cast the stone.

Then a song for the time,
When as rhythmic as rhyme,
The currents of human life shall flow;
When strivings and yearnings,
And heart-aches and burnings,
Shall end in the morning's roseate glow.

—*Emac Crook.*

407

HOLD THE LIGHT.

Ho! thou traveler on life's highway
Moving carelessly along—
Pausing not to watch the shadows
Low'ring o'er the mighty throng!
Stand aside and mark how feebly
Some are struggling in the fight,
Turning on thee wistful glances—
Begging thee to hold the light.

Look! upon the right a brother
Wanders blindly from the way;

Digitized by Google

And upon the left a sister,
Frail and erring, turns astray:
One kind word perchance may save them,
Guide their wayward steps aright,
Cans't thou, then, withhold thy counsel?
No; but fly and hold the light!

Hark! a feeble wail of sorrow
Bursts from the advancing throng,
And a little child is groping
Through the darkness deep and long.
'Tis a timid orphan, shivering
'Neath misfortune's withering blight!
Friends, home, love, are all denied her;
Oh: in pity hold the light.

Not alone from heathen darkness,
Where the Pagan bows the knee,
Worshiping his brazen image
With a blind idolatry.
Where no Christian gospel teachings
E'er illume the soul's dark night,
Chimes the cry to fellow mortals,
Wild and pleasing, "Hold the light!"

Here as well, in life's broad highway,
Are benighted wanderers found;
And if all the strong would heed them,
Lights would glimmer all around;
Acts of love and deeds of kindness
Then would make earth's pathway bright;
And there'd be no need of calling,
"Ho! thou traveler, hold the light!" —*Selected.*

408

10s. ODE TO EMOTION.

Thou, the ethereal spirits flow!
Dearest of all mysterious life!
Embracing all subtle fires that glow
When mind with busiest thought is rife!

Digitized by Google

Thou'rt like the waters of yon deep sea—
Now lashed to frenzy by winds that rise,
Then slumb'ring in deep tranquillity,
Lulled by balmy zephyr's gentle sighs!

Trembling, quiv'ring, fitful, fearful life!
With fleet wing mounting from depths below,
Or sinking to saddest dismal strife,
Blending e'er with soul, in joy or woe!

But when harmony gives to the grace
Through virtue of Truth, Science and Art,
When these enlighten the human race,
Thou'lt be called, religion of the heart.

—*Mrs. Sophie W. Kent.*

409

THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

TUNE—"AULD LANG SYNE."

Come let us join in cheerful song,
With hope's inspiring ray;
Let every tongue with praise prolonged,
Proclaim this joyful day;
For life immortal rends the veil
Of error's dark domain,
And every gloomy phantom fades
At reason's glorious reign.

The earth and sky are all aglow
With orbs of living light,
While truth's victorious banners rise
On every mountain height.
Take courage, then, O doubting soul;
For all that's great and good
Will be revealed to every mind,
As truth is understood.

No sin-atoning sacrifice
Can banish pain and woe;
But manfully we learn to live
By reaping what we sow;
The bitter fruits of each misdeed

Digitized by Google

As kindly point the way,
As do the joys in sweet return,
When Truth we most obey.

Eternal progress marks the path
Of each immortal soul,
And though in weakness we may fall,
We rise to self-control;
Thus right will over wrong prevail,
If Truth be understood,
For wickedness shall not avail
To crush eternal good. —*W. S. Barlow.*

410

BRIGHTER DAY.

AIR—"JOHN ANDERSON, MY JOE."

Oh, bright the day that dawneth now,
And brighter still shall be,
When gloom will vanish from our brow,
And trammeled thought be free,
When truth shall gild our mental sky,
And errors fade away,
Sure science fair most fervently,
Proclaims the coming day.

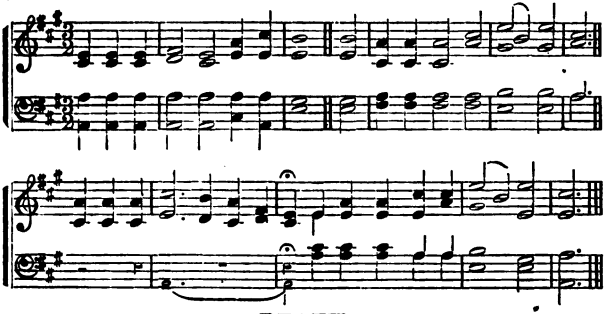
When slaves no more shall walk the earth,
Nor tyrants rule the hour,
When man shall rise to greater worth
In majesty and power—
And Nature's laws, as good supreme,
Shall all his acts control,
And virtue with its brightest beam
Shall harmonize his soul.

Then let our hearts in joyous strain
Sing loudest notes of praise,
And worship truth,—be this our aim,
In whatsoever phase,—
In deepest cave or heavens high,
In science or in art,
The treasures bright let none decry,
But cherish in his heart. —*Mrs. Sophie W. Kent.*

Digitized by Google

411

Zephyr.



DEATH.

Why should we tremble or deplore
The fact of everlasting sleep?
Our work once done, earth needs no more
That we shall smile, or speak, or weep.

If we have nobly wrought for all,
Our lives unselfish been, and true,
No matter when or where we fall,
There can no change our work undo.

Above our clay our friends may bend,
The quiet grave upon us close,
In dreamless sleep that knows no end,
Secure from ills we shall repose.

So we may fold our helpless hands,
And smile on Nature's kind decree,
While she a willing sponsor stands
For other lives that are to be.

—*Mrs. Jennie B. Brown.*

412

DEEDS—NOT WORDS.

10s. & 7s.

Actions—not words is the world's greatest want,
Deeds that are honest and true.
The world is no richer for miserable cant,

Digitized by Google

Of what we are "going to do."
In our lives it is what we have done that will tell,
Not what we desire or intend.
If the actions of life are performed true and well,
We will reap the reward at the end.

If with some gentle heart we are truly in love,
Let us prove by our actions its measure
And not with sweet words that we use like a glove,
To take on or off at our pleasure.
For "actions speak louder than words" we are told,
'Tis as true as the heaven above.
Words are but drops—while good deeds are pure gold,
And stand as a proof of our love.

'Tis the same in the world—in the routine of life,
Words fill a very small space.
They may be deceitful, provoke wrong and strife,
May cover a sin dark and base;
But actions speak trumpet-tongued of the intent,
Their meaning we cannot deny.
By what a man does we'll know what is meant,
While words are a sham and a lie.

—*Theodore S. Dobbs.*

418

INVOCATION.

Oh spirits of love and beauty draw near,
And lift from my sad, weary eyes
The shadows that ever before me appear
To darken the visions that rise.

Oh come from your home where the summer light glows,
Through the aisles of an infinite clime,
And breathe on my spirit the charm of repose
From the fountains of Nature divine.

Oh, leave me no longer in sadness, I pray,
Ye spirits of beauty and love;
I long for your presence to gladden my way,
Till I rest in your gardens above.

Adown life's fair river that flows to the West,

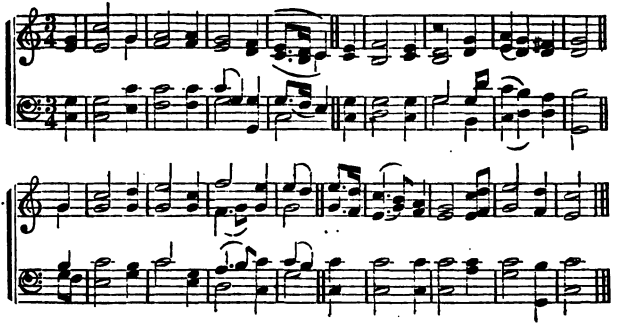
Digitized by Google

My bark glides so swiftly along,
And in its soft murmur a voice from the blest
Bids me ever be faithful and strong.

Oft times I have strayed by the margin of spring,
Till I felt the sweet touch of a power
Sweep over my lyre like an angel's soft wing,
With the fragrance of many a flower.

And the love that was mine in the glad olden time,
Fell over my spirit like dew,
In the vale of affection where flowers still twine,
As fragrant and tender and true. —*Bishop A. Beals.*

414



TRUTH.

O, ever-living Truth! to thee
Our votive offering we bring;
For thou alone must ever be
The one safe rock to which we cling.

Our anchor when wild storms arise,
Sunk many hundred fathoms deep;
Our watchword when the starry skies
The records of thy triumphs keep.

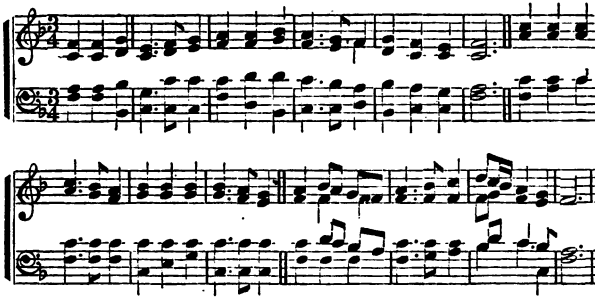
The acme of that high estate,
To which our earnest souls aspire;
Conditions happy that await
The grand fulfillment of desire.

Digitized by Google

The only God mankind can know,
Great sovereign of time and space!
From out eternal ages flow
Conceptions of thy saving grace.

Truth everlasting and divine,
May thy sweet presence, and thy name,
In majesty arise and shine,
A sublimated, quenchless flame!—
—Music and words by Mrs. Jennie B. Brown.

415



LIBERAL HYMN.

Humanity, for thee,
And for thy liberty,
Our legions plead!
Now be each tyrant's chain,
Forever broke in twain;
Our work prove not in vain,
For thine and thee.

O brothers! unto thee,
Who would be nobly free,
In love we come;
And in the name of right,
And Freedom's holy light,
Abjure and spurn the blight
Of priestly craft.

An altar new to thee,
We raise, O Liberty!

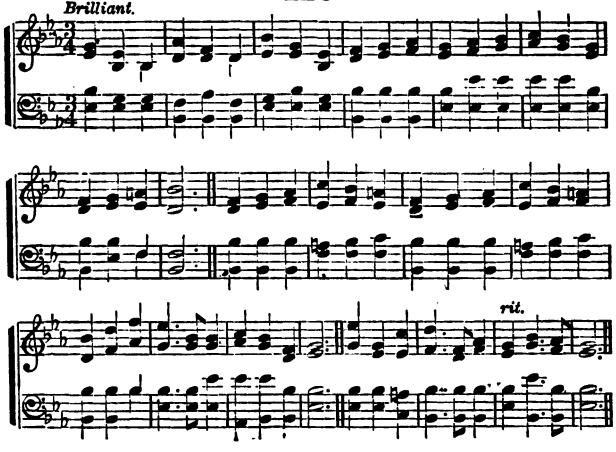
Digitized by Google

Our incense burn;
The old things pass'd away,
New things ris'n from decay
Shall crown with deathless lay
Our righteous cause.

Reason, we cry to thee,
Author of Liberty,
To bless this day!
Let truth and love prevail,
Nor strength nor courage fail,
Till we the days shall hail
When thought is free!

Music and Words by Mrs. Jennie B. Brown.

416



EDITH EARLE—*Serenade.*

Edith Earle, dainty pearl,
Through the night's glimmering,
Flash out the shimmering
Light of thine eyes;
Oh, let them, like a gem,
Shine through the veil of night,

Digitized by Google

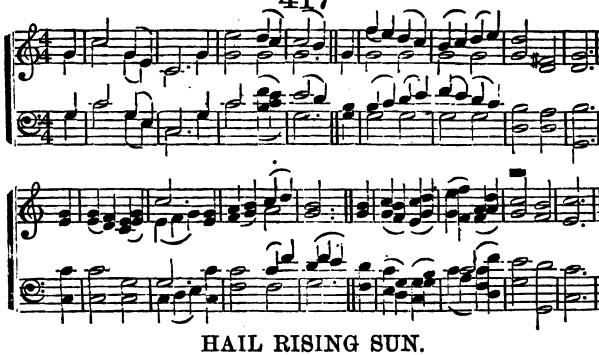
And shame the silvery light,
Set in the skies!

Edith Earle, lovely girl,
Wake from thy rosey sleep,
Wake, while the soft winds sweep
Tenderly near;
And for thee, melody
Floats on each zephyr-wing,
And while my glad harp-string,
Throbs for thine ear!

Edith Earle, Edith Earle,
Never a bird-wing flew,
Never a flower grew
Fairer than thee!
Life were fleet, life were sweet,
Could I but call thee mine,
Could thy rich love but shine
Ever on me!

Words and Music by Mrs. Jacob Martin.

417



HAIL RISING SUN.

Hail rising sun of mental light!
Hail O day of Reason's dawning
While swift recedes the wing of night,
We watch the brightening morning.

No mournful strains our souls affright,

Digitized by Google

No dread pirates flag unfurling,
Tho' Church and State with keen delight
Fierce anathemas are hurling.

Science supplies unerring charts
Of the seas that we are sailing
While truth and justice fill the heart
With firm courage and unfailing.

Hail rising sun! disperse the clouds
That now obscure thy onward course,
Dispel each mystery that shrouds
Eternal Nature's potent force.

Bid superstition's ghoul like form
Now and forever disappear
O banish feud and battle storm
And every woe and name of fear.

—*Jennie B. Brown.*

418

AN OLD MAN'S SONG.

On the down-hill of life when I find I'm declining
May my fate no less fortunate be,
Than a snug elbow chair can afford for reclining,
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;
With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er the lawn,
And carol away idle sorrow,
As blythe as the lark that each day hails the morn,
Will look forward with hope for to-morrow.

CHORUS—To-morrow, to-morrow,
Will look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door both for shelter and shade too,
As sunshine or rain may prevail,
With a small spot of ground for the use of my spade too,
And a barn for the use of my flail;
A cow for my dairy and a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow,
I'd envy no nabob his riches or fame,
Nor the honors that wait him to-morrow.

CHORUS—To-morrow, to-morrow,
Nor the honors that wait him to-morrow.

Digitized by Google

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
Secured by a neighboring hill,
And at night may repose steal upon me most sweetly,
By the sound of a murmuring rill;
While peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends I will share what to-day may afford,
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

CHORUS—To-morrow, to-morrow,
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I a last shall throw off this frail covering,
Which I've worn for years three score and ten,
On the brink of the grave I'll not seem to keep hovering,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again.
My face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
With smiles count each wrinkle and furrow,
As this old worn stuff that seems thread-bare to-day,
May become everlasting to-morrow.

CHORUS—To-morrow, to-morrow,
May become everlasting to-morrow. —*Anon.*

419

EQUALITY.

C.M. TUNE—"ARLINGTON."

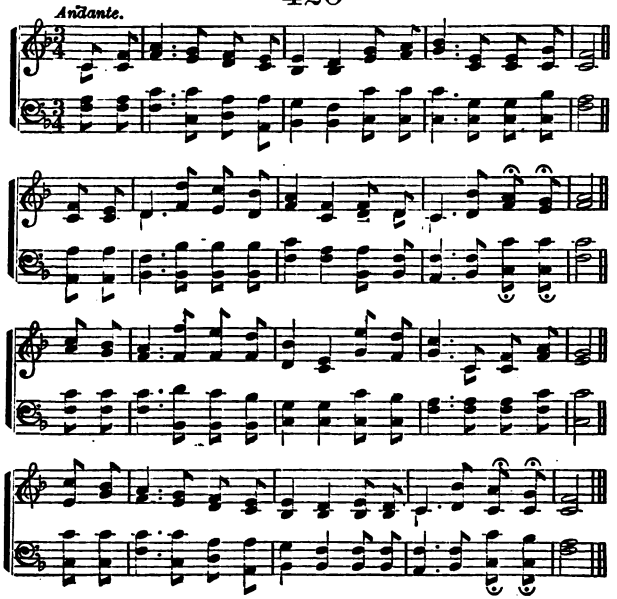
All men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies;
All men are equal, when that earth
Fades from their dying eyes.

'Tis man alone who difference sees,
And speaks of high and low;
And worships those, and tramples these,
While the same path they go.

O, let man hasten to restore
To all their rights of love;
In power and wealth exult no more,
In wisdom lowly move. —*Selected.*

Digitized by Google

420



REST MY HEAD UPON YOUR HEART.

Rest my head upon your heart, dear, hold it closely, closely there,
For I'm weak and faint and yearning, for the blessing of your care,
Press your cool hand on my forehead, brush away the cruel pain,
That has banished slumber from me, and is torturing my brain.
Let me look upon the features, so familiar unto me,
That no power could erase them from my weeping memory;
Let your tenderness enfold me, and your sympathy restore,
For prostrate seems my spirit, and my heart is sick and sore.

Rest my head upon your heart, dear, hold it patiently awhile,

Digitized by Google

Let my wistful sight be gladdened by your kind and gentle smile;
Let me look into the shadows of those loving, loving eyes,
Let me watch the fond expression that about the dear mouth lies.
Do not look upon me coldly, do not turn your face away,
For I feel the need of kindness, oh! so much, so much to-day!
And although you've fondly loved me in the bright years gone before,
In this sad and darksome hour, love me dear one, love me more!

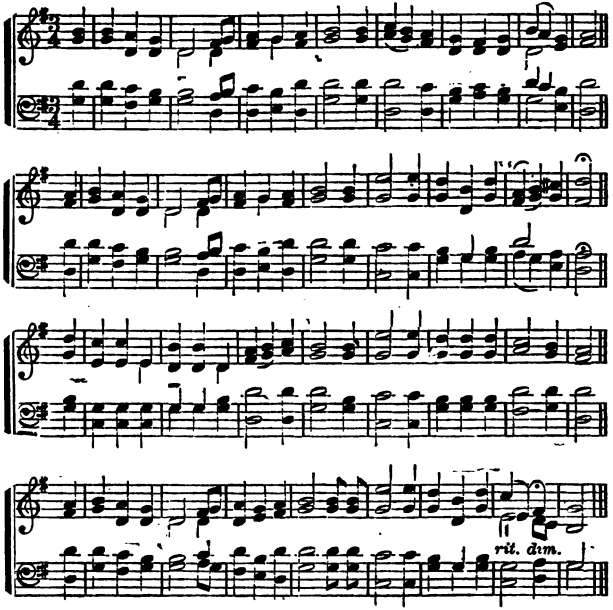
Rest my head upon your heart, dear, nurse my weary, weary head,
While I close my eyes so heavy with their weight of tears unshed,
And forgive this one brief hour of abandonment to care,
Ere I gather up the burdens that I know we all must bear.
Do not mind me if I'm silent, for there are times in grief
When no words and no expressions give the o'er full heart relief;
When the deepest, purest feelings hidden in the human breast,
Are concealed when clothed in language; are by silence best expressed.

Rest my head upon your heart, dear, on your heart so good and true,
For my future, as my past, love, centers ever more on you;
And I could not do without you, oh, I could not meet a fate,
That would rob me of your guidance and leave me desolate.
Oh, my heart thirsts for your presence, and my soul droops for your cheer;
Life without you would be anguish—though so sweet while you are here;
But when it is all finished, and its duties are all done,
May I "cross the river" first, love; may I not be left alone!

Words and Music by Mrs. Jacob Martin.

Digitized by Google

421



NO LITTLE GOWN TO PUT ON TO-NIGHT.

No little white gown to put on to-night!
No little lullaby now to sing,
Nor blossomed lips to press to my own,
Nor baby-arms 'round my neck to cling!
And we listen in vain for the baby words
Falling in showers of music sweet—
Silence oppresses us when we recall
The blightsome sound of her busy feet.

And oft when we look in some sweet, young face,
Unconsciously thinking to find hers there;
In disappointment we turn away
And our loss in silence we sadly bear.
Oh! mother, worn and weary to-night,
Duty-driven almost to despair;

Digitized by Google

As tired and faint you nestle your child,
How gladly I'd take all your pain and care!

And I envy you, too, your broken rest,
Your midnight watch and your aching brow;
And the weight that burdens your loving arms—
Mine are so empty—so empty now!
No little white gown to put on to-night,
And our hearts cry out for the baby dear,
Whose body sleeps in its narrow crib—
Whose spirit lives in a higher sphere!

Words and Music by Mrs. Jacob Martin.

422

10s RING THE BELL SOFTLY.

Some one has gone from this strange world of ours,
No more to gather its thorns with its flowers;
No longer to linger where sunbeams must fade,
Where, on all beauty, death's fingers are laid;
Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet,
Weary with parting and never to meet.
Some one is gone to the bright golden shore,
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

Some one is resting from sorrow and sin,
Happy where earth's conflicts enter not in;
Joyous as birds when the morning is bright,
When the sweet sunbeams have brought us their light;
Weary with sowing and never to reap,
Weary with labor and welcoming sleep.
Some one's departed for heaven's bright shore,
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

Angels were anxiously longing to meet,
One who walks with them in heaven's bright street;
Loved ones have whispered that some one is blest—
Free from earth's trials and taking sweet rest;
Yes, there is one more in angelic bliss—
One less to cherish, one less to kiss,
One more departed to heaven's bright shore,
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.—*Selected.*

423

THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet shall stand;
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the spirit-land?

CHORUS—Yes we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the angels at the river;
That flows by the spirit land.

Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon earth's pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver,
With the melody of peace.

CHORUS—Shall we gather, etc.

Soon we'll hear the angels singing
Sweetest songs of love and praise,
Up through all the sphere soft ringing,
And we'll meet their joyful gaze.

CHORUS—Shall we gather, etc.

—*Modified by Hudson Tuttle.*

424

8s

LIGHT BEYOND THE CLOUD.

Dark to day, O, dark and dreary,
And midnight clouds are settling down;
Where once the smiling sunshine lay,
Looms up the dusky storm king's crown;
And yet beyond a faint light shines,
Like a beacon dimly gleaming,
And my sad soul the truth divines
"Over there the sun is beaming."

Therefore in all the storms of life,
When the deepest dark surrounds us,
And our souls are tried and troubled,
And the waves rise high around us,

Digitized by Google

Let our fainting hearts take courage,
We with heavy burdens bowed,
Remembering there is always
Glorious light beyond the cloud.

Here we see one, sad and lonely,
Poor, forsaken, and oppressed,
Because once in an evil hour,
He the law of right transgressed;
But he lays repentance daily
On the altar where he bowed,
In the day when stricken sorely,
He saw no light beyond the cloud.

There another weary mortal
Holding her life a heavy cross
Because once long and long ago
When counting gain she met with loss;
When sinned against and ruined
She with shame and grief endowed
Went to her grave for rest because
She saw no light beyond the cloud.

And the world with pride uplifted,
While crushing all the weak ones low,
Counts as stepping stones to glory,
Each cruel taunt that it can throw;
"We're holier than thou, behold!
Power of strength, power of law,
Power of numbers, and of gold,
Wins us success in every war."

But hark! there comes a thunder tone
From out yon distant cloudy sky!
Humanity and truth arise,
And give these canting hosts the lie
And on the far off hills sublime,
Stands fair justice, serene browed;
And on her shield the motto shines,
"There's always light beyond the cloud."

—*Jennie B. Brown.*

Digitized by Google

425

PARTING HYMN.

Let us in this parting hour,
Stronger make our friendship's power,
Binding us forevermore,
Bidding farewell.

Let us hold these memories well,
Where'er we roam—that love may dwell,
Weaving 'round our hearts a spell,
Breathing farewell.

As we join in pleasant song,
And truth's fingers sweep the chords along,
Upwelling from hearts brave and strong,
Singing farewell.

May a true faith all our souls unite,
Hope keep our spirits free and light,
Sweet charity make us pure and bright,
Saying farewell. —*Mrs. C. A. N. Smith.*

426

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of angels and their glory,
Of angels and their love;
I love to tell the story
Because I know tis true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else can do.

CHORUS—I love to tell the story!
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story
Of angels and their love.

I love to tell the story!
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems each time I tell it,
More marvellously sweet;

Digitized by Google

I love to tell the story,
It is so sweet to me,
My dear ones out of glory
Can come and talk with me.

CHORUS—I love to tell, etc.

I love to tell the story!
More wonderful it seems,
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story!
Of angel's fadeless love,
How in the future glory,
We all shall meet above.

CHORUS—I love to tell, etc.

—*Modified by Hudson Tuttle.*

427

RICH IN THE LORD.

ADDRESSED TO THEODORE PARKER.

God draws a cloud over each gleaming morn,—
Would you ask why?
Is it because all noblest things are born
In agony.

Only upon some cross of pain and woe
God's sons may lie:
Each soul, redeemed from self and sin, must know
Its Calvary.

Yet we should crave neither for joy nor grief;
God chooses best:
He only knows our sick soul's best relief,
And gives us rest.

More than our feeble hearts can ever pine
For holiness,
That Father, in his tenderness divine,
Yearneth to bless.

He never sends a joy not meant in love,
Still less a pain.

Digitized by Google

Our gratitude the sunlight falls to prove;
Our faith, the rain.

In his hands we are safe. We falter on
Through storm and mire:
Alone, beside, around us, there is One
Will never tire.

What though we fall, and bruised and wounded lie,
Our lips in dust:
God's arm shall lift us up to victory,—
In him we trust.

For neither life, nor death, nor things below,
Nor things above,
Shall ever sever us, that we should go
From his great love.

—*Frances Power Cobbe.*

428

SPIRIT WELCOME.

From the glorious Summer land,
Where the "shining spirits" stand,
We have come!
Where the flowers ever bloom,
And the air is all perfume,
There we roam;
But our duty calls us here,
To our brethren, sisters, dear,
So before you we appear
From our home!

For the time is at hand,
When the world shall make a stand
For the right;
And the moment it is near,
When assistance shall be here,
"Spirits bright!"
Then for all the truth stand firm,
That is given you to learn,
And the martyr's glory earn
In the fight!

Digitized by Google

For the sorrow and the crime,
Of this dark and evil time,
It shall fall:
And the shams shall pass away
That so long have held their sway
Over all.
Like an infant at its birth,
Let the people of the earth
Awake to know the worth
Of the call!

With a magic and a power,
Never known until this hour,
Beats our drum!
And the dwellers in the world,
As our white flag is unfurled,
How they come!
Then away with doubt and care,
For there's music in the air,
And the time to do and dare
Has begun!

Let all shout with love and truth,
As the earth renews its youth,
Jubilee!
Let the valleys swell the sound,
And the mountains shake the ground
With their glee!
Let the birds of heaven bear
The glad message through the air,
That the "sons of men" declare
They are free!

From the glorious Summer-land,
Where the "shining spirits" stand,
We have come!
Where the flowers ever bloom,
And the air is all perfume
There we roam.
But our duty calls us here,
To our sisters—brethren—dear,
So before you we appear,
From our home! —*Robert W. Hume.*

429

L. M. **MUSIC OF NATURE.**

There's music in the midnight breeze,
  There's music in the morn,
The day beam and the gentle eve
  Sweet sounds have ever borne.
The valley hath its welcome notes
  The grave its tuneful throng,
And ocean's mighty chorus floats
  With Nature's endless song.

The heart too has its thrilling chords,
  A consecrated fount
From which inspiring melodies
  To heaven in gladness mount.
And Nature's chart that man may read
  May join the myriad throng,
And voicefully proclaim her deeds
  In glorious bursts of song.

But there is music sweeter far
  Than Nature's fairest song,
Though borne upon the summer-breeze
  In perfumes richest throng.
It is the music of the spheres
  In tones sublimely grand,
It echoes from celestial fields
  The glorious Summer-land.

—*Selected.*

430

6s. **TRUST.**

Better to say, "I must,"
  And bow beneath the rod;
Better in patience trust,
  And leave the rest to God.

Better to wait His time,
  And lovingly abide—
In holy faith, sublime,
  The turning of the tide.

—*Horace M. Richards.*

431

8s & 6s

THE DARKNESS DISAPPEARS.

The darkness of the ages past
Is rolling fast away;
The light of scientific truth
Is heralding the day.
The spirits of another world
Have in these days their flag unfurled.

Far from its gleaming folds
Gigantic error flies,
The lust of pride and power,
Beneath it falls and dies.
Its folds in volumed glory roll,
Gleaming afar from pole to pole.

The body-fettered slaves
Beneath it pine no more,
The mental bondsmen too
Shall burst their prison door.
With chains unbound from shackles free
The word shall shout its jubilee.

No more shall Mammon rule
The nations like a God.
His scepter shall be riven,
And he must kiss the rod.
His surfs shall cease his power to own
Nor kneel again around his throne.

Free from all priestly rule
And bound by creeds no more,
The peoples shall extend
Their hands from shore to shore,
And Buddhist, Christian, Pagan stand
Arm linked in arm a living band.

The darkness of the ages past,
Is rolling fast away,
The light of scientific truth
Is heralding the day.
Truth will at last the world release
And give millennial years of peace.—*R. W. Hu*

432

DEATH.

AN IMITATION—FROM RELIGIOUS HYMNS.

What is that that steals like slumber on me?
Is it death? is it death?
Soon dear friends I'll gaze no more upon ye.
This is death, this is death.

Yes, this is death, and I shall be
Soon from pain and sorrow free;
'Twill be the end of earth to me;
All is well, all is well.

Weep not, my friends, care not for me,
All is well, all is well.
From anguish, death and suffering free,
All is well, all is well.

No doubting fog can now arise,
To hide the future from my eyes;
I soon shall win the glorious prize,
All is well, all is well.

Tune your harps, ye saints immortal,
All is well, all is well.
I'll join your songs when I pass the portal,
All is well, all is well.

Bright spirits from the upper shore,
Where sins and sorrows blight no more,
With such dear friends I'll quickly soar,
All is joy, all is joy.

Hark! my friends, the angels calling,
Come higher, come higher.
I'll join the throng that's upward rising;
Up higher, up higher.

Adieu, dear friends, farewell farewell,
I seek no heaven, fear no hell;
My home awaits me, all is well,
All is well, all is well.

—*D. Jenkins.*

Digitized by Google

433

PROGRESS.

8s & 7s AIR—"THORNTON."

Toiling in the earthly vineyard
Many bands have found a place!
Some are nearing to the summit—
Some are at the mountain's base.

Progress is the stirring watchword,
Cheers them upward to the height;
Canst thou pause and play the laggard,
With its glories full in sight?

Who shall tell what bound or barrier
To improvement heaven designed?
Who shall dare to fix the limits
To the onward march of mind?

Only he, who into being
Called th' unfathom'd human soul.
He for whom the hymn of Progress
Through eternity shall roll! —*Anon.*

434

THINK GENTLY OF THE ERRING.

Think gently of the erring one,
And let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet;
Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
Which we in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring one,
For is it not enough,
That innocence and peace have gone,
Without thy censure rough?
It sure must be a weary lot,
That sin-crushed heart to bear,
And they who share a happier fate,
Their chidings well may spare.

Digitized by Google

Speak kindly to the erring one,
Thou yet mayest lead him back,
With holy words and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet may be,
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God has dealt with thee. —*Selected.*

435

INVOCATION.

MELODY—"CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN."

Oh ye who once were mortals,
Enrobed, like us in clay,
Come down from heaven's bright portals,
And be with us to-day.
Instruct us, loving angels,
The way your glory came,
And wreathe about our foreheads
Truth's glowing ring of flame.

Bring down a breath from Eden,
And let us breathe it in,
Till its surpassing sweetness
Makes us forget to sin!
Our hearts are reaching upwards,
Like singing larks in spring,
And every soul is willing
To learn the truths you bring.

Come down, oh, blessed angels,
Make earth and heaven one,
And when our paths are shadowed,
Be ye our rising sun;
Enfold us in God's wisdom,
His beauty and his love—
And may the earth-life fit us
To be like you above. —*Emma Tuttle.*

Digitized by Google

436
TWO WORLDS.

Two worlds there are: to one our eyes we strain,
Whose magic joys we shall not see again:
Bright haze of morning veils its glimmering shore;
Ah! truly breathe we there
Intoxicating air,
Glad were our hearts in that sweet realm of Nevermore.

The lover there drank her delicious breath,
Whose love has yielded since to change or death:
The mother kissed her child whose days are o'er,
Alas, too soon have fled,
The unreturning dead,
We see them, visions strange, amid the Nevermore.

The merry song some maiden used to sing,
The brown brown hair that once was wont to cling
To temples long clay cold; to the very core
They strike our weary hearts,
As some vexed memory starts
Of that long faded land—the realm of Nevermore.

It is perpetual summer there—but here
Sadly we may remember rivers clear,
And harebells quivering on the meadow floor,
For brighter bells and bluer,
And tender hearts and truer
People that happy land, the realm of Nevermore.

Upon the frontier of this shadowy land
We, pilgrims of eternal sorrow, stand,
What realm lies forward with its happier store
Of forests green and deep,
Of valleys hushed in sleep,
And lakes most peaceful? 'Tis the land of Evermore.

Very far off its marble cities seem—
Very far off beyond our sensual dream;
Its woods unruffled by the wild wind's roar;
Yet does the raging surge
Howl on its very verge,
One moment—and we breathe within the Evermore.

They, whom we loved and lost so long ago,
Dwell in those cities far from mortal woe,
Haunt those fresh woodlands whence sweet carollings soar;
Eternal peace have they,
Joy wipes their tears away,
They drink from springs of life which flow for Evermore.

Thither we hasten through these regions dim,
But lo! the wide wings of the seraphim
Shine in the sunset. On that joyous shore
Our lightened hearts shall know
The joys of long ago:
The sorrow-burdened past shall fade for evermore.

—*Anon.*

437

8 & 7 **EXCELSIOR.**

Look not back thy pathway leaving,
Which thy feet have led astray:
Forward press the past retrieving,
Waiting for the perfect day.

For the shadows lie behind thee,
Shadows dark of sin and shame,
Chains that shall no longer bind thee,
Clouds that ne'er shall shroud thy fame.

If with earnest bold endeavor,
Thou shall lay them all aside;
Angels hover round thee ever,
They shall be thy spirit's guide.

See, beyond the hills are gleaming
Rays of hope divinely bright;
For thy pathway they are streaming
From the fount of living light.

All thine errors now repenting,
Fill thy soul with heavenly light;
Think but of the goal before the,
Leave behind the shades of night.

—*Mrs. C. L. Shacklock.*

Digitized by Google

438

TRUTH TRIUMPHANT.

S. M. AIR—"KEENE."

Praise for the glorious light
Which crowns this joyous day;
Whose beams dispel the shades of night,
And wake our grateful lay.

Ours is no conquest gained
Upon the tented field;
Nor hath the flowing life-blood stained
The victor's helm and shield.

But the strong might of love,
The Truth's all pleading voice,
As angels bending from above,
Have made our hearts rejoice.

Lord! upward to thy throne
The imploring voice we raise;
The might, the strength, are thine alone!
These be our loftiest praise. —*Selected.*

439

L. M. DROPS ON THE OCEAN.

Drops in the ocean, are all our tears,
Their noiseless falling startles no fears;
And the still waters no higher gleam,
For all our heart-drops swells not that stream.

Drops in the ocean, each thought and word,
Our guardian angels each accent heard;
Fall they in anger, fall they in love,
They are recorded strictly above.

Drops in the ocean, are all our lives;
Like a sweet flower each good deed thrives,
All our life-blossoms are full of dew,
We sip their honey and bitter too.

Drops in the ocean, are all our deeds,
Dark ones are hiding in the sea-weeds;

Digitized by Google

Just ones are shining out on each wave,
Many a soul-wreck, their gleamings save!

Drops in the ocean, each heart and soul,
Though the dark waters over them roll;
Though there be blightings where sin has cross'd
Angels will lead them, none will be lost!

—*Mrs. Jacob Martin.*

440

"I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY."

OLD HYMN BY DR. MUHLENBURG, CHANGED TO A NATURALISTIC VERSION.

"I would not live alway; I ask not to stay,"
Where mists of old errors can darken our way;
The gleams of true soul-light which dawn on us here,
Invite us all onward to life's higher sphere.

"I would not live alway, 'mid frettings of sin,"
Where conscience must war with the soul-life within;
Where the vague sense of "pardon" scarce quiets our fears,
And leaves our thanksgivings embittered by tears.

"I would not live alway, no, welcome the tomb;"
My flesh, worn and weary, shall find there no gloom;
Each atom, at Nature's new call, shall arise,
To build up new forms for the earth and the skies.

Ah! who would live alway, when Nature and God
Thus beckon the soul to its blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And love in its joyous maturity reigns.

Where brethren, creed-parted, at last all shall meet,
Transported with joy all their kindred to greet
And the anthems of rapture exultingly roll,
While hope's full fruition encircles the soul.

—*Caleb S. Weeks.*

Digitized by Google

441

DYING HOUR.

When we stand on the brink
  Of the dark river,
And our weak pulses sink,
  Failing forever;
When those we love shall clasp
Our hands with tender grasp,
Will this, then, be our last?
  Never, no, never!

When from this world of woe,
  Death shall us sever;
Must we leave here below
  Loved ones forever?
Shall we not meet again,
Free from all care and pain,
Where joys celestial reign
  Ever, forever?

Though we part for a time,
  'Tis not forever;
In our hearts we'll enshrine
  Loved forms as ever.
From that bright world above,
Will they not send their love,
The life beyond to prove,
  Ever, forever.

—*Mrs. Luna Hutchinson.*

442

8s

A TWILIGHT DREAM.

Strike those chords once more, my darling,
  O, let me hear those strains again;
A soul seems breathing in the sound,
  So like the souls of living men.

I feel a presence in the room;
  Your music's counterpart is here!
On snowy pinions circl'ing 'round,
  A form angelic hovers near.

Digitized by Google

O, come, sweet spirit, nearer come.
Thou surely hast the look of one
Whose gentle life upon the earth
Was like this music to my own.

Her dark eyes beaming only love,
Expressing all that love could say;
I do forget she is not here,
But sleeping 'neath the sod to-day.

But the music's dying, dying,
And all my fancies with it die;
Hiding in oblivion's grave,
And hide there with them soon shall I.

Life's chain can catch no other link;
The silver cord is loosening fast;
I stand upon the river's brink;—
The golden pitcher breaks at last!

But I'm dreaming, only dreaming,
Though strangely real these fancies seem;
Your music lulls my soul to rest,—
I would not waken—let me dream.

—*Jennie B. Brown.*

443

8s & 6s

LEARN OF NATURE.

Nature is the safest teacher
For the darkened mind of man,
Listen to the ancient preacher
As the wisest in the land.

Knock persistent at her portals,
She will answer from her halls,
Flashing light on minds immortal,
In scintillation from her walls.

Nature's laws in mind and body,
Nature's laws in earth and sky
Will reveal to all their duty
And the bigot's frown defy.

Digitized by Google

Sacred books and man-made bibles,
Musty with the mold of time,
Made by barbarous Popes and councils,
Are not guides to truths sublime.

Working through all forms and forces
Love and wisdom guide the whole,
Listen to their sacred voices
As inspirers of the soul.

World's and systems vast, unbounded,
Are the garments of a God,
Laws and forces all transforming
Traverse the aisles of his abode.

His attributes are laws unchanging,
Sweeping through this mighty whole,
Dealing sorrow to the erring,
Light and bliss to faithful souls.

—*D. Higbie, M. D.*

444

8s & 7s **STAR OF PROGRESS.**

Star of progress guide us onward,
By thy ever glorious light;
May our motto e'er be onward,
Swerve not to the left nor right.

Oh illume our souls when sorrow
Gathers clouds around our hearts;
Show to us the joyous morrow
Which but life and joy imparts.

Oh, we greet thy beams with gladness,
Promise of a brighter day,
Which shall chase away all sadness,
While bright glories round us play.

Shine thou on the starry token
Of the joys that are to come;
When by love's bright chains unbroken,
We shall all be gathered home. —*Selected.*

Digitized by Google

445

BE STRONG IN RIGHT.

11s. & 10s.

Let whine who may at social slight or clamor,
  Let cringe who will at sordid Grundy's frown;
At best the *on dit* is a fool-swung hammer,
  Smiting alike the good and evil down.

Who scorns to quail before the shafts of tattle,
  Nor stoops his crest to envy nor to pride,
Shall yet be knighted on the field of battle,
  Lord of the right, and honest worth, besides.

If wrong be thine toward any being human,
  Let honorable amends thy worth bedight;
But not for speech of man nor smile of woman
  Deign to apologize for doing right.

If truth be thine, integrity and honor,
  And Grundy's slight hath power to put thee down,
Thou art of all the knaves that wait upon her,
  The veriest slave that trembles at her frown.

Not unto him who wins by happy chances
  Are the bright laurels of the victor given;
But who for right, 'gainst hate and scorn, advances,
  Weareth unseen the coronet of heaven. —*Anon.*

446

WE ARE MARCHING ON.

MELODY—"THE OLD MOUNTAIN TREE."

We are marching on, we are marching on,
  Will you come and march along?
There is room enough in our ranks for all,
  We will welcome you with song.
Our banners float in the light of love,
  And our hearts are warm and true,
Our lessons come from a better land,
  Far away in the soft sweet blue.

Digitized by Google

We are marching on, we are marching on,
And our feet grow sure each day,
We can catch a breath from the landscapes bright,
To which we march away.
There are voices mingling back to us,
All glad with their cheerings sweet,
And who would fear when we almost hear
The chime of the angels feet?

We are marching on, we are marching on,
But not in idleness;
This world of ours is a place to learn,
To toil, to love, to bless.
So day by day we must grow in soul,
In wisdom, strength and truth,
As we march along to our cheery song,
Through the pleasant paths of youth.

We are marching on, we are marching on,
To the fair lands bathed in light,
Where wisdom rules in majesty,
And Heaven is doing right.
We ask no pledge that a crown of gems
Upon our brows shall glow,
For the silver flowers of immortal bowers,
Within each heart will grow. —*Emma Tuttle.*

447

BY AND BY.

We shall meet beyond the river,
By and by, by and by;
And the darkness shall be over,
By and by, by and by;

With the toilsome journey done,
And the glorious battle won,
We shall shine forth as the sun,
By and by, by and by.

There our tears shall cease all flowing,
By and by, by and by;
And with sweetest rapture knowing,
By and by, by and by;

Digitized by Google

All the blest ones who have gone
To the land of life and song—
We with rapture shall rejoin,
By and by, by and by.

—*Modified by Hudson Tuttle.*

448

THE BEAUTIFUL HILLS.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

O the beautiful hills where each weary guest
Who has done with a world like this,
On a pearl-strand shore shall forever rest,
'Mid the glorified crowned with bliss.
We have seen those hills in their brightness rise,
When the world was dark below,
And we felt the thrill of immortal eyes,
In the night of our deepest woe.

CHORUS—O sing for the beautiful hills,
That rise on the evergreen shore;
Then sing for the beautiful hills,
Where the weary shall toil no more.

The cities of yore that were reared in crime,
And renowned by the praise of seers,
Went down in the tramp of old King Time,
To sleep with his grey-haired years;
But the beautiful hills rise bright and strong,
Thro' the smoke of Time's red wars;
When on that day the first deep song
Rolled up from the morning stars.

CHORUS—Then sing for the beautiful hills, etc.

We dream of rest on the beautiful hills,
Where the traveler shall thirst no more,
And we hear the hum of a thousand rills,
As we wander the green glen o'er;
We feel the souls of the martyr'd men,
Who have braved the cold world's frown;
We can bear the burdens which they did then,
Nor shrink from the thorny crown

CHORUS—Then sing for the beautiful hills, etc.

Our arms are weak, but we will not fling
To our feet this load of ours,
For the winds of Spring to the valleys sing,
And the turf replies with flowers;
And thus we learn on our wintry way,
How a genial force controls,
And will bless our lives like the breath of May,
Till our bodies bloom to souls.

CHORUS—Then sing for the beautiful hills, etc.

O the beautiful hills where we all at last,
Shall be joined with the ones we love,
And forever rest with our trials all past
On the evergreen shore above.
O life's burdens and ills we will bravely bear
Like the heroes gone before;
And we'll some day cross to those heights so fair,
Where our souls shall strive no more.

CHORUS—Then sing for the beautiful hills, etc.

—*Changes and additions by S. H. Preston.*

449

GLADNESS.

TUNE—"I AM SO GLAD THAT JESUS LOVES ME."

I am so glad that our Father in heaven
Unto his angels Love s labor has given,
Bidding them bear the glad tidings of love,
Unto all lands from his mansion above.

CHORUS—I am so glad angels love me,
Angels love me, angels love me,
I am so glad angels love me,
Guide and watch over me.

We do not think our dear ones who die,
Go to be prisoners in the sky;
Walled in with gold and jewels aflame,
Coming no more to the earth whence they came.

CHORUS—I am so glad, etc.

Digitized by Google

But we believe that the beautiful gate
Swings for all angels both lowly and great;
All who left friends on these lowlands below,
Whiten the skies as they come and they go.

CHORUS—I am so glad, etc.

When we bow down under burden and loss,
Ruling like Christ when he carried his cross;
Hope would die utterly bearing the load,
Save for the sweet song we sing on the road.

CHORUS—I am so glad, etc. —*Emma Tuttle.*

Read 4/3/92

450

O HEAR THE SHOUT OF THE BRAVE RING OUT.

MELODY—"LET US DIE WITH OUR FACE TO THE FOE."

Let us live for the right and press onward,
Tho' the earth with our blood grow gory;
Our armies are all facing sunward,
And our banners wave in glory,
Our reveilles are pealing,
And fearful wrongs are reeling,
While Error's might, and Error's night,
Sink down in the battle's glow.

CHORUS—O hear the shout of the brave ring out,
When our ensigns float in light,
Then though we gaze through the cannon's blaze
We will never turn from the right.

Let us live for the right and press onward,
As the brave have done before us;
If their bodies rest 'neath the green sward,
Their deathless souls watch o'er us.
They paint a glorious morning,
With victory's adorning;
When fair-faced Right,
In laurels bright,
Shall sit on a spotless throne.

CHORUS—O hear the shout of the brave ring out, etc.

Google

Let us live for the right, and press onward,
While a broken heart is moaning;
While Wealth in high stands gem-starred,
And the poor 'neath his heel are groaning,
While Vice flaunts in her roses,
And Virtue dies on crosses,
While tyrants frown,
And crush souls down,
The combat shall never cease.

CHORUS—O hear the shout of the brave ring out, etc.

—*Emma Tuttle.*

451

OUR ANGEL CHILD.

One day while walking on the shore
Of Time's swiftly rolling river,
There came a shining angel o'er,
Who learned to call me "Mother."

To me it seemed a child of earth,
And so I thought it all my own;
But now I know the babe was only
Sent to guide me to the better home.

For when we reached the ocean,
Where the dark waves in silence roll,
Looking up, she spread her pinions,
Then the clay gave up its soul.

And many a time when heaven
Smiles sweetly on the face of day;
I see the clouds as pearly gates,
Rolled by angel hands away.

And there our darling, face bent down,
With her hands outstretched to me,
Cheering me on, leads me in that
Narrow path earth eyes cannot see.

—*Jennie B. Brown.*

452

C.M. **HYMN TO NATURE.**

Father of all, in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint by savage and by sage,
The universal Lord.

Thou Great First Cause least understood,
Who all my sense confined,
To know but this—that thou art good
And that myself am blind.

If I am right thy strength impart
Still in the right to stay,
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

To thee whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus, let all beings raise
All Nature's incense rise. —*Pope.*

453

C.M. **BE FIRM AND BOLD.**

Be firm, be bold, be strong, be true,
And dare to stand alone,
Strive for the right what'er ye do
Though helpers there are none.

Nay bend not to the swelling surge
Of public sneer and wrong,
'Twill bear thee on to river's verge
With current wild and strong.

Stand for the right though falsehood rail,
And proud lips coldly sneer,
A poisoned arrow cannot quail
A conscience pure and clear.

Stand for the right! proclaim it loud
Thou'lt find an answering tone,
In honest hearts and thou'lt no more
Be doomed to stand alone. —*Anon.*

Digitized by Google

454

8s & 7s

INVOCATION.

Angel Father! oh, be near me
On my journey to the tomb;
Let thy blessed presence cheer me
In the hours of pain and gloom.
Angel mother! see me languish
Almost ready to despair;
Thou canst calm the brow of anguish,
Thou canst soothe the heart of care.

Angel sister! oh how lovely
As in shining robes ye stand;
Let me feel thy gentle touches,
Joyful mentor from thy hand.
Father! Mother! Sister! Brother!
Guide my hand to bless the world;
O'er my soul a halo gather,
High the flag of Truth unfurl.

Though unseen, give thoughts electric,
Thrilling through the realm of mind;
Buds and blossoms with ripe fruitage
That shall make our lives sublime.
Aid in breaking ev'ry fetter,
Wave your flag in every clime,
Till the nations shall grow better,
Freed from error, vice and crime. —*Selected.*

455

DEDICATORY SONG.

AIR—"JOHN BROWN."

Neath the bright and smiling heavens on earth's green and fragrant sod,
Where man in kindly intercourse with brother man hath trod,
We have raised our humble church, here we'll worship Nature's God
As truth goes marching on.

CHORUS—Glory, glory, etc.

Digitized by Google

No steeple points us skyward, no bell rings on the air,
We take no priest, no apostle to our humble altar here.
Truth shall be our creed, while justice we revere.
As we go marching on.

CHORUS—Glory, Glory, etc.

Every flower and star a preacher from Nature's hand shall be,
And their sermon—"Know ye all the truth—the truth shall make you free."
So we'll rally round the standard of glorious liberty,
As we go marching on.

CHORUS— Glory, Glory, etc.

May the spirit of the olden time thrill our souls anew,
Till we are strong to battle for the right and suffer for the true.
May we feel the inspiration that one hundred years ago,
Led our country's heroes on.

CHORUS—Glory, glory, etc.

Oh, press on dear friends there's a time we hope to see,
When no slave shall exist, and each man will dare to be
His noblest self, in the right with two or three,
As we go marching on.

CHORUS— Glory, Glory, etc.

Tho' a host may be against us, there's a larger host above,
Shall guide and protect us in our work of truth and love,
Then three cheers for the steadfast truth, whose teachings we will prove,
As we go marching on.

CHORUS—Glory, Glory, etc.

—*Mattie Sawyer.*

456

C.M. FRIENDSHIP LOVE AND TRUTH.

Three royal spirits walk the earth,
Our guides wher'er we go,
And where their gentle footsteps lead
There is no human woe.

They smile upon the cradled child,
They bless the hearts of youth,

Digitized by Google

And age is mellowed by the touch
Of Friendship Love and Truth.

This sacred band forever more
Will guard our thorny way,
And those who follow where they lead
Can never go astray.

For God has framed our natures such
Our childhood and our youth,
And age is mellowed by the touch
Of Friendship, Love and Truth. —*Selected.*

457.

GONE BEFORE.

One more loved form has passed away,
One more tired body gone to rest,
And hands that did life's duties well,
Are folded o'er an honest breast.
A loving husband, father, friend,
Whose smile may greet us never more,
Yet, weeping souls, keep fresh this thought—
He is not dead, but gone before!

His work is done, no earthly pang
Can rouse him from his wondrous sleep;
Spare all such anguish sorrowing ones,
As you feel now, who weep.
O, faithful wife, whose silvery hair
Rippled a happy brow of yore;
You yet shall share eternity
With him, who's only gone before.

Death, (so called) is the birth of life
To conscious immortality;
The heavenly gateway, where the soul
Enters divine reality.
Just hidden from your sight his soul,
Passed out toward the starry shore
Of the hereafter; where sweet peace
Will crown your loved one, gone before! —*Anon.*

458

SHALL I KNOW MINE OWN?

AIR—LITTLE MAUD.

When I sit in life's beautiful sunset,
As it flushes river and shore,
When I wait in the gathering twilight
For the sound of the boatman's oar;
Will the dear ones just over be waiting,
Waiting to welcome me home?
In that land of spirit and beauty
Oh, say shall I know mine own?

(Soprano Chorus.) (Basso Chorus.)
Will I know? Thou shalt know,
Will I know? Thou shalt know,
When I cross the mystical sea,
Will some dear one? Yes some dear one,
Will some dear one? Yes some dear one,
Set the gate wide open for thee?

A dear one passed over the river,
In the hush of a summer's sweet day,
I saw not the face of the boatman
As he launched my angel away.
But I know my darling—my idol
Lives, over the rippling sea;
Oh, say, when its waters are parted
Will he wait on the bright side for me?

(Soprano Chorus.)
Will he wait—will he wait,
Will he wait in life's twilight for me?
Will he wait—will he wait,
Will he wait on that shore for me?

(Basso Chorus,)
Yes thy darling will be waiting,
O'er the strange and silent river.
Waiting in life's twilight for thee,
When over soft and rippling waters,
Angels come to bear thee over,
He will wait on that bright shore for thee.

—*Mattie Sawyer.*

Digitized by Google

459

OUR ANGEL.

On a beautiful time, when heaven's gates were ajar,
As a ladder of blossoms, leant up against a star;
Down its rose-clustered rounds, so dewy and sweet,
Through rare-scented vapors, strayed two little feet.

A face so angelic, smiled up to the skies,
Then turned upon earth its soft, dove-like eyes,
And the delicate hands, with the sunbeams played,
As the baby swung down into earth's light and shade.

The bright little cherub was but loaned us awhile,
To gladden our lives with its innocent smile;
It was set in our hearts, like some precious gem—
Our dainty, wee blossom's fallen off from its stem.

Again were the beautiful gates left ajar,
And the stairway of flowers shone out from afar;
Where its dew drops scatter in musical spray,
The immortals have led our sweet angel away!

—*Mrs. Jacob Martin.*

460

8s & 7s

FAITH IN ONE ANOTHER.

Cherish faith in one another
When you meet in friendship's name;
In the true friend is a brother,
And his heart should throb the same.

Though your paths in life may differ,
Since the hour when first ye met;
Still have faith in one another,
You may need that friendship yet.

Oh, have faith in one another,
When ye speak a brother's vow;
It may not be always summer—
Not be always bright as now.

And when wintry clouds are heavy,
If some kindred heart you share,

Digitized by Google

And have faith in one another,
O, ye never shall despair.

Then have faith in one another,
And let honor be your guide;
Let the truth alone be spoken,
Whatsoever may betide.

The false may reign a little season,
Doubt ye not it sometimes will;
Yet have faith in one another,
And the truth shall triumph still. —*Selected.*

461

THE RIVER OF DEATH.

The River of Death that with hushed breath,
We viewed in anxious fear,
Is not dark nor wide, and the other side
Is in shining radiance clear,

And the boat of Love doth swifty move,
To bring the loved ones o'er
Whom Death has ta'en, as they come again
To walk with us this shore.

The tiny tap of the spirit rap,
Has opened wide the door,
And through it come from their heavenly home,
"The loved and gone before."

Near the golden gate in love they wait,
Till our life's work is done,
Till the herald calls from the jasper walls,
And toil the crown has won.

Then hand in hand in Summer-land,
With those we love we'll dwell,
And shadows cast by the stormy past
Are gone, and "all is well."

And oft again, to tones of men,
Will come from the golden shore,
To tell that truth and eternal youth
Are the spirits' evermore. —*Capt. H. H. Brown.*

Digitized by Google

462

BETROTHAL.

Out of the land of bondage sore,
We through life's wilderness had come;
Soul joined to soul forevermore,
Each weary heart had found its home.

As when two troubled streams had met,
In confluence both broad and free,
Their waters mingling as they set
In single current towards the sea.

The long, long night of sorrow past,
Bringing morn of joy supernal
Unto our waiting hearts at last,
Union holy, high, eternal.

And bright as glorious noonday sun,
Heav'n's loving smile shone on us then;
Our souls cried out, "We twain are one!"
And all the angels said, "Amen!"

—*Jennie B. Brown.*

463

"WHEN THE MISTS ARE CLEARED AWAY."

When the mists have rolled in splendor,
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Falls in kisses on the rills,
We may read Love's shining letter
In the rainbow of the spray,
We shall know each other better,
When the mists have cleared away.

CHORUS—We shall know, as we are known,
Never more to walk alone
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists are cleared away.

If we err in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust;
If we miss the law of kindness,
When we struggle to be just,

Digitized by Google

Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the pain that hides away;
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have cleared away.

CHORUS—We shall know, etc.

When the silver mists have veiled us,
From the faces of our own;
Oft we deem their love has failed us,
And we tread our path alone,
We should see them near and truly,
We should trust them day by day.
Neither love nor blame unduly,
If the mists were cleared away.

CHORUS—We shall know, etc.

When the mists have risen above us,
As our father knows his own,
Face to face with those who love us,
We shall know as we are known.
Love beyond the orient meadows,
Floats the golden fringe of day;
Heart to heart, we bide the shadows
Till the mists are cleared away.

CHORUS—We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone;
When the day of light is dawning,
And the mists have cleared away.—*Selected.*

464

SWEET REST AT LAST.

Sweet rest at last—
At last the hands are folded
Upon a pulseless breast,
And a soul tired, of earth's great burden weary,
Hath found sweet rest.

Sweet rest at last—
A long and faithful worker
On life's broad beaten road,
Reaching the confines of life immortal,
Lays down her load,

Digitized by Google

Sweet rest at last—
No longer thorns are pressing
Upon a care-worn brow,
But from the heavens a fadeless crown of blessing
Rest on it now.

Sweet rest at last—
No more earth's fretting discord
Disturbs the holy calm,
But angel choirs chant to the list'ning spirit
Their peaceful psalm.

Sweet rest at last—
We clasp our hands in silence,
And only hope to be
Sometime with those who enter at the portal,
And heaven to see;

Then mid the realm of endless, fadeless beauty,
Earth's toils and sorrows past,
Find with the dear ones who have gone before us
Sweet rest at last. —*Selected.*

465

11s

NOTHING AT ALL.

TUNE—"EXPOSTULATION."

Oh! mortal existence what art thou at last?
A blank in the future, a speck in the past,
A waif in the present that drifts for an hour,
A prey to its passion for glitter, for power,
A dream that sweeps past as a fast scudding cloud,
That beckons us on till it brings us a shroud;
We chase all its shadows, obey every call,
And find in the end they are nothing at all.

Our sadness, our pleasures, our hopes, and our fears,
The past has recounted for hundreds of years,
The swift waves of time in their eddying flight
Rang loud with their voices and swept them from sight.
The dreams of the youthful, the joys they presage,
The fears of our manhood, the wails of old age,
Each moment have birth, pass their zenith, and fall,
Whirled in the past—a mere nothing at all.

Digitized by Google

The vainest, the proudest, how little they know
Of boundless creation above and below.
What is time? What is space? this life? coming death?
Where fleeth the spirit that leaves with our breath?
What are you? What am I? Whence this harrowing thought
That mocks me by whispering, man thou art naught?
That points in the distance and shows me a pall,
Which tells me too plainly I'm nothing at all?

Swayed hither and thither by faith or by doubt,
A sentient enigma within and without.
My hand moves when bidden, I cannot tell why,
The air that I breathe is unseen by my eye;
I know not what governs my pleasure or pain,
I know not what prompteth or ruleth my brain;
I only know that when my maker shall call
My body will pass back to nothing at all. —*Selected.*

466

SOWING AND REAPING.

"Sow with a generous hand,
Pause not for toil nor pain;
Weary not through the heat of summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rain;
But wait till the autumn comes
For the sheaves of golden grain.

"Scatter the seed, and fear not,
A table will be spread;
What matter if you are too weary
To eat your hard-earned bread?
Sow, while the earth is broken,
For the hungry must be fed.

"Sow; while the seeds are lying
In the warm earth's bosom deep,
And your warm tears fall upon it,
They will stir in their quiet sleep;
And the green blades rise the quicker,
Perchance, for the tears you weep.

Digitized by Google

"Then sow, for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall to-day;
And care not what hands shall reap it,
Or if you have passed away
Before the waving corn-fields
Shall gladden the sunny day.

"Sow; and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears,
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown, to-day, in tears."

—*Adelaide Proctor.*

467

8s & 7s **HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.**

Honor him whose hands are sowing
Seed for harvest in their time;
Reverence those whose thoughts are growing
Up to ultimates sublime.

All the progress of the ages
May be traced back to their hands;
All the illuminated pages
Of the books into their plans.

So the humble flower that's lying
In your pathway may contain
Some elixir which the dying
Generation sought in vain.

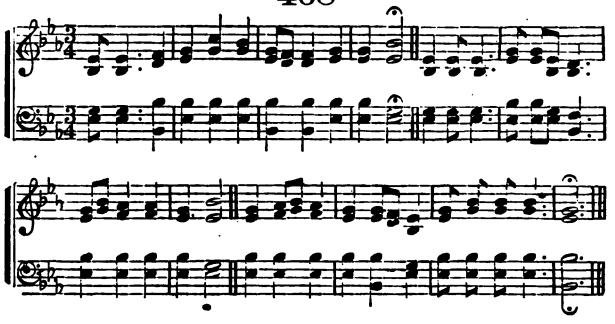
In the stone that waits the turning
Of some curious hand from sight;
Fiery atoms may be burning
That would fill the world with light.

Let us then, in rev'rence bowing,
Honor most of all mankind;
Such as keep their great thoughts plowing
Deepest in the field of mind.

—*Selected.*

Digitized by Google

468



THE JOYS THAT ARE PERFECT.

The joys that are perfect
On earth cannot last,
One tide-wave of sorrow
Sweeps into the past
The fond hopes that cluster
Around the long years
Of a lifetime of toil;
Leaving only tears,
In token of the smile
We wrought for in vain;
Deep calling unto deep,
Till weep we again.

The rainbow of promise
That shines in the sky,
Spans its arch o'er the heavens
But to fade and to die;
Towards faces of tears
It always is bent,
But the wildest of storms
The soonest are spent;
Then what matter to you,
What matter to me,
How the wreck of our hopes
Sinks into the sea.

Words and Music by Mrs. Jennie B. Brown

Digitized by Google

469

7s & 6s

NATURE'S WORSHIP.

The green grass upward springing,
From out the cold dark earth,
In joyous tone is singing,
Of higher, holier birth.

The flowers that open fair
From out the frost-freed sod,
Fling their perfume on the air,
That it may rise to God.

Trees that spring from depths below,
Are reaching for the skies;
Morning mists that chill us so,
In golden cloudlets rise.

Thus Nature by her teaching,
When her words are understood,
Proves the soul is ever reaching
Upward after higher good.

—*Horace M. Richards.*

470

BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

Shall we gather at the river,
Where are angels full of love,
With its crystal tide for ever,
Flowing in our home above?

CHORUS—Yes we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with our friends at the river,
That flows in our home above.

On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk in beauty ever,
All the happy golden day.

CHORUS—Yes we'll, etc.

Digitized by Google

On the bosom of the river,
Over which our friends have gone,
We shall meet and sorrow never,
In the glory of our home.

CHORUS—Yes we'll, etc.

Ere we reach the shining river
Lay we every burden down;
Love our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

CHORUS—Yes we'll, etc.

Soon we'll reach the shining river;
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

CHORUS—Yes we'll, etc. —*Selected.*

471

C.M. **A WORLD OF LOVE AT HOME.**

The earth has treasures fair and bright,
Deep buried in her caves,
And ocean hideth many gems
Beneath her rolling waves.

Yet not within her bosom deep,
Nor, 'neath her dashing foam,
Lies there a treasure equaling
A world of love at home.

True sterling happiness and joy,
Are not with gold allied,
Nor can it yield a pleasure like
A welcome bright fireside.

I envy not the man who stops
In stately hall or dome,
If with its splendor he hath not
A world of love at home.

Though care and trouble may be mine,

Digitized by Google

As down life's path I roam,
I'll heed them not while I still have
A world of love at home. —*Anon.*

472

SPIRITS WHO GUIDE US.

AIR—"SONG OF SOUL."

Spirits who guide us through life's fleeting years,
Faithfully watching around us when tears
Shadow our path with their saddening rays,
Casting a gloom o'er the light of our days.
Is there a thrill of compassion e'er known,
When in our wanderings dangers are thrown,
Great is your power wherever we go,
Oft does your presence relieve us from woe.

Life and its burdens will soon pass away!
When called by heaven the soul must obey;
Entering here by mysterious power,
Thus we depart and know not the hour,
Yet in our sorrow we feel you are near,
Striving to counsel and banish the tear,
Happy are we if at life's fading close,
There we unite in a world of repose.

—*Mary A. Mowry.*

473

THE WORLD IS GROWING GOOD.

MELODY—"GENTLE MAY."

Let us set the great world ringing!
With our hopeful, merry singing,
For the earth is full of beauty far and near;
On the fragrant air of summer,
We will wake a tuneful murmur,
That the faint and weary hearted all may hear.

CHORUS—O, the world is growing good,
For the right is understood,
And our little lives are full of brilliant chances.
Martyrs have not died in vain,

Digitized by Google

And we chant a glad refrain
As we follow Truth wherever she advances!

Wrong is fleeing earth's high places,
And we'll shout for honest faces.
And for hearts as strong as time, and true as steel.
She is loosing all her leases,
And her systems fall to pieces,
While we cheer for men who reason, learn and feel.

CHORUS—O, the world is growing, etc.

O, a thousand lights are streaming,
Brighter far than poet's dreaming,
Through the darkness which has shut away the skies.
Lo, we see illumined faces
Lighting up the other spaces,
And we meet the earnest gaze of angel eyes.

CHORUS—O, the world is growing, etc.

Then we'll raise a ringing chorus,
For the golden days before us,
While we work to bring them nearer day by day,
Heaven is not so far above us
That its inmates cannot love us,
And lean out to hear us singing on our way.

CHORUS—the world is growing, etc. —*Emma Tuttle*

474

DARE TO SAY NO.

Dare to say no! when asked to drink.
Pause a moment, my friend, and think;
Think of the wrecks on life's ocean tost,
Who answered "Yes," without counting the cost.

Think of the mother who bore you in pain!
Think of her tears that will fall like the rain,
Think of her heart, how cruel the blow,
Think of her Love, and then say No!

Think of dear hopes, that are drowned in the bowl,
Think of the danger to body and soul,

Digitized by Google

Think of sad lives, once pure as the snow;
Look at them now, and then answer No!

Think of a manhood's rum-tainted breath,
Think that the glass leads to sorrow and death;
Think of the homes that are shadowed with woe,
That might have been heavens, had some one said No!

Think of lone graves, unwept, and unknown,
Hiding life-hopes, once fair as your own;
Think of loved forms, forever laid low,
That still would be here, had they learned to say No!

Think of the Demon, who lurks in the bowl,
Whose touch is ruin to body and soul;
Think of all this as life's journey you go,
And when assailed by the tempter, say No!

—*Horace M. Richards.*

475

BABY.

Do not grieve that she is taken,
Do not mourn that she is gone,
Though your home seem dark and dreary,
Though your life seems sad and lone;
For in heaven her eyes will open
On some angel's shining face;
And her troubles be forgotten
In an angel's sweet embrace.

Though your loving arms are empty—
Nestling once the baby-form—
Though you miss the sweet caresses
That have kept your heart so warm;
Grieve not—for the life that withered
In its scalding tears and pain,
Will, we know, in heaven's sunshine,
Bud and blossom out again.

Do not call her lost—the darling!
Fear not—fondly hope to see
Dark-eyed, dark-haired little baby,

Digitized by Google

In the great eternity.
She will meet and love and know you,
And her baby heart keep true;
In the bright and sweet hereafter,
Little baby'll wait for you!

—*Mrs. Jacob Martin.*

476

NOT DEAD.

Nay! not dead, thy loving son,
He waited but the master's call,
And now his earthly labor done,
He waits for thee—that is all!

Nay! not dead, thy stay on earth
Angels have welcome given,
To purer, holier birth,
To shelter safe in heaven.

Nay! thy son hath left the clay,
From sorrowing tears hath fled,
Now dwelling in eternal day,
Born to higher life! not dead.

For him there blooms a spring,
Where flowers deck perennial youth.
Where music is the song the angel's sing,
And light, the smile of truth.

Nay! not dead, the darksome tomb
Holds not the son you love:
His spirit freed from earthly gloom,
Now waits for thee above.

—*Horace M. Richards.*

477

THE DREAM.

I dreamed of a land of the pure and bright,
The city of God, and the saint's delight;
The saints of all ages, and children were there,
In that city of God, in that home so fair.

Digitized by Google

CHORUS—O! that beautiful dream,
O! that beautiful dream,
Shall I the saints and those children see,
Or shall it be only a dream?

I dreamed the trials of life were o'er,
The saints were walking the golden shore;
They ate of the fruit of the evergreen tree,
O what a beautiful dream to me.

CHORUS—O, that beautiful dream, etc.

I dreamed I saw them in robes of white,
With crowns on their brows of a golden light.
I looked as they wandered life's river along;
I listened and heard a most beautiful song.

CHORUS—O! that beautiful dream, etc. —*Selected.*

478

INSPIRATIONAL SONG.

TUNE—"JOHN BROWN."

What though his form lies mouldering in the grave,
What though the Summer grasses o'er his ashes wave,
The soul of the good man ne'er slumbers in the grave,
But still goes marching on.

His voice is not hushed in the silence of the ground,
His eye is not dimmed in the grave's green mound,
Being dead, he yet speaketh, and his works shall be found,
Like his soul, still marching on.

We hear him in the echoes of the good words he has said,
We see him in the memory of the shining life he led,
And the pages full of living truth the millions all have read,
As his pen went marching on.

For the friendless and the outcast, for the helpless and the old;
For the widow and the orphan, for the hungry and the cold,

Digitized by Google

With the ink of tender pity and the page as true as gold,
His pen went marching on.

With fearless hand he tore the mask from proud oppression's face;
With piercing words he made the tyrant tremble in his place,
In the game of reformation he has nobly won the race,
As his soul went marching on.

Little children, bid God bless him, he in holiest, purest phrase,
Has pleaded for your helplessness, has pictured out your ways,
Let your precious little voices join the chorus in his praise,
As his soul goes marching on.

From the cradle of the sunlight, from the old and distant East,
O'er the pathless waste of waters to the land of farthest West;
From the mighty throbbing heart of every nation of the earth,
Where e'er the noble printing press or science have birth,
A cry of fervent blessing rends the skies above our head,
God bless the brave reformer, God bless the mighty dead;
May his hand amidst the stary worlds fresh living scriptures write,
And publish thro' eternity his name in endless light,
As his soul goes marching on.

—*Emma Hardinge Britten.*

479

8s

HARVESTED.

So ripe and full, the gathered sheaf,
Why should the harvest bring us grief?
Bowed and bent by the weight of grain,
Garnered—a life not lived in vain.

Through toil and pain, he carried his load,
Through briars and brambles walked his road,

Digitized by Google

So noble and true, so grand and good,
'Twas the mountain's top on which he stood.

So simple his life, to others given,
In duty done, he found his heaven—
The burden's lifted, the dried-up tears
His crown of glory through eternal years.

Give him glad welcome, O holy angels,
For he, too, was one of God's evangels,
Knowing no color, race, or creed—
His life one prayer of loving deed.

Crown him, O angels, he brings the token,
Of riven chains, of manacles broken—
He, too, at last, unfettered, free,
Earth's bondage leaves for liberty.

Thanks unto God, oh ye who still remain,
Thanks that the reaper so lovingly came,
Thanks for a life so grandly spent,
Thanks for the reaper divinely sent.

—*Horace M. Richards.*

480

MEET US AT THE CRYSTAL GATE.

MELODY—"MEET ME BY THE RUNNING BROOK."

Meet us, angels, at the gate,
With a welcome sweet and warm;
Be it early, be it late,
We shall come through dark and storm,
Weary from our dying pillows,
Faint with surging on death's billows,
Strewn with cypress leaves and willows,
Plucked to mourn the cherished form.

CHORUS—Meet us, angels, at the gate,
With a welcome sweet and warm;
Be it early, be it late,
We shall come through dark and storm.

Meet us where low, holy hymns
Float like balm upon the air;

Digitized by Google

Where no sullen blaming dims
Those who come sin-tarnished there.
Hail us at that precious meeting,
With some old familiar greeting,
Which will set our faint hearts beating
To love's olden, olden prayer.

CHORUS—Meet us where low, holy hymns, etc.

Meet us with extended hands,
As you used to here below;
Tell us, when we reach those lands,
"Friends, come home! we love you so!"
Then we all can love each other,
Parent, husband, sister, brother;
Knowing fully one another,
Warm as sunlight, pure as snow.

CHORUS—Meet us with extended hands, etc.

481

OVER THE RIVER.

No longer we shrink on eternity's brink,
Nor wish for a further delay;
Clean robes are prepared for the justified soul,
And angels are guarding the way.

CHORUS—Over the river of death, only just over there,
The spirit released from its burden of clay,
Lives when made pure in an eternal day.

While nearing the stream, in vision I see
A structure rise noble and grand;
'Tis not built on any false dogma nor creed—
'Tis a bridge to the fair Summer-land.

CHORUS—Over the river of death, etc.

The shadow of doubt is forever dispelled,
And kindred are joined hand in hand,
For messengers cross on this bridge every day,
From their home in the bright Summer-land.

CHORUS—Over the river of death, etc.

Digitized by Google

Each day that we live, some gem we may store,
The work of our willing hand;
The garment we weave in this valley below
We shall wear in the bright Summer-land.

—*Selected.*

482

ZINNIA GREY.

Where the skies were bright and clear,
Soft zephyrs wafting near,
Sweeping through the green lawns away;
There, in life's golden hours,
Her hopes like budding flowers,
Dwelt the fair and gentle Zinnia Grey.
Our souls are forlorn,
For the angel could not stay:
Our home light is gone
With our sweet Zinnia Grey!

We decked her as a bride,
But death stood by her side,
Ah, sad was that darksome, dreary day;
For closed her violet eyes,
'Neath the calm, azure skies,
And the grave hid our darling Zinnia Grey!
The music is hushed,
The smile passed away—
Our heart-flowers lie crushed,
In the grave of Zinnia Grey!

—*Mrs. Jacob Martin.*

483

MESSENGER ANGELS.

AIR—"STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

Bright messenger throng art thou waiting near by,
When the gay light of pleasure is joyously beaming?
Or when grief-saddened powers close the tear-dimmed eye,
How their thoughts calmly speak from past memories dreaming!
'Mid pleasure's glad sigh, or the heart's broken cry,

Digitized by Google

How tenderly borne comes the voice of reply,
Bright messenger angels, on, onward they come,
With tidings of joy to the loved ones at home.

No dark shade can hide from the heart's trusting gaze,
The faces we loved with such fond recollection;
They blossom and bloom in eternity's rays,
And strew o'er our pathway sweet flowers of reflection.
Where bright spirits play, these kind spirits stay,
And beckon our soul with the sunshine of day;
Bright messenger angels, on onward they come
With tidings of joy to the loved ones at home.

On the footprints of time, 'midst eternity's space,
How oft-treasured scenes claim our mute adoration;
Through the dream-lighted skies of our memories trace,
Comes the forms we have loved, to our heart's desolation.
As we think of the past, from our memories cast,
Whose sweet pictured shades shall embrace us at last,
Bright messenger angels, on onward they come,
With tidings of joy to the loved ones at home.

—*Selected.*

484

L. M. **THE OLD AND NEW.**

O sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal right!
And step by step since time began,
We see the steady gain of man.

To all of good the past has had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

We lack but open eye and ear
To find the Orient's marvels here,
The still small voice in autumn's hush,
Yon maple wood the burning bush.

For still the new transcends the old,
In signs and tokens manifold;

Digitized by Google

Slaves rise up men; the Olive waves
With roots deep set in battle graves.

Through the harsh noises of the day
A low sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now, and here, and everywhere. —*Whittier.*

485

"IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT IN THE MORNING."

I stood by the couch of my darling,
And watched the light in her eyes;
I held her fevered fingers,
And echoed her softest sighs.
But the time wore wearily onward,
Till it marked the sunset hour,
And the light went out from my darling's eyes
As the bloom goes out from the flower.

Ah! then with a sickening tremor,
I watched for the soothing balm
That should come at the hands of the healer,
And shield my love from harm.
It came at the hour of sunset;
A grave and an aged man,
Who held the gift of a healing hand,
As far as a mortal can.

He counted her pulses that fluttered
Like wild imprisoned birds;
And then, with a glance to heaven,
He spake these cheering words:
"It will be all right in the morning."
O! skill of a learned leech,
Those words, to my worldly hearing,
What a world of hope they teach!

Digitized by Google

"It will be all right in the morning!"
I murmured them through the night,
As I watched her heavily breathing,
And longed for the coming light.
It came with its golden sunshine,
And I turned to my darling's bed,
To kiss her lips as a welcome,
But I found my loved one dead.

Dead! Dead with the morning's coming,
Dead! Dead with the words on my ear,
"It will be all right in the morning!"
And now but her form is here.
O heart, in thy wild resistance
At the stern decree of the Lord,
Rebelling to part with an atom
From out of thine earthly hoard!

"It will all be right in the morning!"
It was truth the wise leech spoke,
And in the heavenly sunshine
My darling one awoke—
Awoke from a dream of sorrow,
To dwell in the far-off lands,
Where, if all be right in the morning,
Once more I shall clasp her hands. —*Selected.*

6 6,8,6

486

HOW I WOULD DIE.

O let not sobs of woe
Bewail me when I die,
But sing to me and let me rise
Exulting to the sky.

Heed not the fading eye,
Nor yet the lines of pain;
But sing of those immortal shores
Where I shall live again.

Sing of the shining ones,
Who passed death's gate like me,

Digitized by Google

And triumphed o'er the lonely grave,
Immortalized and free.

O, not with burning tears
Of those who love me best,
But with the ecstacy of song,
Fold my dead hands in rest,

Like music low and faint,
My soul shall float afar,
And wake in heaven, delightful heaven,
Where God's sweet singers are.

—*Emma Tuttle.*

487

THE HARMONY OF NATURE.

TUNE—"OLD HUNDRED."

Eternal Father, by whose hand
All nature moves at thy command;
And gems of beauty everywhere
Are interwoven by thy care.

Thy many attributes divine
From worlds and systems ever shine;
Whose magnitude and power proclaim
The glory of thy holy name.

Our feeble thought would fain explore
Unfathomed space without a shore;
Where rolling spheres in silence rest,
While borne and rocked upon thy breast.

Yet thou art one, with one design,
In which all harmonies combine;
Each star a note with pearly key,
Divinely tuned, O Lord, by thee.

Then let our grateful songs rehearse,
The anthem of the universe,
While songs of nature interlude
The chorus of infinitude.

—*Warren Sumner Barlow.*

Digitized by Google

488

LIFE.

TUNE—"GREENVILLE."

Life illumes the radiant dew-drop,
Is the fragrance of a flower;
Animates all forms of being,
Is the essence of all power.

Mortal life, like tints of morning,
E'er the sun makes glad the day,
Will unfold in endless beauty,
While the ages wend their way.

O! thou glorious boon to mortals,
May we walk thy paths of light;
Learn to look above earth's shadows,
To that life where all is bright.

Where the music of the angels,
Welcomes each immortal soul;
And the boundless beams of glory
Gild the cycles as they roll.

—*Warren Sumner Barlow.*

489

10s "LONGING TO DIE."

Aye! "Longing to die," for why should she live,
When her blighted life hath nothing to give?
She is dreaming dreams of ever-green hills
Beyond death's valley and all of life's ills.

Far away, beyond the terrible night,
Her vision has caught a radiant light,
And her weary spirit longs to be there,
Far beyond the reach of earth's cruel despair.

Many the wrongs that have seared her young heart;
Nought of existence is left, save its smart;
Why should she linger in pain and distress
Seeking so vainly her wrongs to redress.

Digitized by Google

Hark to the song the tempter is singing:
"Lethe's chill waters, oblivion bringing—
Ended life's conflicts, its pain and its gloom,
Welcome death's night, and its rest in the tomb,

"Home have I none, nor a friend to my name;
Lost to all memory save of my shame—
Why should I struggle still longer to live,
When life hath nothing but sorrow to give?

"The grave is so quiet so blissful its rest,
Why longer remain by sorrow oppress?
Homeless, and desolate, every hope fled—
Better a thousand fold rest with the dead."

Father in Heaven! oh hear thou her cry—
So cruel her fate, so anxious to die—
Repeat thou the words as spoken of yore,
"I do not condemn thee, sin thou no more."

—*Horace M. Richards.*

490

WEDDING SONG.

"How sweet is the union of souls"
Where love is the dear silken tie;
While the music in harmony rolls
From the choir of the angels on high.
'Tis purer than rivers that flow
From the mountain-tops seen from afar;
Such joys as none ever can know,
Whose life has no bright guiding star.

A blessing we ask on the bride—
May her life be as bright as the day;
And the groom that now stands by her side,
God bless and cheer them on their way.
May the bond that unites them as one
Grow stronger and dearer by time;
Prove a heaven on earth thus begun,
Where blossoms of love shall entwine.

There is nothing on earth half so dear
As a home where the heart is at rest;

Digitized by Google

Where the love-light forever shines clear,
And none are with sorrow oppressed.
If grief and deep trials invade
This honored seclusion of love,
Let hope, like an anchor, be staid
On a home in the mansions above.

—*Mrs. Luna Hutchinson.*

491

LIFE'S BEAUTIFUL SEA.

MELODY—"BEAUTIFUL SUMMER SEA."

The waves are bright with rosy light
Upon life's beautiful sea;
The shores are new, the skies are blue,
And who so merry as we?
New lights are gleaming,
Through all our dreaming,
Off on a distant shore.
O glad and cheerful,
Not sad and tearful,
Steer we for the distant shore.

CHORUS—The waves are bright with rosy light
Upon life's beautiful sea;
The shores are new, the skies are blue,
And who so merry as we?

We sail away, day after day,
Over life's beautiful sea,
With faces gay as waves that play,
And break in their melody.
Morn light will meet us,
Daylight will greet us,
Many a time on the wave,
Singing and sailing,
Cheerily hailing
Our brothers and sisters brave.

CHORUS—The waves are bright with rosy light, etc.

—*Emma Tuttle.*

Digitized by Google

492

THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

TUNE—"AULD LANG SYNE."

Come let us join in cheerful song,
With hope's inspiring ray;
Let every tongue with grateful praise
Proclaim this joyful day;
For life immortal rends the veil
Of error's dark domain,
And every gloomy phantom fades
At reason's glorious reign.

The earth and sky are all aglow
With orbs of living light;
While truth's victorious banners rise
On every mountain height;
Take courage, then, oh doubting soul,
For all that's great and good
Will be revealed to every mind,
As truth is understood.

No sin-atoning sacrifice
Can banish pain and woe;
But manfully we learn to live
By reaping what we sow;
The bitter fruits of each misdeed
As kindly point the way,
As do the joys in sweet return
Which teach us to obey.

Eternal progress marks the path
Of each immortal soul,
And though in weakness we may fall,
We rise to self-control;
Thus right will over wrong prevail,
If truth be understood,
For every evil hath a germ
Of universal good.

Believe, though feeble, all are links
In an unbroken chain,
And could we sever one, we break

Digitized by Google

The universe in twain!
Then why distrust a Father's care.
Or dwarf a priceless soul,
When each doth constitute a part
Of one harmonious whole?

Then let us hail with grateful praise
This dawn of holy light;
Let love fraternal fire our zeal
To battle for the right;
For error with her plastic hands,
Would gladly hold the reins;
While universal truth prevails
Through Nature's broad domains.

—*Warren Sumner Barlow.*

493

7s

DEEDS VERSUS CREEDS.

This is what the angels teach,
Better by far to work than preach,
This is what they always say,
Better by far to work, than pray.

Better a kind and loving deed
Than wordy cant, or wordy creed,
Better a loaf to a hungry one,
Than mumbled prayers, or organ's tone.

Better for cold, a good warm fire,
Than all the prayers beneath church spire,
Better by far to dry the tear,
Than cause its flow through slavish fear.

And this great truth our minds must store
Loving deeds are the open door
Through which God's angels enter in
To purify a soul from sin.

You better thus a soul can draw,
Than drive by fear of broken law,
And all the bolts of wrathful Jove,
Will fail to win like deeds of love.

—*Horace M. Richards.*

Digitized by Google

494

GOOD DEEDS TELL.

When quiet in a darkened room,
A form lies cold and still,
To whom the silent voice of death
Has whispered, "Peace, be still,"
They who survive will linger near,
And ask with an anxious mind,
How much of gold the dead man had,
What has he left behind?

The angel who with glistening wings,
Is hovering round the bed,
Still bending with enquiring look
Above the silent dead,
Demands, "What was the life he led?"
And scans the record o'er.
"What treasures has he now in heaven,
What good deeds sent before?"

—*From the Koran.*

495

JUBILATE.

The world hath felt a quickening breath
From Heaven's eternal shore
And souls triumphant over death
Return to earth once more.
For this we hold our jubilee,
For this with joy we sing—
"O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?"

Our cypress leaves are laid aside
For amaranthine flowers,
For death's cold name does not divide
The souls we love from ours.
From pain and death and sorrow free,
They join with us to sing—
"O Grave where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting."

Digitized by Google

Immortal eyes look from above
Upon our joys to-night,
And souls immortal in their love
In our glad songs unite.
Across the travelers' crystal sea
The notes triumphant ring—
"O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?"

"Sweet spirits, welcome yet again!"
With loving hearts we cry;
And "peace on earth good will to men,"
The angel hosts reply.
From doubt and fear, through truth made free,
With faith triumphant sing—
"O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?"

—*Lizzie Doten.*

496

"NEVER ALONE."

I hear a sweet tone
Whisper, "Never alone."
O darling, I know thou art near,
Thy promise I treasure,
Life's holiest pleasure,
Like music thy voice I can hear.

And over my soul
Its sweet echoes roll,
As I linger in ecstacy near,
And again as in youth,
I worship in truth,
With never a doubt or a fear.

The light of thy love
Guides safely above,
Where hope whispers sweetly of rest;
And I long for that hour,
When parted no more,
We meet in the home of the blest.

Digitized by Google

O soul of my soul
My being control,
Make me worthy this infinite bliss;
And over life's tide,
My bark ever guide
To an anchorage better than this.

For this at the best,
Hath little of rest;
And I sigh for a happier world,
For my spirit's own home,
Where storms never come,
Where my sails at the last may be furled.

—*Horace M. Richards.*

497

RHENISH BOAT SONG.

TUNE—"THE PIRATE'S SERENADE."

Awake, my beloved! the young moon-beams shine
On the deep placid breast of our beauteous Rhine!
Come forth from thy chamber my own chosen bride.
For the gondola dances upon the quick tide.

And I'll tell thee in whispers, as pure as the thought,
That around this fair scene of enchantment is wrought,
Of the love that can find no expression in words;
For its language is music—the wooing of birds.

O, I'll sing to thee—sing to thee all the night long,
While the heart gushes forth in my passionate song;
And thine shall reply to its tenderest strain,
Till music and love reunite us again.

Thy coming has filled me with sweetest alarms;
I clasp thee unto me with reverent arms,
For the angel thou art of my worshipful life;
Thy pureness protects thee, my unwedded wife!

Put off love! put off from the gossiping shore,
That cold eyes may look on our raptures no more;
But only the stars, beaming bright from above,
And the gentle Moon witness our innocent love.

Digitized by Google

Thy presence has wrought, with its magical power,
A halo of gladness around the brief hour;
Neither time nor misfortune our spirits can sever;
The love of the moment unites us forever.

—*Fanny Green M'Dougall*

498

10s. GOD'S WRECKS.

Canst thou chain old Time in his march from the past?
Canst thou stay the simoon's death-dealing blast?
Will a sweep of thy hand send backward the tide,
To the sources that channel the steep mountain's side?

Will darkness return? The sun cease to shine?
Or Nature revolt, to obey words of thine?
Will thy voice hush the music of unnumbered spheres?
Will it lengthen, or shorten, the incoming years?

Will spirits that have fled their earthly abode
Re-inhabit their forms at thy beck, or thy nod?
As well might thou try all these to control,
As to stay the march of a human soul.

Though born in sin, and raised in despair,
The soul of a God lies slumbering there.
Then this be the lesson, O man in thy pride,
God's wrecks that now drift down humanity's tide.

Thy brothers, thy sisters, are all in his care?
The highest, the lowest, his love equal share,
And souls that seem buried in sin's deepest tomb,
In their hearts they hold the bud and the bloom.

—*Horace M. Richards.*

499

OUR UNSEEN GUESTS.

When the sun fadeth out in the far away west,
And night folds around us her mantle of rest;
God's angels unseen come from their distant shore.
To visit the homes of their earth-life once more.

With the mornings first dawn they also are there
To share in our griefs, to join in our prayer,
And all the day long they work by our side,
Unseen, and unfelt, as near us they glide.

—*Horace M. Richards.*

500

OUR BRIGHT SPIRIT HOME.

TUNE—"HOME, SWEET HOME."

Oh, there is a home where the soul can repose,
Where joys are not blighted by earth's chilling woes,
Where friendship and love have no thoughts to conceal,
But freely the depths of their fountain reveal.

CHORUS—Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
Our bright spirit-home.

When darkness and sorrow enveloped the skies,
And hope's trailing pinions no longer could rise,
The angels came down from their star-spangled dome,
Revealing in glory our bright spirit-home.

CHORUS—Home, home, etc.

Sweet home, at whose portals the pilgrims of strife
Disrobe and are washed in the River of Life;
Where time and its burdens are left on the shore,
As sweetly we float to our bright evermore.

CHORUS—Home, home, etc.

A home where the fullness of life will unfold,
Whose glories and beauties have never been told;
Where hope, ever buoyant with boundless desires,
To the infinite fountain forever aspires.

CHORUS—Home, home, etc.

Then cherish this life as a Heaven-given prize—
As a magnet immortal that points to the skies;
And may every home be an Eden of love—
A semblance of home that awaits us above.

CHORUS—Home, home, etc.

Digitized by Google

—*Warren Sumner Barlow.*

501

8s&7s. **A SPIRIT MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER.**

I have seen you, oh my daughter,
When you little thought me nigh;
I have caught the falling tear-drop,
And have grieved to hear you sigh.

I can come so close unto yon,
And can nestle to your heart;
You shall feel my presence often,
For we never more will part.

And day by day I'll guard you,
And guide you in the right;
And through the clouds and darkness
Still lead you to the light.

My presence shall go with you,
Though my form you do not see;
And the beating of your own heart,
I shall tell you that 'tis me.

Take courage, then, my daughter,
And throw aside your load;
For I still am walking with you,
To help you on the road.

Be cheerful, too, my daughter,
And let the sunshine in;
The world is full of beauty,
And of crowns for you to win.

The world is full of beauty,
And its flowers shall strew your way;
Till through its shadowy portals,
You reach eternal day.

The world is full of beauty
Which shall lighten up its gloom,
And cheer your path of duty,
Till we meet beyond the tomb.

— *Horace M. Richards.*

Digitized by Google

502

WE SHALL MEET OUR FRIENDS IN THE MORNING.

MELODY—"WHEN YOU AND I WERE SOLDIER BOYS."

O, the cheering dreams we know,
As we toil along below,
To the country where we all shall rest together, friends,
Where the summer always stays,
With her blossom brightened days,
And we need not face earth's stormy, wintry weather friends.

CHORUS—O, glory-lighted land,
Thy valleys deep and grand,
Thy rivers adown them that flow,
Thy silver lakes and streams
Come flashing through our dreams,
As we dwell in our own world below.
We shall meet our friends in the morning,
We shall meet our friends in the morning,
We shall meet our friends in the morning,
When the dream of earth-life is o'er.

Oft our hearts grow sick with pain,
And we hope and pray in vain
That our Father make more sweet earth's bitter fountains, friends,
Then we wipe away our tears,
And look past these cloudy years,
Where a rosy dawn lights up Heaven's vernal mountains, friends.

CHORUS—O, glory-lighted, etc.

We shall scarce remember there,
All these battle-scars we bear,
How we cleft a path to glory through the shadows, friends,
For our triumph will be sweet,
And most jubilant our feet,
When we tread at last, God's great star-gleaming meadows, friends.

CHORUS—O, glory-lighted, etc.

—*Emma Tuttle.*

Digitized by Google

503

DEATH.

TUNE—MT. VERNON.

Death is but a friendly stranger
That unlocks the golden door,
Bids us pass the darkened portals,
To the bright celestial shore.

Death is new-born life expanding—
Reaching upward to the goal,
Breaking from its rusty fetters
To the freedom of the soul.

Death is heaven's appointed angel,
Who invites us to explore
Richer landscapes, purer pleasures,
Fadeless as the evermore,

O then friend to life immortal,
We resign our dust to thee;
While our longing aspirations
Are from earthly trammels free.

—*Warren Sumner Barlow.*

504

9s & 8s

KINDNESS.

As you travel o'er life's weary way,
And mingle with earth's busy throng,
Your burden will lighten each day,
If you help a brother along.

Though a kindly word doth little cost,
It may take from a heart its pain,
Or cheer a soul on life's ocean tost,
While it brings to your own some gain.

Too often we jostle each other,
And crowd on the highway of life;
Ne'er stopping to help up a brother,
Who falls in the conflict and strife.

Digitized by Google

What matters all the riches of earth,
That stay but a moment at best?
While the wealth that in kindness hath birth
Is sure to outlast all the rest.

'Tis a treasure that thieves cannot steal,
Neither fire nor flood can destroy,
And all that you do for another's weal
Will prove in the future a joy.

'Tis currency current in heaven,
As well as while dwelling below;
'Twill pay many debts at life's even,
And your toll as onward you go.

—*Horace M. Richards.*

505

SONG.

C.M. TUNE—MANOAH.

The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far;
The ocean looketh up to heaven,
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
As kneels the human knee,
Their white locks bowing to the sand,
The priesthood of the sea!

They pour their glittering treasures forth,
Their gifts of pearl they bring,
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

Digitized by Google

The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer;
The altar curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,
Or low with sobs of pain,
The thunder-organ of the cloud,
The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches crossed
The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept earth and air,
The music of its starry march
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man. —*John G. Whittier.*

506

7s

ASPIRATIONS.

These the gifts my soul doth ask,
Strength for its allotted task—
Power to work for other's good—
The world and I one brotherhood.

Not the good, that's only seeming,
Not the deeds that have no meaning,
But a life of earnest labor,
Working good for self and neighbor.

Loving God, as seen in man,
Doing for him all I can;
Forgetting self, in others' need,
Kindly thoughts outwrought in deed.

Digitized by Google

Sweet communings while on earth,
With spirits of a higher birth;
Those who came with helping hand,
Guiding towards the "better land."

One holier gift is lacking still,
Submission, to the father's will;
This in hours of darkest grief,
Can only bring my soul relief.

This can give me strength and power,
This can cheer the darkest hour,
Till through the clouds of earth's dark even,
My soul can find its rest in heaven.

—*Horace M. Richards.*

507

A VISION OF PARADISE.

The spirit is passing, the earth is retreating,
The window of hope closes over the eye;
The pulse it is throbbing, the breath it is fleeting—
Fluttering—quivering—lost in a sigh!
The angel protecting the pure soul is greeting
The glory of heaven illumines the sky;
While soft on the wings of young cherubim sleeping,
Earth's loveliest daughter in odor floats by.

Sweetly she slumbers, as, wafted afar,
She leaves the lost world for a happier star.
And angels are winging the found one to kiss;
Who sleepeth in beauty to waken in bliss.

Hark to their harps, the rapt seraphs are singing!
As, wafted on zephyrs the wanton notes stray;
Tripping, the Houris fresh flowers are bringing,
With perfume and fragrance embalming her way.
List, the glad chorus through Heaven's arch ringing!
Resounding in echoes in musical play;
From the portals of bliss to the distance where, swimming
In ether, the lost comet wanders astray.

Wake! for thy morning hath risen in light!
Thy sorrows are vanished, and gone is thy night;

Digitized by Google

Rise in thy purity, daughter of Earth!
Glory awaiteth thee, wake into birth!

To melody rising with incense ascending,
The maiden is changed to a Spirit of Light;
From her ivory shoulders fair wings are depending;
She flutters—she mounts—she is lost to my sight!
The gates are revolving, the guards are defending,
The entrance of Paradise melts from my view;
The vision is fading, its beauties are blending!
And waking—I mourn her beneath the dark yew.

—*Robert W. Hume.*

508

8s & 7s **BELOVED.**

Beyond earth's storm, beyond its shine
Beyond death's turbid river,
When thou art mine, and I am thine,
We will part no more forever.

Death's chilling flood, can ne'er divide
This love that makes thee, all my own,
'Twill bear me closer to thy side
When all my earthly work is done.

—*Horace M. Richards.*

509

11s. 9s. **COMPENSATION.**

If you lift from some heart its burden of care,
As you journey o'er life's dusty road,
You not only are garnering treasures "up there,"
But you lighten your own earthly load.

If you cheer some soul on its wearisome way,
Or drive from some brow its shadows and gloom,
Your burden will lighten each hour of the day,
And you strew with flowers your road to the tomb.

If you come as a helper to a soul in need,
Or lend to the weary your strengthening hand,
You are tilling God's garden, and sowing the seed
For a harvest of love in the soul's Summer-land.

Digitized by Google

If you have but a word, a smile, or a tear,
Don't hoard it, give freely, 'twill solace some grief,
Take the pain from some heart, some weary one cheer,
And bring to the pain in thy own heart relief.

—*Horace M. Richards.*

510

THE TWO CHURCHES.

There is a gray cathedral old
With long and solemn aisle,
Where footsteps hush, nor eye is shocked
By an irreverent smile.
Where genteel ladies dress for show,—
And men, with business airs,
Engage, for stipulated sum,
A man to say their prayers!

Where grand the pealing organ note,
Rolls thundering to the dome,
And with a listless dreamy air
We hear of far-off home.
Where at the table none may sit
Save those of high degree,
Who pay th' almighty dollar down;
Unquestioned piety!

There is a church—another church,
Spread out before each eye;
Its temple is the mighty arch
Of yonder outspread sky;
Its choir is formed of angel-bands
That fill with praise each hour,
Its music, their spontaneous songs,
Like fragrance from the flower!

Here every weary one of earth,
May join his praise with theirs.
For to this church of Nature fair,
Mankind are common heirs,
And if men turn the shoulder cold
Of haughty Pharisee,
'Neath Heaven's azure we may sit
In sacrament with Thee! —*Lita Barney Sayles.*

511

RECOMPENSE.

Some flowers there are of modest worth
That grow, and bloom, and die on earth,
Unprized, far hid from mortal eye,
Yet yielding perfume till they die.

Some souls there are, whose lives are full of bloom,
Who live unknown, until they reach the tomb;
Souls filled with modest virtues rare,
Who, like the flower, shed fragrance everywhere.

Some hearts there are with kindness filled,
Whose loving warmth hath ne'er been chilled;
Such hearts have throbbed and warmly beat,
To shed o'er other lives a perfume sweet.

Some souls I know, who radiance shed,
Yet ever walk with living dead,
Who unto others consolation give;
Themselves—regretting that they live.

For such shall dawn a bright to-morrow,
Beyond this world of wrong and sorrow,
Where kindly deeds sown here, in tears
Shall bud and bloom through eternal years.

—*Horace M. Richards.*

512

REST.

Life's battle's fought,
Its victory won,
Its work outwrought,
Its labor done.

No toil nor pain,
Thoul't then endure,
Then why complain?
Rest cometh sure.—*Horace M. Richards.*

Digitized by Google

513

10s

THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! 'tis but the higher birth,
The stepping out from clay, away from earth.
A spirit disenthralled, forever free—
'Tis but renewing life, not death to me.

There is no death! all nature proves this truth;
'Tis but the glad returning of our youth;
What though the outer form be laid away?
The risen spirit finds eternal day.

There is no death! 'tis but a newer life,
The cutting of a cord by Nature's knife,
The breaking of a chain that holds us down,
The opening of a cage—the prisoner flown.

There is no death! what though exhaled the dew,
It changes into forms forever new;
What though the seed be laid in wintry tomb,
The spring time comes, and calls it up to bloom.

There is no death! the sun goes down at night,
That it may rise again—the morning's light;
The twinkling stars that seem to pass away
Are only hid in clearer, brighter day.

There is no death! this pulsing heart of mine
May cease to beat, the soul-lit eye to shine,
And from the body go the fleeting breath,
And yet the risen spirit knows no death.

There is no death! the Father calls us home,
In tender, loving tone, he bids us come,
Away from earth, away from weary care,
To higher, better life, to scenes more fair.

There is no death! this clod of mortal clay
May lose its form, through Nature's sure decay
But the freed spirit in realms supernal.
Solves life's mystery, the life eternal!

—*Horace M. Richards.*

Digitized by Google

514

BE THYSELF.

Be thyself. There's nothing grander
  Written in thy soul!
Trust thyself and stand the firmest,
  When life's surges wildest roll!

Let Reason be thy helmsman,
  He'll guide thy bark aright,
And be thy pole-star duty;
  No clouds e'er dim that light.

Thou must sail like all around thee,
  Oft in calm and oft in storm;
Oft shall hear the cordage creaking,
  Oft torn sails come rattling down.

Oft the reefs rise before thee,
  Turn thee from thy chosen path;
Oft overboard shall go thy treasure;
  Oft the past grins like a wraith.

Courage still! the storm when ended
  Leaves a smooth and placid sea;
And in place of sails thus rended,
  Stronger sails there then will be.

In the stead of sunken treasure,
  A richer cargo shalt thou find;
And thy path now seeming wayward,
  Shall prove straight as path of wind.

And the wraith that came to daunt thee
  Shall prove an angel guide,
That with smiles shall beckon onward,
  To heaven's calmer tide.

When thou anchorest in that haven,
  And reviewest thy log,
Thou wilt find therein recorded,
  "Peace!"—the autograph of God.

—*Capt. H. H. Brown.*

515

A CHANT.

Immortal ones who trod the arching way,
That spans the dark abyss of death and night,
Descend to us from your celestial day
And guide our wandering feet to love the right.

CHORUS—Come in our weariness, spirits of love,
Come in our sadness, spirits of light.

The earth is dark to your supernal eyes,
And pain and weariness a burden are;
But come and bring the summer of your skies,
And let us of your love a portion share.

CHORUS—Come in our weariness, etc.

Oh, make us cheerful whatsoe'er our cares,
Angels of light, our helpers in distress,
Lead us away from sin's alluring snares,
Into the heaven of spotless holiness.

CHORUS—Come in our weariness, etc.

—*Hudson Tuttle.*

516

WISDOM.

C.M. TUNE—BALERMA.

Most happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who essential wisdom makes
His late and early choice.

Her riches are of more esteem
Than east and west unfold,
And her rewards more precious seem,
Than all their mines of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years,
And in her left the prize of fame
A goddess she appears.

Digitized by Google

She guides the youth with innocence
In virtue's path to tread,
A crown of glory she bestows,
Upon the hoary head.

She fills our halls with eloquence,
She guides the ship of State,
She leads her sons to opulence,
To heavenly lands the gate. —*Selected.*

517

THE TIME HAS COME.

The time has come to stand erect
In noble, manly self-respect;
To see the bright sun over head,
To feel the ground beneath our tread,
Unled by priests, uncursed by creeds,
Our manhood proving by our deeds.

The time has come to break the yoke,
Whatever cost the needed stroke;
To set the toiling millions free,
Whatever price their liberty;
Better a few should die, than all
Be held in worse than deadly thrall.

The time has come for men to find
Their statute-book within the mind;
To read its laws, and cease to pore
The musty tomes of ages o'er;
Truth's golden rays its pages illume;
Her fires your legal scrolls consume.

The time has come to preach the soul;
No meagre-shred, the manly whole;
Let agitation come; who fears?
We need a flood; the filth of years
Has gathered round us. Roll, then, on;
What cannot stand had best be gone.

—*Wm. Denton.*

Digitized by Google

518

SONG OF THE TOILER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SOVEREIGNS OF INDUSTRY.

Sons of toil, and daughters true,
To our ranks we welcome you;
This our motto, this our song,
Ever the right against the wrong!

Ye who toiling bear distress,
Join our ranks and labor bless;
Wage the battle brave and strong,
Fight for right against the wrong.

Ye who weary, walk God's earth,
Bent with toil, no songs of mirth,
Join our ranks, a mighty throng,
Strike for right against the wrong.

In the shambles, bought and sold,
Know ye not the power of gold,
Lest ye feel the driver's thong,
Strike for right against the wrong.

When the conflict draweth nigh,
This shall be our battle cry;
The fruits of toil to toil belong,
Ever the right against the wrong!

—*Horace M. Richards.*

519

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

AIR—"OLD FOLKS AT HOME."

Our young folks—here we bid you welcome;
Come with cheer and song,
Come with a joyful loving spirit
Join our happy throng.
Oh, this world is full of cheer and music,
Birds, bees and flowers,
Mingle their songs with Nature's sweetness,
Here in these happy hours.

Digitized by Google

CHORUS—Oh, our young folks, angels help them,
In each good they do;
Ev'ry deed with purest love inspiring,
May they be earnest and true.

We're sailing on life's stream together—
Smooth is its flow,
Along the shore is sparkling sunshine—
Sweetly flowers blow,
Some tell us that the threat'ning breakers
Wait in our way,
But let us cherish all the gladness,
Heav'n sends for to-day.

CHORUS—Oh, our young folks, etc.

May the happy strains from o'er the river,
Fall as we sing,
Thankfulness, unto the glorious giver,
For each perfect thing.
Strive for a good noble purpose,
E'er pressing on,
At last In that "Higher Home" be welcomed,
Happy "old folks at home.

CHORUS—Oh, our young folks, etc.

—*Mattie Sawyer.*

520

THE RAIN ON THE ROOF.

When the humid shadows gather over the all starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness gently weeps in rainy tears,
'Tis a joy to press the pillow of a cottage chamber-bed,
And to listen to the patter of the soft rain over head.

REFRAIN—Tra la la la la la, tra la la la la la la la
La la la la, tra la la la la la la la la la la.

Ev'ry tinkle on the shingles, has an echo in the heart,
And a thousand dreamy fancies into busy being start;
And a thousand recollections wave their bright hues into woof,
As I listen to the patter of the soft rain on the roof.

REFRAIN—Tra la la, etc.

Digitized by Google

There is naught in art's bravuras, that can work with such a spell,
In the spirit's pure, deep fountains, whence the holy passions swell,
As that melody of nature, that subdued, subduing strain,
Which is play'd upon the shingles by the patter of the rain.

REFRAIN—Tra la la, etc.

—*Prof. Theodore Wood.*

521

SELF-CONSECRATION.

Strengthen my fainting spirit, ye who guide th' affairs of men,
And bid my drooping soul look up for happy days again;
Teach me to follow in the path where thou would'st have me go,—
What matter if it bring me, then, or happiness or woe?

Accept the worthless offering, O loving spirit guides!
My life I consecrate to thee, and to the world besides;
Help me to better, larger growth, to stand forth full and free,
And teach, when I have learned, broad truths to our humanity.

Help me to bear what seems so hard in our poor finite view,
The crucifixion of ourselves for what is good and true;
Help me to shrink not from the light, altho' it sear my heart,
And make me fully reverence my own immortal part!

—*Lita Barney Sayles.*

522

WE'LL LAY HER TO REST.

DIRGE FOR A CHILD OR YOUNG LADY.

We'll lay her to rest where the cypress waves
Its dark boughs over her head;
Where the willows that droop o'er the scattered graves,
And mourn for the early dead,
Bend low to the earth with a saddened sound,
And touch as they bend the fresh-made ground.

Digitized by Google

We'll give "dust to dust," when the words are said,
Quick follows the falling ground,
And we'll leave the place with a measured tread,
For sad is the muffled sound,
While weeping we think of the youthful face
And form we must lay in that dreary place.

We wept as we came from the mournful room,
Where last we gazed on her brow;
And the flowers she loved, though still in bloom,
Look sad and dreary now,
For closed was the eye that once saw them unfold,
And hands that had nourished were still and cold.

—*Prof. Theodore Wood.*

523

COVER THEM OVER WITH BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

QUARTETTE.

Cover them over with beautiful flowers;
Deck them with garlands, these brothers of ours;
Lying so silent by night and by day,
Sleeping the years of their manhood away.

CHORUS—Deck them with garlands, these brothers of ours
Cover them over with beautiful flow'rs.

Give them the meed they have won in the past;
Give them the honors their future forecast;
Give them the chaplets they won in the strife;
Give them the laurels they lost with their life.

CHORUS—Deck them with garlands, etc.

Cover them over, yes, cover them over,
Parent and husband, brother and lover;
Crown in your hearts these dead heroes of ours;
Cover them over with beautiful flowers.

CHORUS—Deck them with garlands, etc.

—*Prof. Theodore Wood.*

Digitized by Google

524

WHY?

Here are sown life's many seeds,
  Potent, tho' so small;
Some of grain, and some of weeds:
  Who knows when they fall?
Yet our fallow ground receives,
Cultivates, and cherishes,
  Purified by all.

Cereals, flowers, and fruits of earth,
  Ripen each to bless;
Weeds but draw earth's virus out
  In their ugliness;
So we bid each grow and thrive:
Weeds, as well as roses, live
  For our happiness.

Holy loves and heavenly hopes,
  Jarring deeds of strife,
Clash together in our souls,
  Till our checkered life,
Bid the ferment rise and fall!
Good is in and over all
  With blessing rife.

Why with gold is mingled dross,
  Godlike love with sin,
Why we seem to suffer loss
  When high motives win,
Difficult solution now,
But, eternal ages thou,
  Answerings shalt begin.

We may find each blighting worm
  And each cankering care,
Rids us of some noxious germ,
  Leaving us more fair.
Thus, from evil, good doth rise
Bearing us toward the skies,
  Up the winding stairs!

—*Lita Barney Sayles.*

Digitized by Google

425

O CLING TO THE UNION.

VIGOROUS AND MEASURED TIME.

O cling to the Union! that gallant old bark,
Hath rode out the storm when the tempests were dark,
Her timbers were fram'd by a patriot band,
And they're watching her still from that shadowy Land.

O cling to the Union! for brothers we are,
We can spare from our flag not a stripe or a star,
Together united our race let us run,
For our hopes and our aims, and our glory are one.

O cling to the Union! 'twas purchased with blood,
'Twas wet with the tears of the brave and the good;
The spirits that framed it have gone to their rest,
And the turf lieth green on each patriot's breast.

O cling to the Union! the hope of the world,
Let the flag of the free, on the breeze be unfurled;
Till Liberty's song shall triumphantly roll,
From ocean to ocean, from tropic to pole.

—*Prof. Theodore Wood.*

Digitized by Google

Doxologies.

1

DOXOLOGY, NATURALIZED.

To Nature's God let praises flow;
He dwells with men on earth below;
His reign is love—no monarch's throne—
His life, in earth and heaven are one.

—*Caleb S. Weeks.*

2

S.M.

To Wisdom, Power and Love,
The Truth which all adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore!

3

C.M.

Let all the powers of life and thought
Inspire our hearts to praise,
And celebrate the knowledge taught,
Which gives us happy days.

4

8 L. L.M.

Be ours, and all who truth hold dear,
The blessing of a conscience clear;
And peace to bid our hearts repose;
And sweet content to soothe our woes,
Be ours the love that fills the mind
With feelings tender, pure, and kind,
If for aught else on earth we sigh,
Let patience absent joys supply.

Digitized by Google

5

8, 7's M.

Look around the fields of Nature,
Pleasant scenes, how richly gay!
What a home for every creature,
Doth the universe display!
See the earth, with air surrounding,
Ocean, with her deep profound;
All with life and stir abounding,
Happy millions all around.

6

10, 11, M.

Come, let us rejoice, and ever be glad;
We'll lift up the voice and never be sad;
With just admiration the truth we'll revere;
There's no condemnation to motives sincere.

7

6, 6, 8 M.

Come, let us rise and sing,
And make this temple ring,
And greet the truth we hear to-day;
Since all our minds are free,
O! let us joyful be,
And drive all anxious thoughts away!

8

12's M.

Arise, let us sing, with a loud acclamation,
Exultingly shout in the great congregation,
For reason has triumphed and priests are discarded,
No longer their dogmas believed or regarded.
Huzza to the Truth, which is now our protection!
Adieu to all craft of fraud and deception.

—*Abner Kneeland.*

9

L. M.

Let all with greatful hearts adore
The great, unknown, eternal Power:
Congratulate ourselves that we,
From Superstition's awe are free,

Digitized by Google

Recitations.

SEEKING GOD.

Why stand ye gazing into heaven?
What seek ye there? what hope to find
Besides the clouds, which the cold wind
Drives round the world from morn to even?
The wan moon, ploughed with ancient scars?
The gracious sun, the alien stars,
The all-embracing space?
Ye look for God?
Have ye beheld him there?
You, or your fathers in their prime?
Or any one, at any time,—
The wise, the good, the fair?
Who has beheld—I will not say his face,
But where his feet have trod?
What have your straining eyes
Discovered in the skies?
Why not look down the Sea?
'Tis deep, and most creative; what eludes
In the upper solitudes
Still lurking in the lower wastes may be!
Ye look for God, ye tell me. Tell me this,—
How know ye that He is?
Because your fathers told ye so, and they
Because, of old, their fathers told them so;
As it is now, so it was long ago,
And will be when the years have passed away.

Nothing can come from nothing. Well, what then?
The earth, with all its men,—
The little insect burrowing in the sod,—
Sun, planet, star,

Digitized by Google

All things that are,
Must have been made by God!
Why made by Him? Who saw them made?
Who saw the deep foundations laid?
The Hands that built the wall?
Why made at all?
Why not Eternal—tell me? Not because
It must created be:
If so eternal He,—
But why Eternal?—why not also This?
Why must the All be His?
It was, and is, and is because it was!

There is no God, then? Nay,
You say it, and not I;
I do but say
We have not yet beheld this God on High;
Not knowing that He is, we live and die!
If we know nothing of Him, yet we feel.
We feel love's kisses sweet!
The wine that trips our feet,—
The murderous thrust of steel;—
Gladness about the heart when the sun breaks,
Or the soft moon is floating up the skies;
Delight in the wild sea, in tranquil lakes,
In every bird that flies;
And hot tears in our eyes,
When love, the best of earth, its last kiss over dies!
But He whom we name God, and grope so for, above,
Whose arm, we fear, is Power, whose heart we hope is Love,
On the worlds below Him,
In the dust before Him,
We may adore Him,
We cannot know Him.
If, indeed, He be, to bless or curse,
And be not this tremendous Universe!

"Higher than your arrows fly,
Deeper than your plummets fall,
Is the Deepest, the Most High,
Is the All in All!" —*R. H. Stoddard.*

Digitized by Google

THE PRIMEVAL CUP OF GUILT.

OR A SUFI-POLEMIC AGAINST CALVIN.

A mystic cup was mixed of Adam's guilt,
And o'er the world and through the ages split,
Its every brightness with a darkness tinged,
The earth from out its orbit it unhinged.
It burst discordant through volcanic vents,
It wrenched all nature's breast in earthquake rents,
It woke in wasp and brute all hatred's brood;
It stirred in each fierce breast the thrist for blood;
And when in course terrific it had run
Through every lower grade beneath the sun,
Its drops on human generations dripped,
And all their worth and virtue from them stripped.
Out from that cup the direful stream still flows
Of poison, blackness, blasting fire, and woes,
O'erspreads creation with a pall of gloom,
And rises slowly towards the brim of doom.
Some sprinkling from that cup has spotted all,
And plunged them in a hopeless common fall,
Condemned past hope to writhe in tortures fell,
Which ne'er can cleanse the destined hosts of hell.
One little sin that mystic cup did fill,
And yet it poureth on and poureth still
The tainting horrors of all pain and ill;
Nor will its dreadful pouring stop at last
Until the final flame the world shall blast,
And the everlasting sentence hath been passed,
When man's poor race exists on earth no more,
The frightful flood shall cease its issuing roar.
But then the boundless dregs of that small cup
In horrid hell shall all be gathered up,
To seethe and howl in endless anguish dire,
The food of deathless worm and quenchless fire.
Whose wails and dashing waves' eternal din
Proclaim in glee the victory of sin.
O, that I the God of heaven had been!
Instead of letting evil triumph then,
When foul temptation's false and fatal tricks
The man beguiled the cup of guilt to mix,
I would have snatched the enchanted goblet up,—

Have snatched the mystic draught of that strange cup
From ignorant Adam's trembling hand and lip
Before he could have drawn a single sip,
And dash the sea of fire it latent held
Down Satan's throat, the while he baffled yelled!
In glory thus I would have crushed the plot
Which now with failure doth creation blot.
For Satan's proud success is blazed abroad,
When evil thwarts the primal plan of God,
To make a world of fairy mount and glen,
Possessed for aye by pure and happy men.

—*W. R. Alger.*

THE PEOPLE'S ADVENT.

'Tis coming up the steep of time,
And this old world is growing brighter!
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter.
We may be sleeping in the ground
When it awakes the world in wonder;
But we have felt it gathering 'round,—
And heard its voice of living thunder!
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

'Tis coming now, the glorious time
Foretold by seers and sung in story,
For which, when thinking was a crime,
Souls leapt to heaven from scaffolds gory!
They pass'd, nor see the work they wrought,
Now the crown'd hopes of centuries blossom!
But the live lightning of their thought—
And daring deeds, doth pulse earth's bosom.
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Creeds, empires, systems, rot with age,
But the great people's ever youthful!
And it shall write the future page
To our humanity more truthful;
The gnarliest heart hath tender chords
To waken at the name of "Brother;"
And time comes when scorpion words

Digitized by Google

We shall not speak to sting each other.
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Out of the light, ye priests, nor fling
Your dark, cold shadows on us longer!
Aside thou world-wide curse, called king,
The people's step is quicker, stronger!
There's a divinity within
That makes men great whene'er they will it;
God works with all who dare to win,
And the time cometh to reveal it.
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis comming.

Freedom! the tyrants kill thy braves,
Yet in our memories live the sleepers,
And though doomed millions feed the graves
Dug by death's fierce red-handed reapers,
The world shall not forever bow
To things which mock God's own endeavor!
'Tis nearer than they wot of now,
When flowers shall wreath the sword forever!
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Fraternity! love's other name!
Dear heaven-connecting link of being!
Then shall we grasp thy golden dream,
As souls full-statured grow far-seeing!
Thou shalt unfold our better part,
And in our life-cup yield more honey!
Light up with joy the poor man's heart,
And love's own world with smiles more sunny.
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Ay, it must come! the tyrant's throne
Is crumbling, with our hot tears rusted;
The sword earth's mighty have leant on
Is cankered, with our best blood crusted!
Room! for the men of mind make way!
Ye robber rulers!—pause no longer!
Ye cannot stay the opening day!
The world rolls on, the light grows stronger—
The people's advent's coming! —*Gerald Massey.*

Digitized by Google

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

Abou Ben Adhem, may his tribe increase,
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace;
And saw within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich and like the lily's bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The angel raised its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Replied, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" asked Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee then,
Write mine as one who loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
He came again with a great awakening light
And showed the names whom love of God had blest;
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest,

—*Leigh Hunt.*

THE THREE PREACHERS.

There are three preachers, ever preaching,
Fil'd with eloquence and power,
One is old, with locks of white,
Skinny as an anchorite;
And he preaches every hour
With a shrill fanatic voice,
And a bigot's fiery scorn:—
"BACKWARD! ye presumptious nations;
Man to misery is born!
Born to drudge, and sweat, and suffer—
Born to labor and to pray;
BACKWARD! ye presumptuous nations,
Back! be humble and obey!"

The second is a milder preacher;
Soft he talks as if he sung;
Sleek and slothful is his look,
And his words as from a book
Issue glibly from his tongue.

Digitized by Google

With an air of self-content,
High he lifts his fair white hands;
"STAND YE STILL! ye restless nations;
And be happy, all ye lands!
Fate is law and law is perfect;
If ye meddle ye will mar;
Change is rash, and ever was so;
We are happy as we are."

Mightier is the younger preacher;
Genius flashes from his eyes;
And the crowds who hear his voice,
Give him, while their souls rejoice,
Throbbing bosoms for replies.
And they listen, yet elated,
While his stirring accents fall;
"FORWARD! ye deluded nations,
Progress is the rule of all;
Man was made for healthful effort,
Tyranny has crushed him long;
He shall march from good to better,
And do battle with the wrong.

"Standing still is childish folly,
Going backward is a crime;
None should patiently endure
Any ill that he can cure;
ONWARD! keep the march of time.
Onward while a wrong remains
To be conquered by the right;
While oppression lifts a finger,
To affront us by his might;
While an error clouds the reason
Of the universal heart,
Or a slave awaits his freedom,
Action is the wise man's part.

"Lo! the world is rich in blessings—
Earth and Ocean, Flame and Wind,
Have unnumbered secrets still,
To be ransacked when you will,
For the service of mankind;
Science is a child as yet,

Digitized by Google

And her power and scope shall grow,
And her triumph in the future,
Shall diminish toil and woe,
Shall extend the bounds of pleasure
With an ever-widening ken,
And of woods and wildernesses,
Make the homes of happy men.

"ONWARD—there are ills to conquer,
Daily wickedness is wrought,
Tyranny is swoll'n with pride,
Bigotry is deified,
Error intertwined with Thought,
Vice and misery ramp and crawl,
Root them out, their day has passed,
Goodness is alone immortal;
Evil was not made to last.
ONWARD! and all earth shall aid us
Ere our peaceful flag be furl'd."
And the preaching of this preacher
Stirs the pulses of the world.

—*Charles Mackay.*

THE DEVIL IS DEAD.

Sigh, priests;—cry aloud—hang your pulpits with black,
Let sorrow bow down every head;
The good friend who bore all your sins on his back,
Your best friend, the Devil, is dead.

Your church is a corpse—you are guarding its tomb;
The soul of your system has fled;
The death knell is tolling your terrible doom;
It tells us, the Devil is dead.

You're bid to the funeral, ministers all,
We've dug the old gentleman's bed;
Your black coats will make a most excellent pall
To cover your friend who is dead.

Aye, lower him mournfully into the grave;
Let showers of tear-drops be shed;
Your business is gone:—there are no souls to save;
Their tempter, the Devil, is dead.

Digitized by Google

Woe comes upon woe; it is dreadful to think,
Hell's gone and the demons have fled;
The damn'd souls have broken their chains, every link,
The jailer, who bound them, is dead.

Camp-meetings henceforth will be needed no more:
Revivals are knocked on the head;
The orthodox vessel lies stranded on shore;
Their captain, the Devil, is dead. —*Wm. Denton.*

THE FREEMAN'S RESOLUTION.

I will not bow to a titled knave,
Nor crouch to a lordly priest;
A martyr's torments I'd rather brave,
Than be of my manhood fleeced.

I'll bend my knee to no golden God,
I'll worship no calf in Dan;
Erect and free I'll stand on the sod,
And act as becomes a man.

I'll pin my faith to no bigot's sleeve;
I'll swallow no griping creed;
I'll ask my reason what to believe,
And ever her answer heed.

I'll hide no truth in a coward heart,
The world would be blessed to know;
My boldest thought, as it wells, impart,
Nor check the soul's onward flow.

Your curses hurl; but the noble mind
Can smile at your priestly ban;
Ay, forge your fetters! ye cannot bind
The spirit of one free man.

I will be true to my heaven-born self,
Nor league with the world to lie;
The rich may boast of their hoarded pelf;
In poverty, happier I.

I'll love the true, I will do the right,
Ruled only by Reason's sway;
Let all do so; and the world's dark night
Will melt into rosy day. —*Wm. Denton.*

Digitized by Google

THE MONEYLESS MAN.

Is there no place on the face of the earth
Where charity dwelleth, where virtue hath birth?
Where bosoms in mercy and kindness will heave,
And the poor and the wretched shall ask and receive?
Is there no place on earth where a knock from the poor
Will bring a kind angel to open the door?
Ah! search the wide world wherever you can,
There is no open door for a moneyless man!

Go look in your hall, where the chandelier's light
Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night,
Where the bright hanging velvet in shadowy fold,
Sweeps gracefully down with its trimming of gold,
And the mirrors of silver take up and renew
In long-lighted vistas the wildering view;
Go there in your patches and find, if you can,
A welcoming smile for a moneyless man!

Go look in yon church of the cloud-reaching spire,
Which gives back to the sun his look of red fire;
Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,
And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin;
Go down the long aisle—see the rich and the great,
In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate;
Walk down in your patches and find, if you can,
Who opens a pew for a moneyless man.

Go look to yon Judge, in dark flowing gown,
With the scales wherein law weigheth quietly down;
Where he frowns on the weak and smiles on the strong,
And punishes right while he justifies wrong;
Where jurors their lips on the Bible have laid
To render a verdict they've already made;
Go there in the court-room and find, if you can,
Any law for the cause of a moneyless man.

Go look in the banks where Mammon has told
His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold;
Where, safe from the hands of the starving and poor,
Lies pile upon pile of the glittering ore;
Walk up to the counter—ah, there you may stay
Till your limbs grow old and your hairs turn gray—

Digitized by Google

And you'll find, at the bank, not one of the clan
With money to lend to a moneyless man.

Then go to your hovel—no raven has fed
The wife who has suffered so long for her bread—
Kneel down by the pallet and kiss the death-frost
From the lips of the angels your poverty lost—
Then turn in your agony upward to God
And bless while it smites you the chastening rod,
And you'll find at the end of your life's little span
There's a *welcome above* for the moneyless man.

—*Henry Stanton.*

PRESS ON.

Press on, press on, ye Rulers, in the roused world's forward track,
It moves too sure for ye to put the clock of Freedom back!
We're gathering up from near and far, with souls in fiery glow,
And Right doth bare its arm of might to bring the spoilers low.
Kings, priests, ye're far too costly, and we weary of your rule;
We crown no more "Divinity," where Nature writeth "Fool!"
Ye must not bar our glorious path as in the days agone;
We know that God made men, not Princes, Kings, or Priests—press on!

Press on, press on, ah! "Nobles!" ye have played a daring game;
But your star of strength is falling, fades the prestige of your name;
Too long have ye been fed and nurst on human blood and tears;
The naked truth is known, and Labor leaps to life, and swears
His pride of strength to bloated Ease he will no longer give;
For all who live should labor; "Lords," then all who work might live!

Digitized by Google

The combat comes! make much of what ye've wrung from Fatherland!
Press on, press on! to-day we plead, to-morrow we'll command.

Press on! a million pauper foreheads bent in Misery's dust;
God's champions of the golden Truth shall eat the mouldy crust;
This damning curse of tyrants must not kill the nation's heart;
The spirit in a million slaves doth pant, on fire to start,
And strive to mend the world, and walk in Freedom's march sublime;
While myriads sink heart-broken, and the land o'er-swarms with crime.
"O God!" they cry, "we die, we die, and see no earnest won!"
Brothers, join hand and heart, and in the work press on, press on! —*Gerald Massey.*

NATURE AND GRACE.

It has always been thought a most critical case,
When a man was possessed of more nature than grace;
For Theology teaches that man from the first
Was a sinner by nature, and justly accurst;
And "salvation by grace" was the wonderful plan
Which God had invented to save erring man.
'Twas the only atonement he knew how to make,
To annul the effects of his own sad mistake.

Now this was the doctrine of good parson Brown,
Who preached, not long since, in a small country town.
He was zealous, and earnest, and could so excel
In describing the tortures of sinners in hell,
That a famous revival commenced in the place,
And hundreds of souls found "salvation by grace;"
But he felt that he had not attained his desire,
Till he had converted one Peter McGuire.

This man was a blacksmith, frank, fearless and bold
With great brawny sinews like Vulcan of old;
He had little respect for what ministers preach,
And sometimes was very profane in his speech.

Google

His opinions were founded in clear common sense,
And he spoke as he thought, though he oft gave offense;
But however wanting, in whole or in part,
He was sound, and all right, when you came to his heart.

One day the good parson, with pious intent,
To the smithy of Peter most hopefully went:
And there, while the hammer industriously swung,
He preached, and he prayed, and exhorted and sung,
And warned and entreated poor Peter to fly
From the pit of destruction before he should die,
And to wash himself clean from the world's sinful strife,
In the Blood of the Lamb, and the River of Life.

Well, and what would you now be inclined to expect
Was the probable issue and likely effect?
Why, he swore "like a pirate," and what do you think?
From a little black bottle took something to drink!
And he said, "I'll not mention the Blood of the Lamb,
But as for that river, it are'nt worth a damn;"
Then pausing—as if to restrain his rude force—
He quietly added, "a mill-dam, of course."

Quick out of the smithy the minister fled
As if a big bomb-shell had burst near his head;
And as he continued to haste on his way,
He was too much excited to sing or to pray;
But he thought how that some were elected by grace,
As heirs of the kingdom—made sure of their place—
While others were doomed to the pains of hell-fire,
And if ever there was *one* such, 'twas Peter McGuire.

That night, when the Storm King was riding on high,
And the red shafts of lightning gleamed bright through the sky,
The church of the village, the "Temple of God,"
Was struck for the want of a good lightning-rod;
And swiftly descending, the element dire,
Set the minister's house, close beside it, on fire,
While he peacefully slumbered, with never a fear
Of the terrible work of destruction so near.

There were Mary, and Hannah, and Tommy, and Joe,
All sweetly asleep in the bedroom below;

Digitized by Google

While their father was near, with their mother at rest,
Like the wife of John Rogers, with "one at the breast."
But Alice, the eldest, a gentle young dove,
Was asleep, all alone, in the room just above;
And when the wild cry of the rescuer came,
She only was left to the pitiless flame.

The fond mother counted her treasures of love,
When lo! one was missing—"O Father above!"
How madly she shrieked in her agony wild—
"My Alice! my Alice! O save my dear child!"
Then down on his knees fell the parson, and prayed
That the terrible wrath of the Lord might be stayed.
Said Peter McGuire, "Prayer is good in its place,
But then it don't suit this particular case."

He turned down the sleeves of his red flannel shirt,
To shield his great arms all besmutted with dirt;
Then into the billows of smoke and of fire,
Not pausing an instant, dashed Peter McGuire.
O that terrible moment of anxious suspense!
How breathless their watching! their fear how intense!
And then their great joy! which was freely expressed
When Peter appeared with the child on his breast.

A shout rent the air when the darling he laid
In the arms of her mother, so pale and dismayed;
But as Alice looked up and most gratefully smiled,
He bowed down his head and he wept like a child.
O those tears of brave manhood that rained o'er his face,
Showed the true grace of Nature, and the nature of grace;
'Twas a manifest token, a visible sign,
Of the in-dwelling life of the Spirit Divine.

Consider such natures, and then, if you can,
Preach of "total depravity" innate in man.
Talk of blasphemy! why, 'tis profanity wild!
To say that the Father thus cursed his own child.
Go learn of the stars, and the dew-spangled sod,
That all things rejoice in the goodness of God—
That each thing created is good in its place,
And Nature is but the expression of grace. —*Lizzie Doten.*

Digitized by Google

"ROLL 'EM THROUGH."

A NEVADA INCIDENT.

I ain't very much on the fancy,
And all that sort of stuff,
For an engineer on a railroad
Is apt to be "more on the rough."
He don't "go much" on "his handsome,"
I freely "acknowledge the corn,"
But he has to "get up" on his "wide awake,"
That's "just as shure's your born."

Now I'll tell you a little story,
'Bout "a run" we made for our necks,
When we thought "Old Gabe" had called us
To "ante up our checks."
We came 'round the curve by the tunnel,
Just beyond the American Flat,
When my fireman sings out, "Johnny!
Look ahead! my God! what's that?"

You bet I warn't long in sightin'—
There was plenty for me to see,
With a train full of kids and wimmen,
And their lives all hangin' on me—
For the tunnel was roarin' and blazin',
All ragin' with fire and smoke,
And "Number Six" close behind us;
"Quick, sonny! shove in the coke."

"Whistle down brakes," I first thought;
Then thinks I, "Old boy, 'twont do,"
And with hands on throttle and lever,
I knew I must *roll 'em through!*
Through the grim mouth of the tunnel—
Through smoke and flame as well—
Right into the "gateway of death," boys;
Right smack thro' the "jaws of hell!"

The staunch "old gal" felt the pressure
Of steam through her iron joints;
She acted just like she was human,
Just like she "knew all the points."

Digitized by Google

She glinted along the tramway
With speed of a lightning flash,
With a howl assuring us safety,
Regardless of wreck or crash.

I s'pose I might have "jumped the trai
In hope to save sinew and bone,
And left those wimmen and children
To take that ride alone.
But I tho't of a day of recknin';
And whenever "Old John's" done h
No Lord ain't goin' to say to him then,
"You *went back* as an engineer!"

TOOLS OF TYRANNY.

War is the statesman's game, the priest's de
The lawyer's jest, the hired assassin's trade,
And to those royal murderers, whose mean th
Are bought by crimes of treachery and gore,
The bread they eat, the staff on which they
Guards, garbed in blood-red livery, surround
Their palaces, participate the crimes
That force defends, and from a nation's rage
Secures the crown, which all the curses reach
That famine, frenzy, woe and penury breathe
These are the hired bravos who defend
The tyrant's throne—the bullies of his fear:
These are the sinks and channels of worst vic
The refuse of society, the dregs
Of all that is most vile: their cold hearts blend
Deceit with sternness, ignorance with pride,
All that is mean and villainous, with rage
Which hopelessness of good, and self-contempt,
Alone might kindle; they are decked in wealth,
Honor and power, then are sent abroad
To do their work. The pestilence that stalks
In gloomy triumph through some Eastern land
Is less destroying. They cajole with gold,
And promises of fame, the thoughtless youth
Already crushed with servitude: he knows
His wretchedness too late, and cherishes

Digitized by Google

Repentance for his ruin, when his doom
Is sealed in gold and blood!
Those, too, the tyrant serve, who, skilled to snare
The feet of justice in the toils of law,
Stand, ready to oppress the weaker still;
And, right or wrong, will vindicate for gold,
Sneering at public virtue, which beneath
Their pitiless tread lies torn and trampled, where
Honor sits smiling at the sale of truth.

Then grave and hoary-headed hypocrites,
Without a hope, a passion, or a love,
Who, through a life of luxury and lies,
Have crept by flattery to the seats of power,
Support the system whence their honors flow—
They have three words:—well tyrants know their use,
Well pay them for their loan, with usury
Torn from a bleeding world! God, Hell, and Heaven.
A vengeful, pitiless and almighty fiend,
Whose mercy is a nick-name for the rage
Of tameless tigers hungering for blood.
Hell, a red gulf of everlasting fire,
Where poisonous and undying worms prolong
Eternal misery to those hapless slaves
Whose life has been a penance for its crimes.
And Heaven, a meed for those who dare belie
Their human nature, quake, believe, and cringe
Before the mockeries of earthly power. —*Shelley.*

THE AWAKENING OF THE PEOPLE.

O to see men awake from the slumber of ages,
With brows grim from labor, and hands hard and tan,
Start up living heroes, the dreampt-of by sages!
And smite with strong arm the oppressors of man:
To see them come dauntless forth 'mid the world's warring,
Slaves of the midnight mine! serfs of the sod!
Show how the Eternal within them is stirring,
And never more bend to a crowned clod:
O, it is a sight for immortals to see—
A people up-girding its might to be free.

Digitized by Google

Battle on bravely, O sons of humanity!
Dash down the cup from your lips, O ye toilers!
Too long hath the world bled for tyrant's insanity—
Too long our weakness been strength to our spoilers.

For Freedom and right, gallant hearts, wrestle ever,
And speak ye to others the proud words that won ye;
Your rights conquered once, shall be wrung from you never;
Battle on! battle on! heaven's eyes are on ye,
And earth has no sight half so glorious to see,
As a people up-girding its might to be free!

—*Gerald Massey.*

FAME.

Where is the fame
Which the vain-glorious mighty of the earth
Seek to eternize? O! the faintest sound,
From Time's light footfall, the minutest wave
That swells the flood of ages, whelms in nothing
The unsubstantial bubble. Aye! to-day
Stern is the tyrant's mandate, red the gaze
That flashes desolation, strong the arm
That scatters multitudes. To-morrow comes!
That mandate is a thunder-peal that died
In ages past; that gaze, a transient flash
On which the midnight closed, and on that arm
The worm has made his meal.

The virtuous man,
Who, great in his humility, as kings
Are little in their grandeur; he who leads
Invincibly a life of resolute good,
And stands amid the silent dungeon-depths
More free and fearless than the trembling judge,
Who, clothed in venal power, vainly strove
To bind the impassive spirit;—when he falls,
His mild eye beams benevolence no more;
Withered the hand outstretched but to relieve;
Sunk reason's simple eloquence that rolled
But to appal the guilty. Yes! the grave
Hath quenched that eye, and death's relentless frost

Digitized by Google

Withered that arm; but the unfading fame
Which virtue hangs upon its votary's tomb;
The deathless memory of that man, whom kings
Call to their mind and tremble; the remembrance
With which the happy spirit contemplates
Its well-spent pilgrimage on earth—
Shall never pass away.

Nature rejects the monarch, not the man;
The subject, not the citizen; for kings
And subjects, mutual foes, forever play
A losing game into each other's hands,
Whose stakes are vice and misery. The man
Of virtuous soul commands not, nor obeys.
Power, like a desolating pestilence,
Pollutes what'er it touches; and obedience,
Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
Makes slaves of men, and, of the human frame,
A mechanized automaton. —*Shelley.*

AN ELEGY ON THE DEVIL.

Men say the De'il is dead at last,
  And that his course is ended,
Which sure must be an unco loss
  To those whom he befriended.
No doubt he managed to evade
  The sinner's awful sentence,
By that last trick, so often played,
  Of a death-bed repentance.

Alas! alas! we dinna ken
  What will be done without him,
For all the pious sons of men
  Made such a rant about him.
Whene'er they chanced to gang agley,
  Or did a deed of evil,
Or winked at sin upon "the sly,"
  'Twas all laid to the Deevil

But henceforth they must bear their sin,
  And come to the confession,

Digitized by Google

Without a single hope to win
A pardon for transgression;
Unless, indeed, they try the plan
Of wise old Orthodoxy,
Invented for puir sinful man,
O' saving souls by proxy.

But hoolie! what a grand mistake
Was made at the creation,
That God shou'd e'er a De'il make,
To peril men's salvation!
He might have made puir man, nae doubt,
To grace a greater debtor,
Had he but left the De'il out,
Or only made man better.

The clergy, sure, have lost a friend
Who never had a rival—
And henceforth all their hopes must end
O' raising a revival.
For when a rout and rant they made,
To turn puir souls frae error,
The De'il was half their stock in trade,
To fill men's hearts wi' terror.

The politicians might as weel
Gie o'er each vain endeavor—
What unco sorrow must they feel,
Now he is gone forever!
In all their dealings, hand in hand,
They went with him thegither,
They executed what he planned,
And each helped on the ither.

And then the long-faced praying saints,
Who worshiped God on Sunday,
And set aside their pious feints,
To serve the De'il on Monday—
They evermore, with empty word,
Professed their hate of evil,
But while they cried "Guid Lord! Guid Lord!"
They said aside, "Guid Devil!"

Digitized by Google

We dinna ken what caused his death,
Or ended his probation,
Whether it was that he lacked breath,
Or lacked appreciation.
Perhaps the "origin o' sin"
Has proved too tough a question;
He took it for his meat within,
And died o' indigestion.

Farewell! farewell! auld Nickie-ben;
We trust ye are forgiven,
For doubtless ye made haste to mend,
And make your peace wi' heaven.
We leave your burial, guid or bad,
To Truth, as undertaker,
And your puir soul, such as ye had,
Commend unto its maker. —*Lizzie Doten.*

JIM BLUDSO.

(OF THE "PRAIRIE BELLE.")

Well, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year,
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks,
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill,
And another one here, in Pike.
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward man in a row—
But he never flunked, and he never lied;
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had—
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;

Digitized by Google

To mind the Pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire—
A thousand times he swore
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
And her day come at last—
The Movaster was a better boat,
But the Belle she wouldn't be passed.
And so she come tearin' along that night—
The oldest craft on the line,
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire burst out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
For that willer-bank on the right;
There was running and cursing, but Jim yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint—but at jedgment
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead sure thing—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a goin' to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

—*John Hay.*

Digitized by Google

TRIFLES.

What! shall one monk, scarce known beyond his cell,
Front Rome's far reaching bolts, and scorn her frown?
Brave Luther answered yes; that thunder's swell
Rocked Europe and disarmed the triple crown.

"Whatever can be known of earth we know,"
Sneered Europe's wise men in their snail-shells curled;
"No," said one man in Genoa, and that "No,"
Out of the dark, created this new world.

O Truth, O Freedom—how are ye still born
In the rude stable, in the manger nurst:
What humble hands unbar the gates of morn,
Thro' which the splendors of the new day burst.

We stride the river daily at the spring,
Nor in our childish thoughtlessness, foresee
What myriad vassal streams shall tribute bring,
How like an equal it shall greet the sea.

O small beginnings, ye are great and strong,
Based on a faithful heart and tireless brain!
To build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,
To earn the crown, and wear it, not in vain.

—*Selected.*

CHRISTIAN PERSECUTION.

Priests, pale with vigils, in Christ's name have blest
The unsheathed sword, and laid the spear in rest,
Wet the war-banner with their sacred wine,
And crossed its blazon with the holy sign;
Yea, in his name who bade the erring live,
And daily taught his lesson—to forgive!—
Twisted the cord and edged the murderous steel;
And with his words of mercy on their lips,
Hung gloating o'er the pincer's burning grips,
And the grim horror of the straining wheel;
Fed the slow flame which gnawed the victim's limb,
Who saw before his searing eyeballs swim
The image of their Christ in cruel zeal,
Through the black torment-smoke, held mockingly to him!

Digitized by Google

The blood which mingled with the desert sand,
And beaded with its red and ghastly dew
The vines and olives of the Holy Land,—
The shrieking curses of the hunted Jew,—
The white-sown bones of heretics, where'er
They sank beneath the crusade's holy spear,—
Goa's dark dungeons,—Malta's sea-washed cell,
Where with the hymns the ghastly fathers sung
Mingled the groans by subtle torture wrung,
Heaven's anthem blending with the shriek of hell!
The midnight of Bartholomew,—the stake
Of Smithfield, and that thrice accursed flame
Which Calvin kindled by Geneva's lake,—
New England's scaffold, and the priestly sneer
Which mocked its victims in that hour of fear,
When guilt itself a human tear might claim,—
Bear witness, O thou wronged and merciful one!
That earth's most hateful crimes have in thy name been done!

—*Whittier.*

THE HINDOO SKEPTIC.

I think till I weary with thinking,
Said the sad-eyed Hindoo king,
And I see but shadows around me,
Illusion in every thing.

How knowest thou aught of God,
Of his favor or his wrath?
Can the little fish tell what the lion thinks?
Or map out the eagle's path?

Can the finite the infinite search?
Did the blind discover the stars?
Is the thought that I think a thought,
Or a throb of the brain in its bars?

For aught that my eyes can discern,
Your God is what I call good,
Yourself flashed back from the glass,
When the light pours on it in flood.

You preach to me to be just;
And this is His realm you say;

Digitized by Google

Yet the good are dying of hunger,
And the bad gorge every day.

You say that he loveth mercy,
And the famine is not yet gone;
That He hateth the shedder of blood,
And slayeth us every one.

You say that my soul shall live,
That the spirit can never die—
If He were content when I was not,
Why not when I have passed by?

You say that I must have meaning—
So has dung—and its meaning is flowers;
What if our souls are but nurture
For lives that are higher than ours?

When the fish swims out of the water,
When the bird soars out of the blue,
Man's thoughts may transcend man's knowledge,
And your God be no reflex of you. —*Anon.*

DARKNESS.

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguished and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came, and went—and came, and brought no day.
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light;
And they did live by watch-fires—and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,
And men were gathered round their blazing homes
To look once more into each other's face;
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanos and their mountain-torch;
A fearful hope was all the world contained;

Digitized by Google

Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour
They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks
Extinguished with a crash—and all was black.
The brows of men by the despairing light
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them; some lay down
And hid their eyes and wept: and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world, and then again
With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnashed their teeth and howled; the wild birds shrieked,
And terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawled
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food:
And war, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again—a meal was bought
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart,
Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;
All earth was but one thought—and that was death,
Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails—men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;
The meagre by the meagre were devoured;
Even dogs assailed their masters, all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse and kept
The birds and beasts and famished men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,
But with a piteous and perpetual moan
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answered not with a caress—he died.
The crowd was famished by degrees; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies; they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place,
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things

Google

For an unholy usage; they raked up
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects—saw, and shrieked and died—
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written fiend. The world was void.
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down peacemeal; as they dropped,
They slept on the abyss without a surge—
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,
The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air;
And the clouds perished; darkness had no need
Of aid from them—she was the universe. —*Byron.*

SUNDAY SABBATH.

'Tis Sunday; but the morn peeps out;
The breezes play the woods about;
The wild birds sing their gayest song,
And echoes sweet the notes prolong;
Wide fly the blazing gates of day;
And Sol rolls on his sunny way.
The trees are weaving summer bowers;
The bees are kissing maiden flowers;
Young streams are dancing wild and free,
And linking hands to meet the sea;
The spider spins his silky line;
The vines around the old oak twine;
Up! idlers, up! the world's at work,
Nor meanly thus your duty shirk.
Your preachers lead your souls astray;

Digitized by Google

For Nature knows no sabbath day.
Maiden, raise thy parting song!
Plowman, drive thy team along!
Blacksmith, let thy anvil sing!
Woodman, make the forest ring!
Sailor, spread the snow-white sail!
No sabbath knows the flying gale.
City toiler, full of care,
Out, and breathe the balmy air.
Leave the haunted Gothic pile!
Leave the dim cathedral aisle
Where hooded superstition walks,
And Bigotry, the murderer, stalks;
Out, and bathe thy dusty feet
In the meadow, cool and sweet,
Where the trees in solemn bands
Raise to heaven their spreading hands!
There joyous birds, God's heralds free,
Shall preach his gospel unto thee. — *Wm. Denton.*

THE KING'S RING.

Once in Persia reigned a king,
Who upon his signet ring
Graved a maxim true and wise,
Which if held before his eyes,
Gave his counsel at a glance,
Fit for every change or chance;
Solemn words and these are they;
"Even this shall pass away!"

Trains of camels through the sand
Brought him gems from Samarcand;
Fleets of galleys through the seas,
Brought him pearls to match with these.
But he counted not as gain
Treasures of the mine or main;
"What is wealth?" the king would say,
"Even this shall pass away."

In the revels of his court,
At the zenith of his sport,

Digitized by Google

When the palms of all his guests
Burned with clapping at his jests
He, amid his figs and wine,
Cried, "O, loving friends of mine!
Pleasure comes, but not to stay,
"Even this shall pass away."

Lady fairest ever seen,
Chose he for his bride and queen;
Couched upon the marriage-bed,
Whispering to his soul he said;
"Though a bridegroom never pressed
Dearer bosom to his breast,
Mortal flesh must come to clay!
'Even this shall pass away.'"

Fighting on a furious field,
Once a javelin pierced his shield,
Soldiers with a loud lament,
Bore him bleeding to his tent,
Groaning from his tortured side;
"Pain is hard to bear," he cried,
"But with patience, day by day,
'Even this shall pass away.'"

Towering in the public square,
Twenty cubits in the air,
Rose his statue, carved in stone;
Then the king, disguised, unknown,
Stood before his sculptured name
Musing meekly, "What is fame?
Fame is but a slow decay,
'Even this shall pass away.'"

Struck with palsy, sere and old,
Waiting at the gates of gold,
Spake he with his dying breath,
"Life is done; but what is death?"
Then in answer to the king,
Fell a sunbeam on the ring,
Showing by a heavenly ray—
"Even this shall pass away." —*Theodore Tilton.*

A DOMESTIC EPISODE.

Mr. Duncan a codger erratic,
Took a notion to sleep in the attic:
But his wife, who was stubborn and such,
Took a notion he shouldn't—not much.

"Ann Eliza," he said with a shiver,
"Help me with the mattress and kiver."
She simply replied, "Alexander,
You're a fool: and I say it with candor;

Not an inch shall that mattress be lifted,
Not an inch shall the cover be shifted,
And I say in language emphatic,
Not a wink shall you sleep in the attic."

"Look a-here, Ann Eliza," he pleaded,
"To your wishes I've allus acceded,
But daily and hourly you cross me;
Yes, hourly and daily you boss me.

Now to-night, in the attic, serenely
I shall slumber and relish it keenly:
As a fight for the mattress might tear it,
I shall sleep on the floor in the garret."

And, spurning a light, to the attic
Went this tantalizing codger erratic.
Then arose the irate Mrs. Duncan
And straightway procured a big pumpkin.

She scraped it out clean in a minute,
And carved a satanic phiz on it;
In the middle she stuck a short taper,
As she smiled at her whimsical caper.

On a pole she then boosted the pumpkin,
To the window where lay Mr. Duncan—
Right up to the window where Alec
Lay thinking of matters angelic.

Alexander, who wasn't a hero,
Left the garret exclaiming "O dear, O!"
And his face wore a sicklier pallor
Than a pan of old Dingleby's "taller."

Digitized by Google

He stumbled head-long to the kitchen,
With all his muscles a-twichin',
Where his wife was reclining serenely,
Enjoying the victory keenly.

"Ann Eliza," he cried, "I am fearing
That your end you are rapidly nearing;
For may I be burnt to a cinder
If I didn't see you at the winder!

And you looked so uncommonly pensive
And purty, that I'm apprehensive"—
Here a blow from a mop-handle caught him,
And he dropped like a leaflet in autumn.

And at present poor, meek Alexander
In society doesn't meander;
His optics are blackened and sunken,
And he can't bear the sight of a pumpkin.

—*Selected.*

WHEN THIS OLD EARTH IS RIGHTED.

I searched the volume of my heart,
I spread its purple lids apart,
Its leaves, with inspiration's art,
And prophecy indicted;
Entranced with trope and mystic rhyme,
I caught the symphony sublime,
The prelude of the coming time—
I saw the old earth righted.

Thou shalt lay cross and burden down,
Humanity, and take thy crown,
The bride of Heaven in lily gown,
With every wrong requited;
Enthroned for thy achievement vast,
With each ideal of the past
One grand reality at last,
When this old earth is righted.

The nations shall not then as now,
The cause of righteousness avow,
With "Ego" written on the brow;

Digitized by Google

But each to each united,
Shall wear the badge of sacrifice,
And drop the hypocrite's disguise,
And face high Heaven with honest eyes,
When this old earth is righted.

No more before Redemption's gate,
Stumbling at prejudice and hate,
America shall hesitate,
To Liberty half-plighted;
For truths that loosely lie apart,
Shall be inwrought into the heart
By Reason's skill and Wisdom's art,
When this old earth is righted.

And Freedom's march no more shall pause
At God Almighty's broken laws;
The full requirements of her cause
Shall never more be slighted;
Nor civic strategy elude
Equality and brotherhood;
And Justice shall pronounce it good,
When this old earth is righted.

And woman's life no more shall be
The play-ground of hypocrisy,
But earnest, natural and free:
And Love shall stay unfrighted,
And reign in sacred, sweet content,
And offer service reverent;
For marriage shall be sacrament,
When this old earth is righted.

Then urge the tardy courser, Time!
We watch to hail the blessed prime,
We listen for the morning chime
That heralds the long-plighted;
Humanity and the Divine
Shall wed at Nature's sacred shrine,
Completing Infinite design,
When this old earth is righted.

—*Augusta Cooper Bristol.*

WHY DOES NOT GOD KILL THE DEVIL?

Why does not God kill the Devil,
The curse of his earthly domain,
That we might have plenty of pleasure,
Without any sorrow or pain?
Old Adam and Eve, in the garden,
Would never have eaten the fruit
If God had encompassed the Devil,
Or had made his snakeship mute;
But he gave him the power of persuasion,
That he might accomplish his plan;
And he argued the point to the woman,
And she made it clear to the man.

Why does not God kill the Devil?
Why did he create such an elf?
Or, perhaps I'm a little presumptuous,
He may have created himself.
But God is almighty and powerful—
The book and the preachers say so—
And once, long ago, the Lord banished
The Devil to regions below;
But he seems to be free and untrammeled,
And masterly work he has done
On the earth; for he gains o'er his Lordship
Ten thousand, or more, to his one!

Why does not God kill the Devil?
And trouble would never begin;
For then there could be no temptation,
No sorrow, forgiveness, nor sin.
Hell-fire might then be extinguished,
And save the expense of the fuel,
And many a poor soul relinquished
From punishment, horrid and cruel!
The Lord could sit down in his kingdom,
And all could be singing his praise,
With none to dispute he was master
And monarch of all he surveys.

Why does not God kill the Devil,
And wickedness bring to an end?

Digitized by Google

There could not be much opposition—
For evil has really no friend—
And all would prefer to be happy,
And never would wander away—
But the power of the Devil is greater
Than God's, and he leads them astray!
Recruits he is constantly getting
From God's holy ranks: and ere long,
If the Devil should rally his forces,
The fight would be dreadful and strong!

Why does not God kill the Devil,
If he goes about like a lion,
Frightening the lambs from the Savior,
And driving the sheep off from Zion?
A man never was a free agent,
And neither is he a machine;
He's governed by what is within him,
And that which around him is seen.
If God made the Devil to plague us,
And do us all manner of harm,
Just let him remove the old fellow,
And things will then work like a charm.

Why does not God kill the Devil?
It would so much help the elect;
He leads them so often to trouble—
Much more so than one would expect—
With pastors and preachers on trial
For sins that they would not commit
If the Devil were not at their elbow,
To urge and to aid them in it.
And all the way down in the ranks,
The pious ones often play smash;
Engaging in salary grabs—
Absconding with government cash.

Why does not God kill the Devil
(I ask this great question once more),
Or otherwise save him from sinning,
And place him on Canaan's bright shore?
The glorious millennium can never
Upon this wicked planet begin,

Digitized by Google

Until God has killed off the Devil,
Or turned him away from his sin,
Then we shall be perfectly happy—
No evil one here to deceive—
And everything that is unholy
Along with the Devil would leave!

—*Henry Haigh.*

A RESPECTABLE LIE.

"A respectable lie, sir! Pray what do you mean?
Why the term in itself is a plain contradiction.
A lie is a lie, and deserves no respect,
But merciless judgment, and speedy conviction.
It springs from corruption, is servile and mean,
An evil conception, a coward's invention,
And whether direct, or but simply implied,
Has naught but deceit for its end and intention."

Ah, yes! very well! So good morals would teach;
But facts are the most stubborn things in existence,
And they tend to show that great lies win respect,
And hold their position with wondrous persistence.
The small lies, the white lies, the lies feebly told,
The world will condemn both in spirit and letter;
But the great, bloated lies will be held in respect,
And the larger and older a lie is, the better.

A respectable lie, from a popular man,
On a popular theme, never taxes endurance;
And the pure golden coin of unpopular truth,
Is often refused for the brass of assurance.
You may dare all the laws of the land to defy,
And bear to the truth the most shameless relation,
But never attack a respectable lie,
If you value a name, or a good reputation.

A lie well established, and hoary with age,
Resists the assaults of the boldest seceder;
While he is accounted the greatest of saints,
Who silences reason and follows the leader.
Whenever a mortal has dared to be wise,
And seize upon Truth as the soul's Magna Charta,

Digitized by Google

He always has won from the lover of lies
The name of a fool, or the fate of a martyr.

There are popular lies and political lies,
And "lies that stick fast between buying and selling,"
And lies of politeness—conventional lies—
(Which scarcely are reckoned as such in the telling.)
There are lies of sheer malice, and slanderous lies,
From those who delight to peck filth like a pigeon;
But the oldest and far most respectable lies,
Are those that are told in the name of religion.

Theology sits like a tyrant enthroned,
A system *per se* with a fixed nomenclature,
Derived from strange doctrines, and dogmas and creeds,
At war with man's reason, with God and with Nature;
And he who subscribes to the popular faith
Never questions the fact of divine inspiration,
But holds to the Bible as absolute truth,
From Genesis through to St. John's Revelation.

We mock at the Catholic bigots at Rome,
Who strive with their dogmas man's reason to fetter;
But we turn to the Protestant bigots at home,
And we find that their dogmas are scarce a whit better.
We are called to believe in the wrath of the Lord—
In endless damnation, and torments infernal;
While around and above us, the Infinite Truth,
Scarce heeded or heard, speaks sublime and eternal.

It is sad—but the day-star is shining on high,
And science comes in with her conquering legions;
And every respectable, time-honored lie,
Will fly from her face to the mythical regions.
The soul shall no longer with terror behold
The red waves of wrath that leap up to engulf her,
For science ignores the existence of hell,
And chemistry finds better uses for sulphur.

We may dare to repose in the beautiful faith,
That an Infinite Life is the source of all being;
And though we must strive with delusion and death,
We can trust to a love and a wisdom all-seeing;
We may dare in the strength of the soul to arise,

Digitized by Google

And walk where our feet shall not stumble or falter;
And, freed from the bondage of time-honored lies,
To lay all we have on the Truth's sacred altar.

—*Lizzie Doten.*

THEN WHO'S TO BLAME?

If God foreknew all things at first,
And likewise planned the same;
If man strict follows out that plan,
Then who's to blame?

If moral agents men are made,
It still connects the chain;
For reason guides, God save the aid,
Then who's to blame?

If God decreed an endless hell,
To sear the human frame;
If man is sear'd, then, reader, tell
Me, who's to blame?

If *election* be the plan of God,
A *part* to save from shame;
And *part* must feel the scourging rod,
Then who's to blame?

If nature all was form'd in sin,
Did I my nature frame?
Or can I change what God has made?
Then who's to blame?

God formed our limbs and gave us breath;
Our thoughts he formed the same:
And now if man should meet with death,
Then who's to blame?

If life eternal rests on works,
To praise the Almighty's name;
If man is weak, and cannot work,
Then who's to blame?

If Satan gets full half of man,
To you and me lays claim;
Not me, 'twas God who formed the plan,
Then who's to blame? *W. K. Trembley.*

Digitized by Google

EXTRACT FROM SHELLEY.

Is there a God?—aye, an almighty God,
And vengeful as almighty! Once his voice
Was heard on earth: earth shuddered at the sound:
The fiery-visaged firmament expressed
Abhorrence, and the grave of Nature yawned,
To swallow all the dauntless and the good
That dared to hurl defiance at his throne,
Girt as it was with power. None but slaves
Survived—cold-blooded slaves, who did the work
Of tyrannous omnipotence; whose souls
No honest indignation ever urged
To elevated daring, to one deed
Which gross and sensual self did not pollute.
The slaves built temples for the omnipotent fiend,
Gorgeous and vast; the costly altars smoked
With human blood, and hideous peans rang
Through all the long drawn aisles. A murderer heard
His voice in Egypt, one whose gifts and arts
Had raised him to his eminence and power,
Accomplice of omnipotence in crime,
And confident of the all-knowing one.
These were Jehovah's words:
From an eternity of idleness
I, God, awoke; in seven day's toil made earth
From nothing; rested and created man:
I placed him in a paradise, and there
Planted the tree of evil, so that he
Might eat and perish, and my soul procure
Wherewith to sate its malice, and to turn
Even like a heartless conqueror of the earth,
All misery to my fame. The race of men
Chosen to my honor, with impunity
May sate the lusts I planted in their heart.
Here I command thee hence to lead them on,
Until with hardened feet, their conquering troops
Wade on the promised soil through woman's blood,
And make my name be dreaded through the land.
Yet ever-burning flame and ceaseless woe
Shall be the doom of their eternal souls
With every soul on this ungrateful earth.
Virtuous or vicious, weak or strong—even all

Digitized by Google

Shall perish to fulfill the blind revenge
(Which you, to men, call justice) of their God.
. . . The name of God
Has fenced about all crime with holiness
Himself the creation of his worshipers,
Whose names, and attributes, and passions change.
Siva, Buddha, Foh, Jehovah, God, or Lord,
Even with the human dupes who build his shrines,
Still serving o'er the war-polluted world
For desolation's watchword: whether hosts
Stain his death-blushing chariot-wheels, as on
Triumphantly they roll, whilst Brahmins raise
A sacred hymn to mingle with the groans;
Or countless partners of his power divide
His tyranny to weakness; or the smoke
Of burning towns, the cries of female helplessness,
Unarmed old age, and youth, and infancy,
Horribly massacred, ascend to heaven
In honor of his name; or, last and worst,
Earth groans beneath religion's iron age.
And priests dare babble of a God of peace,
Even while their hands are red with guiltless blood,
Murdering the while, uprooting every germ
Of truth, exterminating, spoiling all,
Making the earth a slaughter-house.

BE STILL AND WAIT.

Be still, O soul!
Immortal fates with tireless fingers work,
And from the tangled threads of time
Do weave the garment of eternity.
Be still and wait!
The loom hath many threads,
But the swift shuttle runneth well,
A day, a night, and lo! between two hours
The fabric falls;
For thou shalt wear the garment of eternity,
The shining robe of immortality.

—*Frederic R. Marvin, M.D.*

Digitized by Google

THE CHEMISTRY OF CHARACTER.

John and Peter, and Robert and Paul,
God in his wisdom created them all.
John was a statesman, and Peter a slave,
Robert a preacher, and Paul—was a knave.
Evil or good as the case might be,
White or colored, or bond, or free—
John and Peter, and Robert and Paul,
God in his wisdom created them all.

Out of earth's elements, mingled with flame,
Out of life's compounds of glory and shame,
Fashioned and shaped by no will of their own,
And helplessly into life's history thrown;
Born by the law that compels men to be,
Born to conditions they could not foresee,
John and Peter, and Robert and Paul,
God in his wisdom created them all.

John was the head and the heart of his State,
Was trusted and honored, was noble and great.
Peter was made 'neath life's burdens to groan,
And never once dreamed that his soul was his own.
Robert great glory and honor received
For zealously preaching what no one believed;
While Paul of the pleasures of sin took his fill,
And gave up his life to the service of ill.

It chanced that these men, in their passing away
From earth and its conflicts, all died the same day.
John was mourned through the length and the breadth of the land—
Peter fell 'neath the lash in a merciless hand—
Robert died with the praise of the Lord on his tongue—
While Paul was convicted of murder and hung.
John and Peter, and Robert and Paul,
The purpose of life was fulfilled in them all.

Men said of the statesman—"How noble and brave!"
But of Peter, alas!—"he was only a slave;"
Of Robert—"'Tis well with his soul—it is well;"
While Paul they consigned to the torments of hell.

Digitized by Google

Born by one law through all Nature the same,
What made them differ? and who was to blame?
John and Peter, and Robert and Paul,
God in his wisdom created them all.

Out in that region of infinite light,
Where the soul of the black man is pure as the white—
Out where the spirit, through sorrow made wise,
No longer resorts to deception and lies—
Out where the flesh can no longer control
The freedom and faith of the God-given soul—
Who shall determine what change may befall
John and Peter, and Robert and Paul?

John may in wisdom and goodness increase—
Peter rejoice in an infinite peace—
Robert may learn that the truths of the Lord
Are more in the spirit, and less in the word—
And Paul may be blest with a holier birth
Than the passions of man had allowed him on earth.
John and Peter, and Robert and Paul,
God in his wisdom will care for them all. —*Lizzie Doten.*

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel the Blue,
Under the willow the Gray.

Digitized by Google

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses the Blue,
Under the lilies the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender
On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold the Blue,
Mellowed with gold the Gray.

So, when the Summer calleth
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain the Blue;
Wet with the rain the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms the Blue,
Under the garlands the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding river be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray. —*Selected.*

Digitized by Google

TRUTH TRIUMPHANT.

Blind Superstition, cowering, sits
  Amid the ashes of the past;
While old Tradition, bat-like, flits
  Where Time its deep gloom hath cast.
The bigot, prospering through fraud,
  Pays to the church his tithes, and then,
With pious fervor, thanks the Lord
  That "he is not like other men."

The church, by deep dissensions riven,
  To man's progression shuts the door,
And failing thus to enter heaven,
  The "poor in spirit" walk before.
The blood of millions on her hands—
  She pampers pride and winks at sin—
A whited sepulchre she stands,
  Hiding but dead men's bones within.

We do not ask for forms and creeds,
  Or useless dogmas, old or new,
But we *do* ask for Christian deeds,
  With man's progression full in view.
Let her be first to aid and bless,
  And not the first to cast a stone,
The while her robes of righteousness
  Are over foul corruptions thrown.

The pure, fresh impulse of to-day
  Which thrills within the human heart,
As time-worn errors pass away,
  Fresh life and vigor shall impart.
New hopes, like beauteous strangers, wait
  An entrance to man's willing breast,
And child-like faith unbars the gate,
  To welcome in each heavenly guest.

The new must e'er supplant the old,
  While Time's unceasing current flows,
Only new beauties to unfold,
  And brighter glories to disclose;
For every crumbling altar-stone

Digitized by Google

That falls upon the way of time,
Eternal wisdom hath o'erthrown,
To build a temple more sublime.

O ye! who dare not trust the soul
To guide you in the way to heaven,
Remember that the lifeless whole
Is quickened by the hidden leaven;
And they who, fearlessly and free,
The rugged heights of life ascend,
With one united voice agree,
It can be trusted to the end. —*Lizzie Doten.*

THE BURNING PRAIRIE.

The prairie stretched as smooth as a floor,
Far as the eye could see,
And the settler sat at his cabin door
With a little girl on his knee,
Striving her letters to repeat,
And pulling her apron over her feet.

The little girl on her father's knee,
With eyes so bright and blue,
From A B C to X Y Z
Had said her lesson through,
When a wind came over the prairie land,
And caught the primer out of her hand.

The watch-dog whined, the cattle lowed,
And tossed their horns about:
The air grew gray as if it snowed;
"There will be a storm, no doubt!"
So to himself the settler said:
"But, father, why is the sky so red?"

And the little girl slid off his knee,
And all of a tremble stood;
"Good wife" he cried, "come out and see!
The clouds are as red as blood!"
"God save us!" cried the settler's wife,

Digitized by Google

She caught the baby up. "Come! come!
Are ye mad? to your heels, my man!"
He followed, terror-stricken, dumb,
And so they ran and ran:
Close upon them the snort and swing
Of buffaloes madly galloping.

The wild wind like a sower sows
The ground with sparkles red,
And the flapping wings of bats and crows
Through the ashes overhead;
And the bellowing deer and the hissing snake—
What a swirl of terrible sounds they make!

No gleam of the river water yet!
And the flames leap on and on!
A crash, and a fiercer whirl and jet,
And the settler's house is gone!
The air grows hot. "This fluttering curl
Would blaze like flax," says the little girl.

And as the smoke against her drifts,
The lizard slips close by her.
She tells how the little cow uplifts
Her speckled face from the fire;
For she cannot be hindered from looking back
At the fiery dragon on their track.

They hear the crackling grass and sedge,
The flames as they whir and rave;
On, on! they are close to the water's edge!
They are there, breast-deep in the wave!
And lifting their little ones high o'er the tide—
"We are saved, thank God! we are saved!" they cried.

—*Alice Carey.*

THE DREAM OF AMBITION.

I left the happy fields that smile around the village of Content,
And sought with wayward feet the torrid desert of Ambition.
Long time, parched and weary, I traveled that burning sand,
And the hooded basilisk and adder were strewed in my way

Black scorpions thronged me round with sharp, uplifted stings,
Seeming to mock me as I ran (then I guessed it was a dream—
But life is oft so like a dream, we know not where we are);
So I toiled on, doubting in myself, up a steep gravel cliff,
Whose summit shot up far into the brazen sky;
And quickly I was wafted to the top, as upon unseen wings,
Carrying me upward like a leaf (then I thought it was a dream—
For life is oft so like a dream, we know not where we are).
So I stood on the mountain, and behold! before me a giant pyramid,
And I clomb with eager haste its high and difficult steps;
For I longed, like another Belus, to mount up, yea to heaven,
Nor sought I rest until my feet had spurned the crest of Earth.
Then I sat on my granite throne under the burning sun,
And the world lay smiling beneath me, but I was wrapt in flames;
(And I hoped in glimmering consciousness, that all this torture was a dream—
Yet life is oft so like a dream, we know not where we are).
And anon as I sat scorching, the pyramid shuddered to its root,
And I felt the quarried mass leap from its sand foundations;
Awhile it tottered and tilted as raised by invisible levers—
(And now my reason spake within me; I knew it was a dream;
Yet I hushed that whisper into silence, for I hoped to leave off wisdom
By tracking up my truant thoughts whereunto they might lead).
And suddenly, as rolling upon wheels, adown the cliff it rushed,
And I thought, in my hot brain, of the Muscovite's icy slopes;
A thousand yards in a moment we ploughed the sandy seas
And crushed those happy fields, and that smiling village,
And onward, as a living thing, still rushed my mighty throne,
Thundering along, and pounding, as it went, the millions in my way;

Digitized by Google

Before me all was life and joy and full blown summer;
Behind me, death and woe, the desert and simoon;
Then I wept and shrieked aloud for pity and for fear;
But might not stop, for comet like, flew on the maddened mass,
Over the crashing cities, and falling obelisks and towers,
And columns, razed as by a scythe, and high domes shivered as an egg shell,
And deep embattled ranks, and women crowded in the streets,
And children kneeling as for mercy, and all I had ever loved.
Yea, over all, mine awful throne rushed on with seeming instinct,
And over the crackling forests, and over the rugged beach,
And on with a terrible hiss through the foaming wild Atlantic
That roared around me as I sat, but could not quench my spirit.
Still on through startled solitudes we shattered the pavement of the sea,
Down, down to that central vault, the bolted doors of hell;
And then, with horrid shock, my huge throne battered in,
And on to the deepest deep, where the fierce flames were hottest,
Blazing ten-fold as conquering furiously the seas that washed in with me,
And there I stopped; and a fearful voice shouted in mine ear,
"Behold the home of Discontent: behold the rest of Ambition." —*Tupper.*

THE YANKEE GIRL.

She sings by her wheel at that low cottage door,
Which the long evening shadow is stretching before,
With a music as sweet as the music which seems
Breathed softly and faint in the ear of our dreams.

How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye,
Like a star glancing out from the blue of the sky!
And lightly and freely her dark tresses play
O'er a brow and a bosom as lovely as they!

Google

Who comes in his pride to that low cottage door—
The haughty and rich to the humble and poor?
'Tis the great Southern planter—the master who waves
His whip of dominion o'er hundreds of slaves.

"Nay, Ellen—for shame! Let those Yankee fools spin,
Who would pass for our slaves with a change of their skin;
Let them toil as they will at the loom or the wheel,
Too stupid for shame, and too vulgar to feel!

"But thou art too lovely and precious a gem
To be bound to their burdens and sullied by them—
For shame, Ellen, shame—cast thy bondage aside,
And away to the South, as my blessing and pride.

"O, come where no winter thy footsteps can wrong,
But where flowers are blossoming all the year long,
Where the shade of the palm-tree is over my home,
And the lemon and orange are white in their bloom!

"O, come to my home, where my servants shall all
Depart at thy bidding and come at thy call;
They shall heed thee as mistress with trembling and awe,
And each wish of thy heart shall be felt as a law."

O, could ye have seen her—that pride of our girls—
Arise and cast back the dark wealth of her curls,
With a scorn in her eye which the gazer could feel,
And a glance like the sunshine that flashes on steel!

"Go back, haughty Southron! thy treasures of gold
Are dim with the blood of the hearts thou hast sold;
Thy home may be lovely, but round it I hear
The crack of the whip and the footsteps of fear!

"And the sky of thy South may be brighter than ours,
And greener thy landscapes, and fairer thy flowers;
But dearer the blast round our mountains which raves,
Than the sweet summer zephyr which breathes over slaves!

Full low at thy bidding thy negroes may kneel,
With the iron of bondage on spirit and heel;
Yet know that the Yankee girl sooner would be
In fetters with them, than in freedom with thee!"

—*Whittier.*

LITTLE BREECHES.

A PIKE COUNTY VIEW OF SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

I don't go much on religion,
I never aint had no show;
But I've got a midlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets
And free-will, and that sort of thing—
But I believe in God and the angels,
Ever sence one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe come along—
No four-year-old in the country
Could beat him for pretty and strong.
Peart and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and to fight—
And I'd larnt him to chaw terbarcker,
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggart's store.
I went in for a jug of molasses
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and started—
I heard one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie!
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we rousted up some torches,
And searched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck hosses and wagon,
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upsot, dead beat—but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hopes soured on me,
Of my fellow critters' aid—
I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,
Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.

Digitized by Google

By this, the torches was played out,
And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheep-fold
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
Where they shut up the lambs at night,
We looked in, and seen them huddled thar,
So warm and sleepy and white.
And THAR sot Little Breeches and chirped
As peart as ever you see,
"I want a chaw of terbarcker,
And that's what's the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels,
He could never have walked in that storm,
They jest scooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child
And bringing him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around the throne. —*John Hay.*

HURL THEM DOWN.

When presidents heed not the popular will,
And senators care but their pockets to fill;
When law-makers are but blind partisan hacks,
Who care for a man just the sum of his tax;
Though nations may ring with their lordly renown,
Their villainies sentence them,—hurl them down!

Though palaces rise, if the king only nod,
And ignorant multitudes think him a god;
The time has gone by for such fanfaronade,
Henceforth let him work at some man-blessing trade;
A king is but civilization's old clown,
A clog to humanity,—hurl him down!

Proud priests of the "bloody faith," dealers in lies,
You've blasted the green earth and darkened the skies,
Created the Devil, and made for us a hell;
The people are rising, they've cast off your spell;

Digitized by Google

And Justice exclaims with an ominous frown,
"Too long have ye bowed to them—hurl them down!"

"Great God" of the orthodox, cruel and grim,
The Devil an angel compared unto him;
The jailor of hell, as relentless as fate,
Eternity cannot his cruelty sate;
The Lord, or Jehovah of Jewish renown,
Humanity rises and hurls him down! —*Wm. Denton.*

'TWILL BE ALL THE SAME IN A HUNDRED YEARS.

'Twill be all the same in a hundred years!
What a spell-word to conjure up smiles and tears!
O, how oft do I muse, 'mid the thoughtless and gay,
On the marvelous truth that these words convey!
And can it be so?—must the valiant and free
Have their tenure of life on this frail decree?
Are the trophies they've reared, and the glories they've won
Only castles of frost-work confronting the sun?
And must all that's as joyous and brilliant to view
As a mid-summer dream be as perishing, too?
Then have pity, ye proud ones!—be gentle, ye great!
O, remember how mercy beseemeth your state;
For the rust that consumeth the sword of the brave
Is eating the chain of the manacled slave;
And the conquerer's frowns and his victim's tears
Will be all the same in a hundred years?

'Twill be all the same in a hundred years!
What a spell-word to conjure up smiles and tears!
How dark are your fortunes, ye sons of the soil,
Whose heirloom is sorrow, whose birthright is toil!
Yet envy not those who have glory and gold,
By the sweat of the poor, and the blood of the bold!
For it is coming, however they may flaunt in their pride,
The day when they'll moulder in dust by your side;
Death uniteth the children of toil and of sloth,
And the democrat reptiles carouse upon both;
For Time, as he speeds on his viewless wings,

Digitized by Google

Disenables and withers all earthly things.
And the knight's white plume, and the shepherd's crook,
And the minstrel's pipe, and the scholar's book,
And the Emperor's crown, and the Cossacks' spears,
Will be dust alike in a hundred years!

'Twill be all the same in a hundred years!
O, most magical fountain of smiles and tears!
To think that our hopes, like flowers in June
Which we love so much, should be lost so soon!
Then what meaneth the chase after phantom joys,
Or the breaking of human hearts for toys,
Or the veteran's pride in his crafty schemes,
Or the passions of youth for its darling dreams,
Or the aiming at ends that we never can span,
Or the deadly aversion of man for man?
What availeth it all—O, ye sages, say?
Or the miser's joy in his brilliant clay,
Or the lover's zeal for his matchless prize—
The enchanting maid with the starry eyes—
Or the feverish conflict of hopes and fears,
If 'tis all the same in a hundred years?

Ah! 'tis not the same in a hundred years,
How clear soever the case appears;
For know ye not, that beyond the grave,
Far, far beyond, where the cedars wave
On the Syrian mountains, or where the stars
Come glittering forth in their golden cars,
There bloometh a land of perennial bliss,
Where we smile to think of the tears in this?
And the pilgrim reaching that radiant shore
Has the thought of death in his heart no more,
But layeth his staff and sandals down,
For the victor's palm and the monarch's crown;
And the mother meets in that tranquil sphere,
The delightful child she had wept for here;
And we quaff off the same immortal cup,
While the orphan smiles and the slave looks up.
So be glad, my heart, and forget thy tears,
For 'tis not the same in a hundred years.

Digitized by Google

ABRAHAM DAVENPORT.

In the old days (a custom laid aside
With breeches and cocked hats) the people sent
Their wisest men to make the public laws;
And so, from a brown homestead, where the Sound
Drinks the small tribute of the Mianas,
Waved over by the woods of Rippowams,
And hallowed by pure lives and tranquil deaths,
Stamford sent up to the councils of the State
Wisdom and grace in Abraham Davenport.

'Twas on a May-day of the far old year
Seventeen hundred eighty, that there fell
Over the bloom and sweet life of the Spring,
Over the fresh earth and the heaven of noon,
A horror of great darkness, like the night
In day of which the Norland Sagas tell—
The Twilight of the Gods. The low hung sky
Was black with ominous clouds, save where its rim
Was fringed with a dull glow, like that which climbs
The crater's sides from the red hell below.
Birds cease to sing, and all the barn-yard fowls
Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars
Lowed, and looked homeward; bats on leathern wings
Flitted abroad; the sounds of labor died;
Men prayed, and women wept; all ears grew sharp
To hear the doom blast of the trumpet shatter
The black sky, that the dreadful face of Christ
Might look from the rent clouds, not as he looked
A loving guest at Bethany, but stern
As Justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile in the old State-house, dim as ghosts,
Sat the law-givers of Connecticut,
Trembling beneath their legislative robes.
"It is the Lord's Great Day! Let us adjourn,"
Some said; and then, as if with one accord,
All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport.
He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice
The intolerable hush. "This well may be
The Day of Judgment which the world awaits;

Digitized by Google

My present duty, and my Lord's command
To occupy till he come. So at the post
Where he hath set me in his providence,
I choose, for one, to meet him face to face—
No faithless servant frightened from my task,
But ready when the Lord of the harvest calls;
And therefore, with all reverence, I would say,
Let God do his work, we will see to ours.
Bring in the candles." And they brought them in.
Then by the flaring lights the speaker read,
Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands,
An act to amend an act to regulate
The shad and alewive fisheries. Whereupon
Wisely and well spake Abraham Davenport,
Straight to the question, with no figures of speech
Save the ten Arab signs, yet not without
The shrewd, dry humor natural to the man;
His awe-struck colleagues listening all the while,
Between the pauses of his argument,
To hear the thunder of the wrath of God
Break from the hollow trumpet of the cloud.

And there he stands in memory to this day,
Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half seen
Against the background of unnatural dark,
A witness to the ages as they pass,
That simple duty hath no place for fear. —*Whittier.*

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

Word was brought to the Danish king
(Hurry!)
That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring;
(O! ride as though you were flying!)
Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
Than the rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl;
And his Rose of the Isles lay dying.

Thirty nobles saddled with speed;
(Hurry!)

Digitized by Google

Each one mounted a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need;
(O! ride as though you were flying!)
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst;
But ride as they would the king rode first,
For his Rose of the Isles lay dying.

His nobles are beaten one by one;
(Hurry!)
They have fainted and faltered and homeward gone;
His little fair page now follows alone,
For strength and for courage trying!
The king looked back at that faithful child,
Wan was the face that answering smiled;
They passed the draw-bridge with clattering din,
Then he dropped, and only the king rode in
Where his Rose of the Isles lay dying.

The king blew a blast on his bugle-horn;
(Silence!)
No answer came, but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portals stood grimly wide;
None welcomed the king from that weary ride;
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
The pale, sweet form of his welcomer lay,
Who had yearned for his voice while dying.

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,
Stood weary.
The king returned from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast;
And that dumb companion eyeing,
The tears gushed forth, which he strove to check;
He bowed his head on his neck;
"O! steed, that every nerve didst strain,
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain,
To the hall where my love lay dying."

—*Caroline Norton.*

Digitized by Google

GRANNY'S STORY.

Yes, lads, I'm a poor old body;
My wits are not over clear;
I can't remember the day o' the week,
And scarcely the time o' the year.
But one thing is down in my mem'ry
So deep it is sure to stay;
It was long ago, but it all comes back
As if it had happened to-day.

Here, stand by the window, laddies;
Do you see, away to the right,
A long black line on the water,
Topped with a crest of white?
That is the reef Defiance,
Where the good ship Gaspereau
Beat out her life in the breakers,
Just fifty-six years ago.

I mind 'twas a raw Thanksgiving,
The sleet drove sharp as knives,
And most of us here at the harbor
Were sailors' sweethearts and wives.
But I had my good man beside me,
And everything tidy and bright,
When, all of a sudden, a signal
Shot up through the murky night.

And a signal gun in the darkness
Boomed over and over again,
As if it bore in its awful tone
The shrieks of women and men.
And down to the rocks we crowded,
Facing the icy rain,
Praying the Lord to be their aid,
Since human help was vain.

Then my good man stooped and kissed me,
And said, "It is but to die:
Who goes with me to the rescue?"
And six noble lads cried "I!"
And crouching there in the tempest,
Hiding our faces away,

Digitized by Google

We heard them row into the blackness,
And what could we do but pray?

So long, when at last we heard them
Cheering faint, off the shore,
I thought I had died and gone to heaven,
And all my trouble was o'er.
And the white-faced women and children
Seemed like ghosts in my sight,
As the boats, weighed down to the water,
Came tossing into the light.

Eh, that was a heartsome Thanksgiving,
With sobbing and laughter and prayers;
Our lads with their brown, dripping faces,
And not a face missing from theirs.
For you never can know how much dearer
The one you love best can be,
Till you have had him come back to you safely
From out of the jaws of the sea.

And little we cared that the breakers
Were tearing the ship in their hold,
There are things, if you weigh them fairly,
Will balance a mint of gold;
And even the bearded captain
Said, "Now let the good ship go,
Since never a soul that sailed with me
Goes down with the Gaspereau."

—*Emily Huntington Miller.*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast;
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast!
Let thine arms, O queen, enfold me;
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear;
Listen to the great heart-secrets,
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions

Digitized by Google

Bear their eagles high no more;
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
Die the great Triumvir still!

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mark the lion thus laid low!
'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him:
'Twas his own that struck the blow!
His, who, pillowed on thy bosom,
Turned aside from glory's ray;
His, who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away!

Should the base plebian rabble
Dare assail my name at Rome,
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home—
Seek her; say, the gods bear witness,
Altars, augurs, circling wings,
That her blood, with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the throne of kings!

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,
Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Light the path of Stygian horrors
With the splendor of thy smile.
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches;
Let his brow the laurel twine;
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry;
They are coming! Quick! my falchion!
Let me front them ere I die.
Ah! no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell;
Isis and Osiris guard thee!
Cleopatra, Rome, farewell! —*W. H. Lytle.*

Digitized by Google

THE WORLD WOULD BE THE BETTER FOR IT.

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battle-fields and glory;
If writ in human hearts a name
Seemed better than in song or story;
If men, instead of nursing pride,
Would learn to hate it and abhor it;
If more relied
On love to guide—
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal;
If Love's work had more willing hands,
To link this world with the supernal;
If men stored up Love's oil and wine,
And on bruised human hearts would pour it:
If "yours" and "mine"
Would once combine—
The world would be the better for it.

If more would *act* the play of life,
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;
If bigotry would sheath its knife
Till good became more universal;
If custom, gray with ages grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore it;
If talent shone
In good alone,
The world would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little things,
Affecting less in all their dealings;
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindred feelings;
If men, when wrong beats down the right,
Would strike together to restore it;
If right made might
In every fight—
The world would be the better for it.

—*W. H. Cobb.*

Digitized by Google

FATHER JOHN.

He warn t no long-faced man of prayer,
A-peddlin' scriptures here and there,
A-shootin' off his texts and tracts
Without regard to dates and facts,
Or time or place, like all possessed,
Till weary sinners couldn't rest;
Fatiguin' unregenerate gents
And causin' Molls to swear immense.

He didn't snivel worth a cent,
Nor gush to any great extent,
But labored on a level plan—
A priest, but none the less a man—
Among the slums and boozing-kens,
And in the vilest holes and dens,
Amongst the drabs and owls and worse—
For saints in these here parts are skerce;
This ward ain't noways flush o' them,
It ain't no new Jerusalem.

He preached but little, argued less;
But if a Moll was in distress,
Or if a kinchen came to grief,
Or trouble tackled rogue or thief,
There Father John was sure to be
To blunt the edge of misery,
And somehow managed every time
To ease despair or lessen crime.

That corner house was allus known
Around these parts as Podger's Own,
Till two pals in a drunken fight
Set the whole thing afire one night.
And where it stood they hypered round,
And blasted rocks and shoveled ground
To build the factory over there—
The one you see—and that is where
Poor Father John—God give him rest
Preached his last sermon and his best.

One summer's day the thing was done;

Digitized by Google

The workmen set a blast and run;
They ain't so keerful here, I guess,
Where lives ain't worth a cent apiece,
As in the wards where things is dear,
And nothink ain't so cheap as here;
Leastwise, the first they seed or knowed
A little chick had crossed the road.

He seemed to be just out o' bed,
Bare-legged, with nothink on his head;
Chubby and cunnin', with his hair
Blown criss-cross by the mornin' air;
Draggin' a tin horse by a string,
Without much care for anything,
A-talking to hisself for joy—
A toddlin', keerless, baby boy.

Right for the crawlin' fuse he went,
As though to find out what it meant;
Trudgin' toward the fatal spot,
Till less than three feet off he got
From where the murderin' thing lay still,
Just waitin' fur to spring and kill—
Marchin' along toward his grave,
And not a soul dared go to save.

They hollered—all they durst to do;
He turned and laughed, and then bent low
To set his horsey on his feet,
And went right on a-crowin' sweet,
And then a death-like silence grew
On all the tremblin' coward crew,
As each swift second seemed the last
Before the roaring of the blast.

Just then some chance or purpose brought
The priest: he saw, and quick as thought
He ran and caught the child, and turned
Just as the slumberin' powder burned,
And shot the shattered rocks around,
And with its thunder shook the ground.

The child was sheltered; Father John

Digitized by Google

Was hurt to death; without a groan
He set the baby down, then went
A step or two, but life was spent;
He tottered, looked up to the skies
With ashen face but strange glad eyes,
"My love, I come!" was all he said,
Sank slowly down, and so was dead.

Stranger, he left a memory here
That will be felt for many a year;
And since that day this ward has been
More human in its dens of sin. —*Peleg Arkwright.*

AMSTERDAM STATION.

THE SKIPPER'S STORY OF THREE SAINTS.

They sat on the steps of the station,
And waited for trains to connect—
A colporteur eating his ration,
And a skipper who twice had been wrecked—
And the strangers began conversation.

The skipper was wrinkled and hoary,
His skin was the color of leather;
The other looked hungry and sorry;
And after discussing the weather
The skipper struck into his story:—

"I'll tell ye of three saints I've know'd of,
That giv' up their lives for their brothers—
A sort you may not have allowed of;
But folks that'll die to save others
Is bein's for God to be proud of.

"The ship 'Swaller,' Cap'n James Bee,
In a fog off the Hatteras coast,
Was wrecked on a ledge to the lee;
Jim stood like a rock at his post,
And went down in a gulp of the sea.

"He showed us how to build a raft,
And crowded her full as she'd float;
He sprung to the davits abaft,

Digitized by Google

And lowered and loaded each boat,
And stuck to the battered old craft.

"He saved every life but his own—
Women, children, the men, and the crew;
Cheered when the last dory was gone—
No room for him in her, he knew,
And he went to the bottom alone!"

"My friend," asked the colporteur grim,
"Had Bee made his peace with the Lord?"
And he laid down his cracker—"What! Jim?"
Said the skipper: "I shouldn't s'pose God
'D be mad at a fellow like him!

"Another was young Andy Bell,
Who worked in the Cumberland coal;
He stood at the mouth of the well;
The mine was afire, and the hole
Blazed up like the furnace of hell!

"The men was imprisoned below;
The women was screamin' above;
The boss shouted, 'Who'll face the foe,
And fly to the rescue for love?'
And Andy remarked, 'I will go;

"'I kin die in the shaft, for I hain't
Nary father, nor mother, nor wife.'
And down in the bucket he went;
Saved fifty but losin' his life;—
I say Andy Bell was a saint."

"Did he pray God," the colporteur cries,
"To help him to fight with the flame?"
"Now I think on't," the skipper replies,
"I've heard Andy mention his name—
More frekent than some would advise.

"The third one, Newt. Evans, my friend,
Took his engine to Prairie du Chien;
Saw a speck on the track at the Bend,
And cried to the stroker, 'Eugene!
Ef that ain't a brat I'll be demned!'

Digitized by Google

"A baby—and makin' mud pies!
'Mind the train!'—To the shriek of the bell
He ran forward; sprang out for the prize:—
Saved the girl?—Yes! but, parson, he fell—
Both his legs were cut off at the thighs!"

"Was he washed in the blood of the Lamb?"
Asked the preacher, "and cleansed from his sin?"
The skipper arose—"Am-ster-*dam!*—
Let me jest get my bearings agin,
An' sorter make out where I am!"

He walked to the office—was mute:—
When the agent asked what he desired.
He tapped on his pate in salute,
Then *turned out his thumb*, and inquired:—
"*Who—is—this—ere—crazy galute?*" —*Selected.*

THE CHURCH SPIDER.

Two spiders, so the story goes,
Upon a living bent,
Entered the meeting-house one day,
And hopefully were heard to say,
"Here we shall have, at least, fair play,
With nothing to prevent."
Each chose his place and went to work;
The light webs grew apace;
One on the altar spun his thread,
But shortly came the sexton dread
And swept him off, and so, half dead,
He sought another place.
"I'll try the pulpit next," said he,
"There surely is a prize,
The desk appears so neat and clean,
I'm sure no spider there has been;
Besides, how often have I seen
The pastor brushing flies."
He tried the pulpit, but alas!
His hopes proved visionary;
With dusting brush the sexton came
And spoiled his geometric game;

Digitized by Google

Nor gave him time or space to claim
The right of sanctuary.
At length, half starved, and weak, and lean,
He sought his former neighbor,
Who now had grown so sleek and round
He weighed a fraction of a pound,
And looked as if the art he'd found
Of living without labor.
"How is it, friend," he asked, "that I
Endure such thumps and knocks,
While you have grown so very gross?"
"'Tis plain," he answered, "not a loss
I've met since first I spun across
The contribution-box." —*Selected.*

WIDDER GREEN'S LAST WORDS.

"I'm goin' to die!" says the Widder Green;
"I'm goin' to quit this airthly scene;
It ain't no place for me to stay
In such a world as 'tis to-day.
Such works and ways is too much for me;
Nobody can't let nobody be;
The girls is flounced from top to toe,
An' that's the hull o' what they know!.
The men is mad on bonds an' stocks,
Swearin', an' shootin', an' pickin' locks;
I'm real afraid I'll be hanged myself
Ef I ain't laid on my final shelf!
There ain't a critur but knows to-day
I never was lunatic any way;
But, since crazy folks all go free,
I'm dreadful 'fraid they'll hang up me!
There's another matter that's pesky hard—
I can't go into a neighbor's yard
To say 'How be you?' or borrow a pin,
But what the paper'll have it in:
'We're pleased to say that Widder Green
Took dinner a Tuesday with Mrs. Keene;'
Or, 'Our worthy friend, Mrs. Green, has gone
Down to Barkhamsted to see her son.'

Digitized by Google

Great Jerusalem! can't I stir
Without a raisin' some feller's fur?
There ain't no privacy, so to say,
No more than if 'twas Judgment Day.
And as for meetin'—I want to swear
Whenever I put my head in there—
Why even Old Hundred's spiled and done,
Like everything else under the sun;
It used to be so solemn and slow,
Praise to the Lord from men below—
Now it goes like a gallopin' steer,
High diddle diddle! there and here.
No respect to the Lord above,
No more'n ef he was hand and glove
With all the creturs he ever made,
And all the jigs that ever was played.
Preachin' too—but here I'm dumb.
But I tell you what! I'd like it some
Ef good old Parson Nathan Strong
Out o' his grave would come along,
An' give us a stirrin' taste o' fire—
Judgment an' justice is my desire.
'Tain't all love and sickish sweet
That makes this world nor 'tother complete.
But law! I'm old! I'd better be dead
When the world's a turpin' over my head;
Sperits talkin' like 'tarnal fools,
Bibles kicked out o' deestrict schools,
Crazy creturs a murderin' round—
Honest folks better be under the ground.
So fare-ye-well! this airthly scene
Won't be no more pestered by Widder Green."

—*Selected*

Digitized by Google

Index to Hymns.

Architects of Fate..... 130
A Question..... 150
Arise, O Men!..... 190
A call from the oppressed 199
Arise! Be Strong!..... 203
A Friend to All..... 208
Age of Reason..... 219
A Joyful Song..... 256
A New Faith for the Old Creeds..... 258
Autumn..... 269
Angry Words..... 271
A Call to Action..... 299
A Brighter Day..... 302
A Call to Action..... 303
Answer to Bliss & Sankey's Hymns,..... 319
All Men are Equal..... 348
Anthem of the Free..... 351
Action..... 375
A Song for Liberals..... 377
Ashes..... 380
A Parody..... 380
A Paraphrase..... 389
An Old Man's Song..... 424
A Twilight Dream..... 445
A world of love at home 468
A Spirit Mother to her Daughter..... 492
Aspirations..... 496
A Vision of Paradise..... 497
A Chant..... 503
Be Free and Brave..... 136
Blessings of Knowledge 143
Brotherhood of Man..... 154
Benevolence..... 165
Better Rub Than Rust.. 192
Be Brothers All..... 193
Brave Reformers..... 201
Bridal Song..... 223
Brotherhood..... 240
Building for the Future. 272
Blow ye the Trumpet... 321
Be True..... 355
Be Thyself..... 359
Better than Gold..... 392
Blisses not caught in nets 412
Brighter Day..... 417
Be Strong in Right..... 448
By and By..... 449
Be Firm and Bold..... 454
Betrothal..... 461
Beautiful River..... 467
Baby..... 471
Beloved..... 498
Be Thyself..... 502
Childlike Trust..... 122
Charity..... 125
Contentment..... 190
Common Sense..... 203
Caution..... 207
Coronation..... 246
Civil Rights..... 263
Confidence in Nature... 314
Christianity Condensed. 342
Cowardice..... 344
Closing Hymn..... 369
Common Sense..... 374
Close of Life..... 384
Compensation..... 498
Cover Them Over With Beautiful Flowers.. 508
Dismission..... 127
Dare to be True..... 139
Defend the Poor..... 159
Death..... 185
Day of Deliverance..... 242
Dare to be True..... 324

Digitized by Google

Dreaming in the Swing 327
Dedication Hymn 364
Do Right 366
Death 391
Doubt 411
Death 418
Death 438
Drops on the Ocean 443
Dying Hour 445
Dedicatory Song 455
Dare to say No 470
Deeds versus Creeds 486
Death 494
Exhortation 130
Exhortation 164
Earnest Toil 197
Each for All 247
Evening of Life 323
Eternal Justice 332
Exaltation 363
Echoes of Life 365
Education 374
Edith Earle 422
Equality 425
Excelsior 442
Faith and Reason 146
Freedom 146
Freedom's Charms 181
Fragment 199
Freedom 212
Forbearance 215
Freedom is Risen 218
Freethought 237
Freedom 248
Freedom's Truth 265
Freedom's Home 269
Freedom 282
Forward 297
Friends of Freedom 317
Friends of Freedom 338
Freedom's Strength 362
Friendship, etc. 407
Friendship, Love and Truth 456
Faith in one Another 459
Fogyland 232
Good Resolutions 123
Gratitude 178
Gather your Roses while you may 198
Glory to Science 252
Gentle Words 256
Gorgeous Dawn 277
Gentle Words and Loving Smiles 278
Generations Come and Go 310
God is Love 419
Gladness 451
Gone Before 457
Good Deeds Tell 487
God's Wrecks 490
Heroes, Martyrs and Sages 163
Honor Deserved 168
Heaven on Earth 189
Honest Doubt 206
Have Faith in One Another 221
Home, Sweet Home 222
Honor to Whom Honor is Due 221
Hold the Flag 224
Hope of the World 227
Hospitality 241
Home of our Fathers 251
Higher will We Climb 273
Home 283
Holy Bible, Book Divine 300
Here and Now 306
Hymn to Nature 315
How to "Stand up for Jesus" 320
Honor to Whom Honor is Due 326
Hope Always 346
Hope Eternal 356
Hold your Head up like a Man 387
Hold the Light 414
Hail Rising Sun 423
Hymn to Nature 454
Honor, etc 465
Harvested 474
How I would Die 480
I'll Find a Way 157
I saw from the Beach 261
I saw on the Beach 262
International Song 279
Invitation 339

Digitized by Google

I Stand outside your Heart 324
Isolation 358
Illumination 404
Indian Summer 410
Invocation 419
I Love to Tell the Story 432
Invocation 440
Invocation 455
I Would not Live Alway 444
Inspirational Song 473
It Will be all Right in the Morning 479
Joy to the World 220
Join Freedom's Band 260
Judge Not 335
Joy in all Things 356
Jubilate 487
Knowledge 132
Knowledge of Nature 151
Knowledge and Charity 175
Kindness begets kindness 234
Kind Words 262
Kindness 494
Land of Liberty 121
Love for All 123
Land of Freedom 124
Live to do Good 131
Liberty Tree 137
Learn to labor and to wait 148
Life May Change 166
Liberty or Death 169
Liberty 170
Life fading and transitory 179
Love and Harmony 196
Live for Something 202
Live for the Future 213
Life is Onward 216
Lay me Low 228
Let us Enjoy the Present Moment 234
Labor and Wait 239
Life Reviewed 249
Love Divine 295
Let love be your religion 298
Let us live to do what the truth may demand 342
Life and Labor 352
Labor in Love for Humanity's Sake 362
Let us love one Another 398
Learn a Little Every Day 401
Liberal Hymn 421
Light Beyond the Cloud 430
Learn of Nature 446
Life 482
Longing to Die 482
Life's Beautiful Sea 484
Marseillaise Hymn 153
May Day 178
Men of Genius 243
Mother Nature 280
March of Mind 293
Make a Heaven on Earth 308
My Creed 312
Marriage 318
My Freedom 322
Memory of the Past 325
May 328
Merrily 350
My Darling 357
Man 371
Music of Nature 436
Meet us at the crystal gate 475
Messenger Angels 477
New Year's Day 133
Noblest Worship 147
Nature's Laws 161
Nature 170
New Year's Eve 184
Noble Sires 228
Nothing Like an Earnest Will 250
Never Look Sad 251
Never Say Fail 255
Never Rail at the World 264
New Version of an Old Hymn 268
Nature's Hour of Prayer 270
New Version of an Old Hymn 277
Not All the Blood 282
Nature's Gospel Trumpet 290
New Version of an Old Hymn 298
Need of Action 301
Nearer to Truth 311
Nature's triumphant lead 353
Nobility 365
Noble Lives 381

Digitized by Google

Never Yield to Despair 394
No Little Gown 428
Nothing at All 463
Nature's Worship 467
Not Dead 472
Never Alone 488
Oppressors! Leave your Slumbers 124
Ornament of Truth 152
Ode to Superstition 182
O Truth! There is Nothing so lovely as thee 209
On the progress of reason 231
Our Darling 236
One of Bliss & Sankey's Hymns Naturalized 259
One of Bliss & Sankey's Hymns 272
Ode to Science 295
Opening Song 299
One by One 331
Our Needs 336
Over the Hills 337
Our Angel Side 339
Oh! May it speak to me 343
O Let us Trust 368
Old Hymn Naturalized 378
Ode to Emotion 415
O hear the Shout, etc 452
Our Angel Child 453
Our Angel 459
Over the River 476
Our Unseen Guests 480
Our Bright Spirit Home 491
Our Young Folks 505
O Cling to the Union 510
Prospects of Happy Days 126
Patriotic Song 140
Prudence 163
Patriotism 166
Parody 198
Praise to the Heroes 200
Parody 201
Past, Present and Future 214
Perpetual Change 217
Paine Anniversary 244
Picnic Song 254
Praise be to God 302
Parting Hymn 432
Progress 439
Questions 386
Reformation 141
Reason, Awake 143
Rejoicing 168
Reason 176
Reason's Celebration 195
Realm of Love 242
Reason's Reign 304
Revolution 314
Rise for Right 367
Rest my Head upon your Heart 426
Ring the Bell Softly 429
Rich in the Lord 433
Rhenish Boat Song 489
Recompense 500
Rest 500
Shrine of Power 136
Science 142
Social Union 144
Superstitious Man 148
Social Love 150
Sympathy 156
Speak of a Man as we Find him 160
Spade of Perseverance 162
Source of Life 167
Scatter Seeds of Kindness 177
Study of Nature 179
Still Trust On 188
Science the Best Reliance 210
Speak the Best We Can 211
Say a Kind Word when you Can 230
Sunshine 235
Stand Firm 238
Stand for Truth 253
Salvation 275
Stand for the Right 284
Science and Superstition 285
Stand for the Right 316
Speak Gently 330
Sympathy with the Afflicted 347
Star of Progress 349
Sursum Corda 368
Song of Progress 383
Science and Theology 405

Digitized by Google

Spirit Welcome 434
Star of Progress 447
Shall I Know Mine Own 458
Sweet Rest at Last 462
Sowing and Reaping 464
Spirits Who Guide Us 469
Song 495
Song of the Toiler 505
Self-Consecration 507
Truth the Best Ground of Fortitude 122
The Beauty and Magnificence of Nature 128
The Universe Invoked 129
The Reign of Superstition 132
Toiling Upward 134
Th Birthday of Freedom 138
There is Nothing Like Contentment 155
The Happy Fruits of Concord 156
The Place of Worship 158
Truth and Knowledge 160
There's Nothing Like Truth 161
The Worship of Nature 171
True Prayer 172
The Unknown Cause of Life and Motion 173
Triumph of Right 174
The Morning Star 174
The Immutability of Truth 176
The Progress of Nature 180
The Secular Stream 180
Truth 183
Two Streamlets 186
The Operations of Nature 187
True Courage 188
To-Day 191
The Fount of Life 194
The Reign of Knowledge 204
The Old Creeds 205
The Tear of Sympathy 205
Time 209
The Last Rose of Summer 212
The Birth of Truth 214
The Beauties of Nature 215
The Virtuous 217
The Voice of Wisdom 220
The Gods are With Us 221
The Night is Heavy 223
They Cannot Die 225
The Tide Will Turn 226
Thomas Paine 229
The Men Who Work 238
The Slumber of Death 240
Truth Shall Make You Free 245
The Parting Hope 246
Truth is Marching On 247
To Tyrants 249
Time 254
This World is not All a Fleeting Show 255
Take the Fort 256
The Bible 260
The Truth is Marching On 265
There Must be Something Wrong 266
The Homes 'Round Us Here 267
The Progress of Freedom 268
The Violet 274
The Better Creed 275
Tyranny is Falling 276
The Ninety and Nine 283
The Day is Dawning 288
There is No Death 289
The Poetry of Science 291
Truth Our Watchword 296
The Advance of Truth 300
The Victim of Plunder 305
To Reason 307
Triumph of Labor 308
The Awakening Begins 309
There is a Fountain 309
The Trumpet shall Sound 317
The Morn of Peace 320
The Day of Freedom 323
There is no Dearth of Kindness 326
Truth Triumphant 343

Digitized by Google

Tyranny 346
The Present 350
The Time Has Come 352
Truth and Error 354
To Grumblers 355
The Real and the Ideal 357
The Plan to Die 360
The Golden Side 361
The World is Young 364
The River Time 370
The View in Nature's Light 372
The Truth Seeker 376
The Buddhist's Hope 378
The Brook and I 381
The New Year 382
The Day is Breaking 388
The God of Battles 390
The Triumph of Truth 394
Thought 395
The True Life 395
The True Woman 396
The Situation 399
The Radicals 399
The Common School 400
To the Bigot 403
The Power that Endures 406
The World is Growing Better 408
The Conflict for Right and Truth 409
The Halcyon Days 413
The Triumph of Truth 416
Truth 420
The Beautiful River 430
Trust 436
The Darkness Disappears 437
Think Gently of the Erring 439
Two Worlds 441
Truth Triumphant 443
The Beautiful Hills 450
The River of Death 460
The Good Time Now 340
The Joys that are Perfect 466
The World is Growing Good 469
The Dream 472
The Old and New 480
The Harmony of Nature 481
The Triumph of Truth 485
The Two Churches 499
There is no Death 501
The Time Has Come 504
The Rain on the Roof 506
To-day and To-morrow 281
Useless Inquiry 131
Universal Freedom 159
Ultimatus 313
Up, Man of Reason 341
Virtue 185
Voyage On 294
What Art Thou, Freedom! 126
What Art Thou, Death! 135
We Will be Free 145
What we Do, and Do Not Want 149
What Might be Done 151
While the Days are Going By 152
Work Now 172
What of the Night 181
Where is the Spirit Gone? 185
Work for Truth 189
What Makes a Nobleman 226
Wait No Longer 233
What I'd Scorn 243
Words That are Kind 248
Wisdom 258
When I can Read my Title Clear 288
Watt's Improved 304
Workmen, Rouse 306
Who Would Not Be? 328
Watchman Tell us of the Night 345
Work is Prayer 348
What I Ask For 360
What is Earthly Glory? 379
Words Not Deeds 391
Wedding 393
What I Don't Know 397
Why Believe? 402
We are Marching On 448
When the Mists are Cleared Away 461

Digitized by Google

Wedding Song 483
We Shall Meet Our Friends 493
We'll Lay Her to Rest 507
Why? 509
Yesterday 182
Zinnia Grey 477

INDEX TO RECITATIONS.

Abou Ben Adhem 518
An Elegy on the Devil 531
A Domestic Episode 542
A Respectable Lie 547
Abraham Davenport 565
Antony and Cleopatra 569
Amsterdam Station 574
Be Still and Wait 551
Christian Persecution 535
Darkness 537
Extract from Shelley 550
Fame 530
Father John 572
Granny's Story 568
Hurl them Down 562
Jim Bludso 533
Little Breeches 561
Nature and Grace 524
Press on 523
Roll 'Em Through 527
Seeking God 513
Sunday Sabbath 539
The Primeval Cup of Guilt 515
The People's Advent 516
The Three Preachers 518
The Devil is Dead 520
The Moneyless Man 522
The Freeman's Resolution 521
Tools of Tyranny 528
The Awakening of the People 529
The Hindoo Skeptic 536
The King's Ring 540
Then Who's to Blame? 549
The Chemistry of Character 552
The Blue and the Gray 553
Truth Triumphant 555
The Burning Prairie 556
The Dream of Ambition 557
The Yankee Girl 559
'Twill be All the Same in a Hundred Years 563
The King of Denmark's Ride 566
The World would be the Better for It 571
The Church Spider 577
When this Old Earth is Righted 543
Why Does Not God Kill the Devil 545
Widder Green's Last Words 577

Digitized by Google

D. M. BENNETT,

PUBLISHER, BOOKSELLER, AND IMPORTER,

MAKES A SPECIALTY OF

Liberal, Oriental, Radical, Anti-Theological, Scientific, Reformatory, Progressive, and Spiritualistic Works, and Sells

BOOKS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

INCLUDING

WORKS OF HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, POETRY, ROMANCE, THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, ETC.

He furnishes any book published in Europe or America at publishers' prices. ***SENT FREE OF POSTAGE.*** Libraries and Societies furnished at VERY liberal rates.

DEALER IN PHOTOGRAPHS OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

THE TRUTH SEEKER,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF RADICALISM AND REFORM.

DEVOTED TO

Science, Morals, Freethought, and Human Happiness.

D. M. BENNETT, Editor and Prop'r.

The most free and outspoken paper in the world. Price, $3.00 per year; $1.00 for six months; 50 cents for three months. Sample copies free upon application.

141 Eighth Street, New York.

THREE VALUABLE BOOKS.

"The Gods and other Lectures."

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

Cheap edition, containing, Oration on the Gods, Oration on Thomas Paine, Arraignment of the Church, or Individuality, Heretics and Heresies, and Oration on Humboldt.

In paper, 30 cents; cloth, 60 cents.

The Pro and Con of Supernatural Religion,

OR

An answer to the question, Have we a Supernaturally Revealed, Infallibly Inspired, and Miraculously Attested Religion in the World?

PART I. A brief history of the four great Religions of the world, Paganism, Judaism, Christianity and Mohammedanism.

PART II. Review of the Arguments in favor of Supernatural Religion.

PART III. Statement of the Arguments against Supernatural Religion.

PART IV. Particular remarks on the Supernatural Origin of Christianity, and a statement of the views of Rationalists on Inspiration, Revelation and Religion.

By E. E. GUILD, ex-Universalist Minister.

Together with a sketch of the life of the author. Paper, 40 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

EIGHT SCIENTIFIC TRACTS.

By different authors, and upon different subjects.

I. Hereditary Transmisson. Prof. Louis Elsberg, M. D.
II. Evolution, from the Homogeneous to the Hetereogeneous.
III. Darwinism. B. F. Underwood.
IV. Literature of the Insane. Frederic R. Marvin, M.D.
V. Responsibility of Sex. Mrs. Sara B. Chase, M.D., A.B.
VI. Graduated Atmospheres. James McCarroll.
VII. Death. Frederic R. Marvin, M.D.
VIII. How do Marsupials Propagate? A. B. Bradford.

Over 125 pages. Price 20 cents. Address

D. M. BENNETT, Science Hall,
141 Eighth street, New York.

Digitized by Google

THE HEATHENS OF THE HEATH.

By WM. McDONNELL,

Author of "Exeter Hall," etc., etc.

This work is rich in romantic and pathetic incidents. It exhibits, with an overwhelming array of facts, the

Terrible Atrocities of the Church.

It shows that the purest morality exists without the Bible, and that many of the heathen philosophers were "lovers of Virtue."

Many shocking instances are given of the

Depravity of Christian Ministers,

and of the prevailing immorality among Christian people.

The folly of "Foreign Missions" is fully portrayed.

Hypocrisy and bigotry are clearly exposed, and the road to virtue and happiness plainly marked out.

A most pleasing Romance is woven into the work in which much chance is afforded for fine description and beautiful sentiment, which the author well knows how to give utterance to.

"On the whole, it is the work of a master hand—a work of unaffected beauty and the deepest interest."

"One of the most valuable features of the work is, that its positions are all proved. Every thinking, enquiring mind should peruse it."

PRICE, in paper, - - - - - - $1 00.
" cloth, - - - - - - - - 1 50.

Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by

D. M. BENNETT, Science Hall,
141 Eighth street, New York.

Digitized by Google

VALUABLE BOOKS FOR THE MILLION.

Thirty Discussions, Bible Stories, Essays and Lectures.

BY D. M. BENNETT.

Containing a Discussion on Prayer; Story of the Creation; The Old Snake Story; The Story of the Flood; The Plagues of Egypt; Korah, Datham, and Abiram; Balaam and his Ass; Arraignment of Priestcraft; Joshua Stopping the Sun and Moon; Samson and his Exploits; The Great Wrestling Match; Discussion with Elder Shelton; Reply to Elder Shelton's Fourth Letter; Discussion with Geo. Snode; Honest Questions and Honest Answers; The Gods of Superstition and the God of the Universe; Moving the Ark; Bennett's Prayer to the Devil; Our Ecclesiastical Gentry; Elijah the Tishbite; Christianity a Borrowed System; Did Jesus Really Exist? Jonah and the Big Fish; An Open Letter to Jesus Christ; The Ills we endure—their Cause and Cure; Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego; Daniel in the Lions' Den; An Hour with the Devil; Discussion with Erastus F. Brown, and the Fear of Death.

Many who have read the collection pronounce it the best thing of the kind they have read.

Nearly 700 pages. In paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.00. Postpaid.

THE CHEAPEST BOOK IN LIBERAL LITERATURE.

TRUTH SEEKER TRACTS.

Bound in three Volumes.

Containing eighty-five Truth Seeker Tracts, upon a variety of subjects, and by different authors, as follows:

Five by Col. R. G. Ingersoll, eleven by B. F. Underwood, nine by John Syphers, two by F. R. Marvin, M.D., two by Isaac Paden, two by S. H. Preston, thirty-one by D. M. Bennett, and twenty-three by as many different authors.

For variety of subjects, ability of the writers, and terseness and vigor of thought, they are all that can be desired. In bound volumes they are very convenient for reference and perusal, besides being very economical in price.

Nearly 1600 pages, or over 500 to the volume. Price, in paper, 60 cents per volume, or $1.50 for the set; cloth, $1.00 per volume, or $2.50 for the set. Sent postpaid.

Every lover of truth in the country ought to have a set of The Truth Seeker Tracts. Address

D. M. BENNETT, Science Hall,
141 Eighth street, New York.

Digitized by Google

SOW THE GOOD SEED.

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

CIRCULATE TRUTHFUL DOCUMENTS! PASS AROUND THE TRUTH SEEKER TRACTS,

and other Liberal publications to do missionary work, and help to open THE EYES OF THE BLIND!

THE TRUTH SEEKER TRACTS

are furnished at prices very low, so that Societies and generous individuals can buy them for gratuitous distribution.

LARGE DISCOUNTS

to those who purchase by the quantity. [See Price List.]

Probably a few dollars can be expended for spreading TRUTH and LIGHT in no way so effectually as in dispensing broadcast

THE TRUTH SEEKER TRACTS.

Let Liberals exercise liberality enough to give away thousands and tens of thousands of these Tracts. They are well designed to do missionary work, and in spreading the glad tidings of truth. If a proper enthusiasm is enkindled in the breasts of the lovers of Freethought and Mental Liberty much good can be accomplished.

Prices range from one cent to ten. From one to one hundred may be ordered of any of the various numbers, and a heavy discount made to those who buy by the quantity.

Friends, invest $5 or $10 in this way, and see how much good it will do. We certainly ought to be as zealous in promulgating truth as our adversaries are in disseminating error.

The series of Truth Seeker Tracts, comprising more than one hundred Tracts and Leaflets, and making nearly 1,600 pages, are bound in three volumes, and sold low. In paper 60 cents per volume, or $1.50 for the set; in cloth, $1.00 per volume, or $2.50 for the set. Sent postpaid.

Published by D. M. BENNETT, Science Hall,
141 Eighth street, New York.

Digitized by Google

WORKS OF THOMAS PAINE.

COMMON SENSE. His first and most important political work. Bold, clear type. Paper, 15 cents.

THE CRISIS. Containing Nos. I. to XVI., inclusive. Written in the "times that tried men's souls" during the American Revolution. 12mo. Full, clear type. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 80 cents.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN. Written in defense of his fellow man. A work almost without a peer in the world. On full, bold type. 12mo. Paper, 50 cents; cloth 80 cents.

THE AGE OF REASON. On large, clear type. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, 50 cents.

THE AGE OF REASON AND AN EXAMINATION OF THE PROPHECIES. Full, bold type. 12mo. Paper, 40 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

PAINE'S POLITICAL WORKS. Complete in one volume, on full, bold type. Containing "Common Sense," "The Crisis" (sixteen numbers), and "The Rights of Man," with a fine steel portrait. Cloth, $1.50.

PAINE'S THEOLOGICAL WORKS. Complete. 12mo. Comprising "Age of Reason," "Examination of the Prophecies," "Reply to Bishop Llandaff," "Letter to Mr. Erskine," "Letter to Camille Jordan," "An Essay on Dreams," "Of the Religion of Deism," etc., etc., with a Life and fine steel portrait of Paine. Cloth, $1.50.

THOMAS PAINE'S GREAT WORKS. Complete. New edition. The cheapest and best ever sold. Containing a Life of Paine, his POLITICAL WRITINGS—"Common Sense," "The Crisis," "Rights of Man"— his THEOLOGICAL WRITINGS—"Age of Reason," "Examination of the Prophecies," "Reply to Bishop Llandaff," "Letter to Mr. Erskine," "An Essay on Dreams," "Letter to Camille Jordan," "Of the Religion of Deism"—all in one large volume, crown-octavo, of THE TRUTH SEEKER LIBRARY, with a fine steel portrait of Paine. Cloth, $3.00; colored leather, red burnished edges, $4.00; morocco, gilt edges, $4.50.

LIFE OF THOMAS PAINE. By Calvin Blanchard. 12mo. Large, clear type, with a fine steel portrait of Paine. Paper, 40 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

Published by

D. M. BENNETT,

141 Eighth Street, New York.

THE BURGESS-UNDERWOOD DEBATE,

COMMENCING JUNE 29, 1875.

AT AYLMER, ONTARIO,

AND CONTINUING FOUR DAYS,

BETWEEN

PROF. O. A. BURGESS,

PRESIDENT N. W. CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.,

AND

B. F. UNDERWOOD,

OF BOSTON, MASS.

REPORTED BY JOHN T. HAWKE.

FIRST PROPOSITION.—The Christian Religion, as set forth in the New Testament, is true in fact, and of divine origin. Burgess in affirmative; Underwood in negative.

SECOND PROPOSITION.—The Bible is erroneous in many of its teachings regarding science and morals, and is of human origin. Underwood in affirmative: Burgess in negative.

Every person who likes to hear both sides of a question, and wishes to be apprised of what can be said by each disputant, should avail themselves of the opportunity of procuring this valuable work.

PRESS NOTICE.

An Aylmer paper of July 9th, 1875, contained the following:

"The advocate of Christianity, PRES'T BURGESS, of the Northwestern University, Indianapolis, is everything he has been represented to be. An eloquent speaker, whose words escape from his mouth clothed with a living earnestness which cannot fail to find a responsive echo in the heart of every Christian.

"B. F. UNDERWOOD, of Boston, makes more impression on the thinkers by his facts, authorities, and theories, and when those need more forcible expression, is not inferior to BURGESS as an orator. The difference between him and BURGESS in that respect is, that the latter is almost at all times eloquent, and generally appealing to the sympathies of his audience; whilst MR. UNDERWOOD does not rely on the momentary influence of language, but advances idea after idea, fact after fact, theory after theory, with such startling rapidity that only the most highly cultivated mind and the most profound thinker can grasp them."

12mo. 180 pp. In paper, 50 cents; cloth, 80 cts. Post paid. Address

D. M. BENNETT, Science Hall,
141 Eighth street, New York.

Digitized by Google

356
324
31?
160

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google